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THE WOMAN QUESTION

By ELLEN KEY, DICKINSON
AND OTHERS

COMPILED AND EDITED BY T. R. SMITH

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DEDICATION

To M. L. S.

In grateful appreciation for the intelligent assistance given in the compilation of this volume.

PREFACE

THE unusually large amount of literature printed on the subject of women in all its various phases made it difficult for me to select such articles of importance that could be issued within the limited number of pages in one volume permitted by the plan of the Modern Library.

The essays that are used will be found, I hope, to be in each case a definite and intelligent contribution to the subject. The names of a number of important writers on the position of woman, past and present, will not be found in the following pages. In certain cases the reason for this omission was that I was unable to obtain the permission necessary to include the particular article required to maintain the unity of the idea. In regard to the others omitted, such as a selection from Weininger's "Sex and Character," and Schopenhauer's overworked and sophomoric "Essay on Woman," I have considered that they could only be included in the sense of being curiosities rather than intelligent contributions to the book. In the case of Mary Wollstonecraft, I have thought it to better purpose to use Mrs. Fawcett's able introduction to the last edition of "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman" in place of any one chapter from the book itself. This introduction is almost a commentary on the historical place of the work, which was originally published in England in 1792.

It was also my intention to include an essay on the position of women in The Great War, but, unfortunately, I could find none of sufficient value to justify including it in this collection. The important presentation of this idea remains to be written.

PREFACE

I wish to express my thanks to the various publishers for their courtesy in granting me permission to reprint selections from books copyrighted and published by them.

T. R. S.

August, 1918.

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THE WOMAN QUESTION

THE GREEK VIEW OF WOMAN

By G. Lowes Dickinson

Nothing more profoundly distinguishes the Hellenic from the modern view of life than the estimate in which women were held by the Greeks.* Their opinion on this point was partly the cause and partly the effect of that preponderance of the idea of the State on which we have already dwelt, and from which it followed naturally enough that marriage should be regarded primarily as a means of producing healthy and efficient citizens. This view is best illustrated by the institutions of such a State as Sparta, where, as we saw, the woman was specially trained for maternity, and connections outside the marriage tie were sanctioned by custom and opinion, if they were such as were likely to lead to healthy offspring. Further, it may be noted that in almost every State the exposure of deformed or sickly infants was encouraged by the law, the child being thus regarded, from the beginning, as a member of the State, rather than as a member of the family.

The same view is reflected in the speculations of political philosophers. Plato, indeed, in his Republic, goes so far as to eliminate the family relation altogether. Not only is the whole connection between men and women to be regulated by the State, in respect both of the persons and of the limit of age within which they may associate, but the children as soon as they are born are to be carried

* From "The Greek View of Life," by G. Lowes Dickinson. New York. Doubleday, Page & Co.

off to a common nursery, there to be reared together, undistinguished by the mothers, who will suckle indifferently any infant that might happen to be assigned to them for the purpose. Here, as in other instances, Plato goes far beyond the limits set by the current sentiment of the Greeks, and in his later work is reluctantly constrained to abandon his scheme of community of wives and children. Yet even there he makes it compulsory on every man to marry between the ages of thirty and thirty-five, under penalty of fine and civil disabilities. Plato, no doubt, as we have said, exaggerates the opinions of his time; but the view, which he pushes to its extreme, of the subordination of the family to the State, was one, as we have already pointed out, which did predominate in Greece. It reappears in a soberer form in the treatise of Aristotle. He, too, would regulate by law both the age at which marriages should take place and the number of children that should be produced, and would have all deformed infants exposed. And here, no doubt, he is speaking in conformity if not with the practice, at least with the feeling of Greece. The modern conception that the marriage relation is a matter of private concern and that any individual has a right to wed whom and when he will, and to produce children at his own discretion, regardless of all considerations of health and decency, was one altogether alien to the Greeks. In theory at least, and to some extent in practice (as, for example, in the case of Sparta), they recognised that the production of children was a business of supreme import to the State, and that it was right and proper that it should be regulated by law with a view to the advantage of the whole community.

And if now we turn from considering the family in its relation to the State to regard it in its relation to the individual, we are struck once more by a divergence from the modern point of view, or rather from the view which is supposed to prevail, particularly by writers of fiction, at any rate, in modern English life. In ancient Greece, so far as our knowledge goes, there was little or no romance connected with the marriage tie. Marriage was a means of producing legitimate children; that is how it

is defined by Demosthenes; and we have no evidence that it was ever regarded as anything more. In Athens we know that marriages were commonly arranged by the father, much as they are in modern France, on grounds of age, property, connection and the like, and without any regard for the inclination of the parties concerned. And an interesting passage in Xenophon indicates a point of view quite consonant with this accepted practice. God, he says, ordained the institution of marriage; but on what grounds? Not in the least for the sake of the personal relation that might be established between the husband and wife, but for ends quite external and indifferent to any affection that might exist between them. First, for the perpetuation of the human race; secondly, to raise up protectors for the father in his old age; thirdly, to secure an appropriate division of labour, the man performing the outdoor work, the woman guarding and superintending at home, and each thus fulfilling duly the function for which they were designed by nature. This eminently prosaic way of conceiving the marriage relation is also, it would seem, eminently Greek; and it leads us to consider more particularly the opinion prevalent in Greece of the nature and duty of woman in general.

Here the first point to be noticed is the wide difference of the view represented in the Homeric poems from that which meets us in the historic period. Readers of the Iliad and the Odyssey will find depicted there, amid all the barbarity of an age of rapine and war, relations between men and women so tender, faithful and beautiful, that they may almost stand as universal types of the ultimate human ideal. Such, for example, is the relation between Odysseus and Penelope, the wife waiting year by year for the husband whose fate is unknown, wooed in vain by suitors who waste her substance and wear her life, nightly "watering her bed with her tears" for twenty weary years, till at last the wanderer returns, and "at once her knees were loosened and her heart melted within her . . . and she fell a weeping and ran straight towards him, and cast her hands about his neck, and kissed his head;" for "even as the sight of the land is welcome to

mariners, so welcome to her was the sight of her lord, and her white arms would never quite leave hold of his neck."

Such, again, is the relation between Hector and Andromache as described in the well-known scene of the Iliad, where the wife comes out with her babe to take leave of the husband on his way to battle. "It were better for me," she cries, "to go down to the grave if I lose thee; for never will any comfort be mine, when once thou, even thou, hast met thy fate, but only sorrow. . . . Thou art to me father and lady mother, yea, and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband. Come now, have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow." Hector answers with the plea of honour. He cannot draw back, but he foresees defeat; and in his anticipation of the future nothing is so bitter as the fate he fears for his wife. "Yet doth the conquest of the Trojans hereafter not so much trouble me, neither Hekabe's own, neither King Priam's, neither my brethren's, the many and brave that shall fall in the dust before their foemen, as doth thine anguish in the day when some mail-clad Achaian shall lead thee weeping and rob thee of the light of freedom. . . . But me in death may the heaped-up earth be covering, ere I hear thy crying and thy carrying into captivity."

But most striking of all the portraits of women to be found in Homer, and most typical of a frank and healthy relation between the sexes, is the account of Nausicaa given in the Odyssey. Ulysses, shipwrecked and naked, battered and covered with brine, surprises Nausicaa and her maidens as they are playing at ball on the shore. The attendants run away, but Nausicaa remains to hear what the stranger has to say. He asks her for shelter and clothing; and she grants the request, with an exquisite courtesy and a freedom from all embarrassment which becomes only the more marked and the more delightful when, as she sees him emerge from the bath, clothed and beautiful, she cannot restrain the exclamation, "would that such a one might be called my husband, dwelling here, and that it might please him here to abide." About the whole scene there is a freshness and a fragrance as of early morn-

ing, and a tone so natural, free and frank, that in the face of this rustic idyl the later centuries sicken and faint, like candlelight in the splendour of the dawn.

If we had only Homer to give us our ideas of the Greeks, we might conclude, from such passages as these, that they had a conception of woman and her relation to man, finer and nobler, in some respects, than that of modern times. But, in fact, the Homeric poems represent a civilisation which had passed away before the opening of the period with which at present we are chiefly concerned. And in the interval, for reasons which we need not here attempt to state, a change had taken place in the whole way of regarding the female sex. So far, at any rate, as our authorities enable us to judge, woman, in the historic age, was conceived to be so inferior to man that he recognised in her no other end than to minister to his pleasure or to become the mother of his children. Romance and the higher companionship of intellect and spirit do not appear (with certain notable exceptions) to have been commonly sought or found in this relation. Woman, in fact, was regarded as a means, not as an end; and was treated in a manner consonant with this view. Of this estimate many illustrations might be adduced from the writers of the fifth and fourth centuries. Plato, for example, classes together "children, women, and servants," and states generally that there is no branch of human industry in which the female sex is not inferior to the male. Similarly, Aristotle insists again and again on the natural inferiority of women, and illustrates it by such quaint observations as the following, "a man would be considered a coward who was only as brave as a brave woman, and a woman as a chatter-box who was only as modest as a good man." But the most striking example, perhaps, because the most unconscious, of this habitual way of regarding women is to be found in the funeral oration put by Thucydides into the mouth of Pericles, where the speaker, after suggesting what consolation he can to the fathers of the slain, turns to the woman with the brief but significant exhortation: "If I am to speak of womanly virtues to those of you who will henceforth be

widows, let me sum them up in one short admonition: To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or for evil among men."

The sentiments of the poets are less admissible as evidence. But some of them are so extreme that they may be adduced as a further indication of a point of view whose prevalence alone could render them even dramatically plausible. Such for example is the remark which Euripides puts into the mouth of his Medea, "Women are impotent for good, but clever contrivers of all evil," or that of one of the characters of Menander, "A woman is necessarily an evil, and he is a lucky man who catches her in the mildest form." While the general Greek view of the dependence of woman on man is well expressed in the words of Aethra, in the "Suppliants" of Euripides—"It is proper for women who are wise to let men act for them in everything."

In accordance with this conception of the inferiority of the female sex, and partly as a cause, partly as an effect of it, we find that the position of the wife in ancient Greece was simply that of the domestic drudge. To stay at home and mind the house was her recognised ideal. "A free woman should be bounded by the street door," says one of the characters in Menander; and another writer discriminates as follows the functions of the two sexes: "War, politics, and public speaking are the sphere of man; that of woman is to keep house, to stay at home and to receive and tend her husband." We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the symbol of woman is the tortoise; and in the following burlesque passage from Aristophanes we shall recognise, in spite of the touch of caricature, the genuine features of the Greek wife, Praxagora is recounting the merits and services of women:

"They dip their wool in hot water according to the ancient plan, all of them without exception, and never make the slightest innovation. They sit and cook, as of old. They carry upon their heads, as of old. They conduct the Themophoriæ, as of old. They wear out their

husbands, as of old. They buy sweets, as of old. They take their wine neat, as of old."

And that this was also the kind of ideal approved by their lords and masters, and that any attempt to pass beyond it was resented, is amusingly illustrated in the following extract from the same poet, where Lysistrata explains the growing indignation of the women at the bad conduct of affairs by the men, and the way in which their attempts to interfere were resented. The comments of the "magistrate" typify, of course, the man's point of view.

"Think of our old moderation and gentleness, think how
we bore with your pranks, and were still,
All through the days of your former prognacity, all
through the war that is over and spent:
Not that (be sure) we approved of your policy; never
our griefs you allowed us to vent.
Well we perceived your mistakes and mismanagement.
Often at home on our housekeeping cares,
Often we heard of some foolish proposal you made for
conducting the public affairs.
Then would we question you mildly and pleasantly, inwardly grieving, but outwardly gay;
'Husband, how goes it abroad?' we would ask of him;
'what have ye done in Assembly to-day?
What would ye write on the side of the Treaty-stone?'
Husband says angrily, 'What's that to you?
You hold your tongue!' And I held it accordingly.

STRATYLLIS.

That is a thing which I never would do!

MAGISTRATE.

Ma'am, if you hadn't you'd soon have repented it.

LYSISTRATA.

Therefore I held it, and spake not a word.
Soon of another tremendous absurdity, wilder and worse
than the former we heard.
Husband,' I say, with a tender solicitude, 'Why have you
passed such a foolish decree?'

Viciously, moodily, glaring askance at me, 'Stick to your spinning, my mistress,' says he,
'Else you will speedily find it the worse for you! war is the care and the business of men!'

MAGISTRATE.

Zeus! 'twas a worthy reply, and an excellent!

LYSISTRATA.

What! you unfortunate, shall we not then,
Then, when we see you perplexed and incompetent, shall we not tender advice to the state!"

The conception thus indicated in burlesque of the proper place of woman is expressed more seriously, from the point of view of the average man in the "Œconomicus" of Xenophon. Ischomachus, the hero of that work, with whom we have already made acquaintance, gives an account of his own wife, and of the way in which he had trained her. When he married her, he explains she was not yet fifteen, and had been brought up with the utmost care "that she might see, hear, and ask as little as possible." Her accomplishments were weaving and a sufficient acquaintance with all that concerns the stomach; and her attitude towards her husband she expressed in the single phrase: "Everything rests with you; my duty, my mother said, is simply to be modest." Ischomachus proceeds to explain to her the place he expects her to fill; she is to suckle his children, to cook, and to superintend the house; and for this purpose God has given her special gifts, different from but not necessarily inferior to those of man. Husband and wife naturally supply one another's deficiencies; and if the wife performs her function worthily she may even make herself the ruling partner, and be sure that as she grows older she will be held not less but more in honour, as the guardian of her children and the stewardess of her husband's goods—in Xenophon's view, in fact, the inferiority of the woman almost disappears; and the sentiment approximates closely to that of Tennyson—

"either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal; each fulfils
Defect in each."

Such a conception, however, of the "complementary" relation of woman to man, does not exclude a conviction of her essential inferiority. And this conviction, it can hardly be disputed, was a cardinal point in the Greek view of life.

PROTESTS AGAINST THE COMMON VIEW OF WOMAN

Nevertheless, there are not wanting indications, both in theory and practice, of a protest against it. In Sparta, as we have already noticed, girls, instead of being confined to the house, were brought up in the open air among the boys, trained in gymnastics and accustomed to run and wrestle naked. And Plato, modelling his view upon this experience, makes no distinction of the sexes in his ideal republic. Women, he admits, are generally inferior to men, but they have similar, if lower, capacities and powers. There is no occupation or art for which they may not be fitted by nature and education; and he would therefore have them take their share in government and war, as well as in the various mechanical trades. "None of the occupations," he says, "which comprehend the ordering of a state, belong to woman as woman, nor yet to man as man; but natural gifts are to be found here and there, in both sexes alike; and, so far as her nature is concerned, the woman is admissible to all pursuits as well as the man; though in all of them the woman is weaker than the man."

In adopting this attitude Plato stands alone not only among Greeks, but one might almost say, among mankind, till we come to the latest views of the nineteenth century. But there is another Greek, the poet Euripides, who, without advancing any theory about the proper position of women, yet displays so intimate an understanding

of their difficulties, and so warm and close a sympathy with their griefs, that some of his utterances may stand to all time as documents of the dumb and age-long protest of the weaker against the stronger sex. In illustration we may cite the following lines from the "Medea," applicable, *mutatis mutandis,* to how many generations of suffering wives?

"Of all things that have life and sense we women are most wretched. For we are compelled to buy with gold a husband who is also—worst of all!—the master of our person. And on his character, good or bad, our whole fate depends. For divorce is regarded as a disgrace to a woman and she cannot repudiate her husband. Then coming as she does into the midst of manners and customs strange to her, she would need the gift of divination—unless she has been taught at home—to know how best to treat her bed-fellow. And if we manage so well that our husband remains faithful to us, and does not break away, we may think ourselves fortunate; if not, there is nothing for it but death. A man when he is vexed at home can go out and find relief among his friends or acquaintances; but we women have none to look to but him. They tell us we live a sheltered life at home while they go to the wars; but that is nonsense. For I would rather go into battle thrice than bear a child once."

Hitherto we have been speaking mainly of the position of the wife in Greece. It is necessary now to say a few words about that class of women who were called in the Greek tongue Hetaerae; and who are by some supposed to have represented, intellectually at least, a higher level of culture than the other members of their sex. In exceptional cases, this, no doubt, was the fact. Aspasia, for example, the mistress of Pericles, was famous for her powers of mind. According to Plato she was an accomplished rhetorician, and the real composer of the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles; and Plutarch asserts that she was courted and admired by the statesmen and philosophers of Greece. But Aspasia cannot be taken as a type of the Hetaerae of Greece. That these women, by

the variety and freedom of their life, may and must have acquired certain qualities of character and mind that could hardly be developed in the seclusion of the Greek home, may readily be admitted; we know, for example, that they cultivated music and the power of conversation; and were welcome guests at supper-parties. But we have no evidence that the relations which they formed rested as a rule on any but the simplest physical basis. The real distinction, under this head, between the Greek point of view and our own, appears to lie rather in the frankness with which this whole class of relations was recognised by the Greeks. There were temples in honour of Aphrodite Pandemos, the goddess of illicit love, and festivals celebrated in her honour; statues were erected of famous courtesans, of Phryne, for example, at Delphi, between two kings; and philosophers and statesmen lived with their mistresses openly, without any loss of public reputation. Every man, said the orator Demosthenes, requires besides his wife at least two mistresses; and this statement, made as a matter of course in open court, is perhaps the most curious illustration we possess of the distinction between the Greek civilisation and our own, as regards not the fact itself but the light in which it was viewed.

MARRIAGE: AND THE ROMAN LADY *

By W. Warde Fowler, M. A.

In order to appreciate the position of women of various types in the society we are examining, it is necessary to make it clear what Roman marriage originally and ideally meant. In any society, it will be found that the position and influence of woman can be fairly well discerned from the nature of the marriage ceremony and the conditions under which it is carried out. At Rome, in all periods of her history, a *iustum matrimonium,* i. e. a marriage sanctioned by law and religion, and therefore entirely legal in all its results, was a matter of great moment, not to be achieved without many forms and ceremonies. The reason for this elaboration is obvious, at any rate to any one who has some acquaintance with ancient life in Greece or Italy. As we shall see later on, the house was a residence for the divine members of the family, as well as the human; the entrance, therefore, of a bride into the household,—of one, that is, who had no part nor lot in that family life—meant some straining of the relation between the divine and human members. The human part of the family brings in a new member, but it has to be assured that the divine part is willing to accept her before the step taken can be regarded as complete. She has to enter the family in such a way as to be able to share in its *sacra,* i. e. in the worship of the household spirits, the ancestors in their tombs, or in any special cult attached to the family. In order to secure this eligibility, she was

* From "Social Life in Rome in the Age of Cicero," by W. Warde Fowler. The Macmillan Co., New York. Copyright 1909.

in the earliest times subjected to a ceremony which was clearly of a sacramental character, and which had as its effect the transference of the bride from the hand (*manus*) of her father, i. e. from absolute subjection to him as the head of her own family, to the hand of her husband, i. e. to absolute subjection to him as the head of her new family.

This sacramental ceremony was called *confarreatio*, because a sacred cake, made of the old Italian grain called *far*, and offered to Jupiter Farreus, was partaken of by bride and bridegroom, in the presence of the Pontifex Maximus, the Flamen Dialis, and ten other witnesses. At such a ceremony the auspices had of course been taken, and apparently a victim was also slain, and offered probably to Ceres, the skin of which was stretched over two seats (*sellae*), on which the bride and bridegroom had to sit. These details of the early form of patrician marriage are only mentioned here to make the religious character of the Roman idea of the rite quite plain; in other words, to prove that the entrance of a bride into a family from outside was a matter of very great difficulty and seriousness, not to be achieved without special aid and the intervention of the gods. We may even go so far as to say that the new mater-familias was in some sort a priestess of the household, and that she must undergo a solemn initiation before assuming that position. And we may still further illustrate the mystical religious nature of the whole rite, if we remember that throughout Roman history no one could hold the priesthood of Jupiter (*flaminium diale*) or that of Mars or Quirinus, or of the Rex sacrorum, who had not been born of parents wedded by *confarreatio*, and that in each case the priest himself must be married by the same ceremony. This last mentioned fact may also serve to remind us that it was not only the family and its sacra, its life and its maintenance, that called for the ceremonies making up a *austum matrimonium*, but also the State and its *sacra*, its life and its maintenance. As *confarreatoi* had as its immediate object the providing of a *materfamilias* fully qualified in all her various functions, and as its further object the pro-

viding of persons legally qualified to perform the most important *sacra* of the state; so marriage, in whatever form, had as its object at once the maintenance of the family and its *sacra* and the production of men able to serve the State in peace and war. To be a Roman citizen you must be the product of a *iustum matrimonium.* From this initial fact flow all the *iura,* or rights which together make up citizenship; whether the private rights, which enable you to hold and transfer and to inherit property under the shelter of the Roman law, or the public rights, which protect your person against violence and murder, and enable you to give your vote in the public assembly and to seek election to magistracies.

Marriage then was a matter of the utmost importance in Roman life, and in all the forms of it we find this importance marked by due solemnity of ritual. In two other forms, besides *confarreatio,* the bride could be brought under the hand of her husband, viz., *coemptio* and *usus,* with which we are not here specially concerned; for long before the last century of the Republic all three methods had become practically obsolete, or were only occasionally used for particular purposes. In the course of time it had been found more convenient for a woman to remain after her marriage in the hand of her father, or if he were dead, in the "*tutela*" of a guardian (tutor), than to pass into that of her husband; for in the latter case her property became absolutely his. The natural tendency to escape from the restrictions of marital *manus* may be illustrated by a case such as the following: a woman under the *tutela* of a guardian wishes to marry; if she does so and passes under the *manus* of her husband, her *tutor* loses all control over her property, which may probably be of great importance for the family she is leaving; he therefore naturally objects to such a marriage, and urges that she should be married without *manus.* In fact the interests of her own family would often clash with those of the one she was about to enter, and a compromise could be effected by the abandonment of marriage *cum manu.*

Now this, the abandonment of marriage *cum manu,*

means simply that certain legal consequences of the marriage ceremony were dropped, and with them just those parts of the ceremony which produced these consequences. Otherwise the marriage was absolutely as valid for all purposes private and public as it could be made even by *confarreatio* itself. The sacramental part was absent and the survival of the features of marriage by purchase, which we may see in the form of *coemptio,* was also absent; but in all other respects the marriage ceremony was the same as in marriage *cum manu.* It retained all essential religious features, losing only a part of its legal character. It will be as well briefly to describe a Roman wedding of the type common in the last two centuries of the Republic.

To begin with, the boy and girl—for such they were, as we should look on them, even at the time of marriage—have been betrothed, in all probability, long before. Cicero tells us that he betrothed his daughter Tullia to Calpurnius Piso Frugi early in 66 B. C.; the marriage took place in 63. Tullia seems to have been born in 76, so that she was ten years old at the time of betrothal and thirteen at that of marriage. This is probably typical of what usually happened; and it shows that the matter was really entirely in the hands of the parents. It was a family arrangement, a *mariage de convenance,* as has been and is the practice among many peoples, ancient and modern. The betrothal was indeed a promise rather than a definite contract, and might be broken off without illegality; and thus if there were a strong dislike on the part of either girl or boy a way of escape could be found. However this may be, we may be sure that the idea of the marriage was not that of a union for love, though it was distinguished from concubinage of an *"affectio maritalis"* as well as by legal forms, and though a true attachment might, and often did, as in modern times in like circumstances, arise out of it. It was the idea of the service of the family and the State that lay at the root of the union. This is well illustrated, like so many other Roman ideas, in the *Æneid* of Virgil. Those who persist in looking on

Æneas with modern eyes, and convict him of perfidy towards Dido, forget that his passion for Dido was a sudden one, not sanctioned by the gods or by favourable auspices, and that the ultimate union with Lavinia, for whom he forms no such attachment, was one which would recommend itself to every Roman as justified by the advantage to the State. The poet, it is true, betrays his own intense humanity in his treatment of the fate of Dido, but he does so in spite of his theme,—the duty of every Roman to his family and the State. A Roman would no doubt fall in love, like a youth of any other nation, but his passion had nothing to do with his life of duty as a Roman. This idea of marriage had serious consequences, to which we shall return later on.

When the day for the wedding arrives, our bride assumes her bridal dress, laying aside the *toga praetexta* of her childhood and dedicating her dolls to the Lar of her family; and wearing the reddish veil (*flammeum*) and the woolen girdle fastened with a knot called the knot of Hercules, she awaits the arrival of the bridegroom in her father's house. Meanwhile the auspices are being taken; in earlier times this was done by observing the flight of birds but now by examination of the entrails of a victim, apparently a sheep. If this is satisfactory the youthful pair declare their consent to the union and join their right hands as directed by a *pronuba,* i. e. a married woman, who acts as a kind of priestess. Then after another sacrifice and a wedding feast, the bride is conducted from her old home to that of her husband, accompanied by three boys, sons of living parents, one carrying a torch while the other two lead her by either hand; flute-players go before, and nuts are thrown to the boys. This *deductio,* charmingly described in the beautiful sixty-fifth poem of Catullus, is full of interesting detail which must be omitted here. When the bridegroom's house is reached, the bride smears the doorposts with fat and oil and ties a woollen fillet round each: she is then lifted over the threshold, is taken by her husband into the partnership of fire and water—the essentials of domestic life—and passes into the *atrium.* The morrow will find her a *mater-*

familias, sitting among her maids in that *atrium,* or in the more private apartments behind it:

> Claudite ostia, virgines
> Lusimus satis. At boni
> Coniuges, bene vivite, et
> Munere assiduo valentem
> Exercete iuventam.

Even the dissipated Catullus could not but treat the subject of marriage with dignity and tenderness, and in this last stanza of his poem he alludes to the duties of a married pair in language which would have satisfied the strictest Roman. He has also touched another chord which would echo in the heart of every good citizen, in the delicious lines which just precede those quoted, and anticipate the child—a son of course—that is to be born, and that will lie in his mother's arms holding out his little hands, and smiling on his father. Nothing can better illustrate the contrast in the mind of the Roman between passionate love and serious marriage than a comparison of this lovely poem with those which tell the sordid tale of the poet's intrigues with Lesbia (Clodia). The beauty and *gravitas* of married life as it used to be are still felt and still found, but the depths of human feeling are not stirred by them. Love lies beyond, is a fact outside the pale of the ordered life of the family or the State.

No one who studies this ceremonial of Roman marriage, in the light of the ideas it indicates and reflects, can avoid the conclusion that the position of the married woman must have been one of substantial dignity, calling for and calling out a corresponding type of character. Beyond doubt the position of the Roman *materfamilias* was a much more dignified one than that of the Greek wife. She was far indeed from being a mere drudge or squaw; she shared with her husband in all the duties of the household, including those of religion, and within the house itself she was practically supreme. She lived in the *atrium,* and was not shut away in a women's chamber; she nursed her own children and brought them up; she

had entire control of the female slaves who were her maids; she took her meals with her husband, but sitting, not reclining, and abstaining from wine; in all practical matters she was consulted, and only on questions political or intellectual was she expected to be silent. When she went out arrayed in the graceful *stola matronalis,* she was treated with respect, and the passers-by made way for her; but it is characteristic of her position that she did not as a rule leave the house without the knowledge of her husband, or without an escort.

In keeping with this dignified position was the ideal character of the *materfamilias.* Ideal we must call it, for it does not in all respects coincide with the tradition of Roman women even in early times; but we must remember that at all periods of Roman history the woman whose memory survives is apt to be the woman who is not the ideal matron, but one who forces herself into notice by violating the traditions of womanhood. The typical matron would assuredly never dream of playing a part in history; her influence was behind the scenes, and therefore proportionally powerful. The legendary mother of Coriolanus (the Volumnia of Shakespeare), Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi, Aurelia, Cæsar's mother, and Julia his daughter did indirectly play a far greater part in public life than the loud and vicious ladies who have left behind them names famous or infamous; but they never claimed the recognition of their power.

This peculiar character of the Roman matron, a combination of dignity, industry, and practical wisdom, was exactly suited to attract the attention of a gentle philosopher like Plutarch, who loved, with genuine moral fervour, all that was noble and honest in human nature. Not only does he constantly refer to the Roman ladies and their character in his *Lives* and his *Morals,* but in his series of more than a hundred "Roman questions" the first nine, as well as many others, are concerned with marriage and the household life; and in his treatise called *Coniugalia praecepta* he reflects many of the features of the Roman matron. From him, in Sir Thomas North's translation, Shakespeare drew the inspiration which

enabled him to produce on the Elizabethan stage at least one such typical matron. In Coriolanus he has followed Plutarch so closely that the reader may almost be referred to him as an authority; and in the contrast between the austere and dignified Volumnia and the passionate and voluptuous Cleopatra of the later play, the poet's imagination seems to have been guided by a true historical instinct.

We need not doubt that the austere matron of the old type survived into the age we are specially concerned with; but we hardly come across her in the literature of the time, just because she was living her own useful life, and did not seek publicity. Chance has indeed preserved for us on stone the story of a wonderful lady, whose early years of married life were spent in the trying time of the civil wars of 49-43 B. C., and who, if a devoted husband's praises are to be trusted, as indeed they may be, was a woman of the finest Roman cast, and endowed with such a combination of practical virtues as we should hardly have expected even in a Roman matron. But we shall return to this inscription later on.

The ladies whom we meet with in Cicero's letters and in the other literature of the last age of the Republic are not of this type. Since the second Punic war the Roman lady has changed, like everything else Roman. It is not possible here to trace the history of the change in detail, but we may note that it seems to have begun within the household, in matters of dress and expense, and later on affected the life and bearing of women in society and politics. Marriages *cum manu* became unusual: the wife remained in the *potestas* of her father, who in most cases, doubtless, ceased to trouble himself about her, and as her property did not pass to her husband, she could not but obtain a new position of independence. Women began to be rich, and in the year 169 B. C. a law was passed (*lex Voconia*) forbidding women of the highest census (who alone would probably be concerned) to inherit legacies. Even before the end of the great war, and when private luxury would seem out of place, it had been proposed to abolish the Oppian law, which placed restrictions

on the ornaments and apparel of women; and in spite o the vehement opposition of Cato, then a young man, the proposal was successful. At the same time divorce, which had probably never been impossible though it must have been rare, began to be a common practice. We find to our surprise that the virtuous Æmilius Paullus, in other respects a model *paterfamilias*, put away his wife, and when asked why he did so, replied that a woman mighi be excellent in the eyes of her neighbours, but that only a husband could tell where the shoe pinched. And in estimating the changed position of women within the family we must not forget the fact that in the course of the long and unceasing wars of the second century, B. C. husbands were away from home for years together, and in innumerable cases must have perished by the sword or pestilence, or fallen into the hands of an enemy and been enslaved. It was inevitable that as the male population diminished, as it undoubtedly did in that century the importance of woman should proportionately have increased. Unfortunately too, even when the husband were at home, their wives sometimes seem to have wished to be rid of them. In 180 B. C. the consul Piso wa believed to have been murdered by his wife, and whethe the story be true or not, the suspicion is at least significant. In 154 two noble ladies, wives of consulares, wer accused of poisoning their husbands and put to death by council of their own relations. Though the evidence i these cases is not by any means satisfactory, yet we ca hardly doubt that there was a tendency among wome of the highest rank to give way to passion and excitement; the evidence for the Bacchanalian conspiracy c 186 B. C., in which women played a very prominent par is explicit, and shows that there was a "new woman even then, who had ceased to be satisfied with the auster life of the family and with the mental comfort supplie by the old religion, and was ready to break out into recklessness even in matters which were the concern of th State. That they had already begun to exercise an undu influence over their husbands in public affairs seems suggested by old Cato's famous dictum that "all men ru

ver women, we Romans rule over all men, and our wives ule over us."

But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the nen themselves were not equally to blame. Wives do ıot poison their husbands without some reason for hating hem, and the reason is not difficult to guess. It is a fact eyond doubt that in spite of the charm of family life as t has been described above, neither law nor custom xacted conjugal faithfulness from a husband. Old Cato epresents fairly well the old idea of Roman virtue, yet it s clear enough, both from Plutarch's *Life* of him and rom fragments of his own writings, that his view of the onjugal relation was a coarse one,—that he looked on he wife rather as a necessary agent for providing the tate with children than as a helpmate to be tended and evered. And this being so, we are not surprised to find hat men are already beginning to dislike and avoid narriage; a most dangerous symptom, with which a cenury later Augustus found it impossible to cope. In the ear 131, just after Tiberius Gracchus had been trying to evive the population of Italy by his agrarian law, Metellus Macedonicus the censor did what he could to nduce men to marry *"liberorum creandorum causa"*; ınd a fragment of a speech of his on this subject became amous afterwards, as quoted by Augustus with the same bject. It is equally characteristic of Roman humour ınd Roman hardness. "If we could do without wives," ıe said to the people, "we should be rid of that nuisance: ut since nature has decreed that we can neither live comortably with them nor live at all without them, we must 'en look rather to our permanent interests than to a assing pleasure."

Now if we take into account these tendencies, on the art both of men and women in the married state, and urther consider the stormy and revolutionary character f the half century that succeeded the Gracchi,—the ocial and Civil Wars, the proscriptions of Marius and ulla,—we shall be prepared to find the ladies of Cicero's ime by no means simply feminine in charm or homely n disposition. Most of them are indeed mere names to

us, and we have to be careful in weighing what is said of them by later writers. But of two or three of them we do in fact know a good deal.

The one of whom we really know most is the wife of Cicero, Terentia: an ordinary lady, of no particular ability or interest, who may stand as representative of the quieter type of married woman. She lived with her husband about thirty years, and until towards the end of that period, a long one for the age, we find nothing substantial against her. If we had nothing but Cicero's letters to her, more than twenty in number, and his allusions to her in other letters, we should conclude that she was a faithful and on the whole a sensible wife. But more than once he writes of her delicate health, and as the poor lady had at various times a great deal of trouble to go through, it is quite possible that as she grew older she became short in her temper, or trying in other ways to a husband so excitable and vacillating. We find stories of her in Plutarch and elsewhere which represent her as shrewish, too careful of her own money, and so on; but facts are of more account than the gossip of the day, and there is not a sign in the letters that Cicero disliked or mistrusted her until the year 47. Had there really been cause for mistrust it would have slipped out in some letter to Atticus. Then, after his absence during the war he seems to have believed that she had neglected himself and his interests: his letters to her grow colder and colder and the last is one which, as has been truly said, a gentleman would not write to his housekeeper. The pity of it is that Cicero, after divorcing her, married a young and rich wife, and does not seem to have behaved very well to her. In a letter to Atticus (xii. 32) he writes that Publilia wanted to come to him with her mother, when he was at Astura, devoting himself to grief for his daughter, and that he had answered that he wished to be left alone. The letter shows Cicero at his worst, for once heartless and discourteous; and if he could be so to a young lady who wished to do her duty by him, what may he not have been to Terentia? I suspect that Terentia was quite as much sinned against as sinning; and

may we not believe that of the innumerable married women who were divorced at this time some at least were the victims of their husband's callousness rather than of their own shortcomings?

The wife of Cicero's brother Quintus does, however, seem to have been a difficult person to get on with. She was a sister of Atticus, but she did not share her brother's tact and universal goodwill. Marcus Cicero has recorded (*ad Att.* v. 1) a scene in which her ill-temper was so ludicrous that the divorce which took place afterwards needs no explanation. The two brothers were travelling together, and Pomponia was with them; something had irritated her. When they stopped to lunch at a place belonging to Quintus at Arcanum, he asked his wife to invite the ladies of the party in. "Nothing, as I thought, could be more courteous, and that too not only in actual words, but in his intention and the expression of his face. But she, in the hearing of us all, exclaimed, 'I am only a stranger here!'" Apparently she had not been asked by her husband to see after the luncheon; this had been done by a freedman, and she was annoyed. "There," said Quintus, "that is what I have to put up with every day!" When he sent her dishes from the *triclinium,* where the gentlemen were having their meal, she would not taste them. This little domestic contretemps is too good to be neglected, but we must turn to women of greater note and character.

Terentia and Pomponia and their kind seem to have had nothing in the way of "higher education," nor do their husbands seem to have expected from them any desire to share in their own intellectual interests. Not once does Cicero allude to any pleasant social intercourse in which his wife took part: and, to say the truth, he would probably have avoided marriage with a woman of taste and knowledge. There were such women, as we shall see, probably many of them; ever since the incoming of wealth and of Greek education, of theatres and amusements and all the pleasant out-of-door life of the city, what was now coming to be called *cultus* had occupied the minds and affected the habits of Roman ladies as well

as men. Unfortunately it was seldom that it was found compatible with the old Roman ideal of the *materfamilias* and her duties. The invasion of new manners was too sudden, as was the corresponding invasion of wealth; such a lady as Cornelia, the famous mother of the Gracchi, who knew what education really meant, who had learned men about her and could write well herself, and yet could combine with these qualities the careful discharge of the duties of wife and mother,—such ladies must have been rare, and in Cicero's time hardly to be found. More and more the notion gained ground that a clever woman who wished to make a figure in society, to be the centre of her own *monde,* could not well realise her ambition simply as a married woman. She would probably marry, play fast and loose with the married state, neglect her children if she had any and after one or two divorces, die or disappear. So powerfully did this idea of the incompatibility of culture and wifehood gain possession of the Roman mind in the last century B. C., that Augustus found his struggle with it the most difficult task he had to face; in vain he exiled Ovid for publishing a work in which married women are most frankly and explicitly left out of account, while all that is attractive in the other sex to a man of taste and education is assumed to be found only among those who have, so far at least, eschewed the duties and burdens of married life. The *culta puella* and the *cultus puer* of Ovid's fascinating yet repulsive poem are the products of a society which looks on pleasure, not reason or duty, as the main end of life,—not indeed pleasure simply of the grosser type, but the gratification of one's own wish for enjoyment and excitement, without a thought of the misery all around, or any sense of the self-respect that comes of active well-doing.

The most notable example of a woman of *cultus* in Cicero's day was the famous Clodia, the Lesbia (as we may now almost assume) who fascinated Catullus and then threw him over. She had been married to a man of family and high station, Metellus Celer, who had died, strange to say, without divorcing her. She must have

been a woman of great beauty and charm, for she seems to have attracted round her a little côterie of clever young men and poets, to whom she could lend money or accord praise as suited the moment. Whether Cicero himself had once come within reach of her attractions, and perhaps suffered by them, is an open question, and depends chiefly on statements of Plutarch which may (as has been said above) have no better foundation than the gossip of society. But we know how two typical young men of the time, Caelius and Catullus, flew into the candle and were singed; we know how fiercely she turned on Caelius, exposing herself and him without a moment's hesitation in a public court; and we know how cruelly she treated the poet, who hated her for it even while he still loved her.

> Odi et amo. Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris;
> Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.
>
> Catull. 85.

She was, as M. Boissier has well said, the exact counterpart of her still more famous brother: "Elle apportait dans sa conduite privée, dans ses engagements d'affection, les mêmes emportements et les mêmes ardeurs que son frère dans la vie publique. Prompte à tous les excès et ne rougissant pas de les avouer, aimant et haïssant avec fureur, incapable de se gouverner et détestant toute contrainte, elle ne démentait pas cette grande et fière famille dont elle descendait." All this is true; we need not go beyond it and believe the worst that has been said of her.

We have just a glimpse of another lady of *cultus*, but only a glimpse. This was Sempronia, the wife of an honest man and the mother of another; but according to Sallust, who introduces her to us as a principal in the conspiracy of Catiline, she was one of those who found steady married life incompatible with literary and artistic tastes. "She could play and dance more elegantly than an honest woman should . . . she played fast and loose with her money, and equally so with her good fame. She had no scruples, he says, in denying a debt, or in helping in a murder: yet she had plenty of *esprit*, could write

verses and talk brilliantly, and she knew too how to assume an air of modesty on occasion. Sallust loved to colour his portraits highly, and in painting this woman he saw no doubt a chance of literary effect; but that she was really in the conspiracy we cannot doubt, and that she had private ends to gain by it is also probable. She seems to be the first of a series of ladies who during the next century and later were to be a power in politics, and most of whom were at least capable of crime, public and private. There is indeed one instance a few years earlier of a woman exercising an almost supreme influence in the State, and a woman too of the worst kind. Plutarch tells us in the most explicit way that when Lucullus in 65 B. C. was trying to secure for himself the command against Mithridates, he found himself compelled to apply to a woman named Praecia, whose social gifts and good nature gave her immense influence, which she used with the pertinacity peculiar to such ladies. Her reputation, however, was very bad, and among other lovers she had enslaved Cethegus (afterwards the conspirator), whose power at the time was immense at Rome. Thus, says Plutarch, the whole power of the State fell into the hands of Praecia, for no public measure was passed if Cethegus was not for it, in other words, if Praecia did not recommend it to him. If the story be true, as it seems to be, Lucullus gained her over by gifts and flattery, and thus Cethegus took up his cause and got him the command.

Even if we put aside as untrustworthy a great deal of what is told us of the relations of men and women in this period, it must be confessed that there is quite sufficient evidence to show that they were loose in the extreme, and show an altogether unhealthy condition of family and social life. The famous tigress of the story of Cluentius, Sassia, as she appears in Cicero's defence of him, was beyond doubt a criminal of the worst kind, however much we may discount the orator's rhetoric; and her case proves that the evil did not exist only at Rome, but was to be found even in a provincial town of no great importance. Husbands divorced their wives on the smallest pretexts, and wives divorced their husbands. Even the virtuous

Cato seems to have divorced his wife Marcia in order that Hortensius should marry her, and after some years to have married her again as the widow of Hortensius, with a large fortune.

Cicero himself writes sometimes in the lightest hearted way of conjugal relations which we should think most serious, and we find him telling Atticus how he had met at dinner the actress Cytheris, a woman of notoriously bad character. "I did not know she was going to be there," he says, "but even the Socratic Aristippus himself did not blush when he was taunted about Lais." Caesar's reputation in such matters was at all times bad, and though many of the stories about him are manifestly false, his conquest by Cleopatra was a fact, and we learn with regret that the Egyptian queen was living in a villa of his in gardens beyond the Tiber during the year 46, when he was himself in Rome.

It will be a relief to the reader, after spending so much time in this unwholesome atmosphere, to turn for a moment in the last place to a record, unique and entirely credible, of a truly good and wholesome woman, and of a long period of uninterrupted conjugal devotion. About the year 8 B. C., not long before Ovid wrote those poems in which married life was assumed to be hardly worth living, a husband in high life at Rome lost the wife who had for forty-one years been his faithful companion in prosperity, his wise and courageous counsellor in adversity. He recorded her praises and the story of her devotion to him in a long inscription, placed, as we may suppose, on the wall of the tomb in which he laid her to rest, and a most fortunate chance has preserved for us a great part of the marble on which this inscription was engraved. It is in the form of a laudatio, or funeral encomium; yet we cannot feel sure that he actually delivered it as a speech, for throughout it he addresses, not an audience, but the lost wife herself, in a manner unique among such documents of the kind as have come down to us. He speaks to her as though she were still living, though passed from his sight; and it is just this that makes it more real

and more touching than any memorial of the dead that has come down to us from either Italy or Greece.

In such a record names are of no great importance; it is no great misfortune that we do not know quite for certain who this man and his wife were. But there is a very strong probability that her name was Turia, and that he was a certain Q. Lucretius Vespillo, who served under Pompeius in Epirus in 48 B. C., whose romantic adventures in the proscriptions of 43 are recorded by Appian, and who eventually became consul under Augustus in 19 B. C. We may venture to use these names in telling the remarkable story. For telling it here no apology is needed, for it has never been told in English as a whole, so far as I am aware.

It begins when the pair were about to be married, probably in 49 B. C., and with a horrible family calamity, not unnatural at the moment of the outbreak of a dangerous civil war. Both Turia's parents were murdered suddenly and together at their country residence—perhaps, as Mommsen suggested, by their own slaves. Immediately afterwards Lucretius had to leave with Pompeius' army for Epirus, and Turia was left alone, bereft of both her parents, to do what she could to secure the punishment of the murderers. Alone as she was, or aided only by a married sister she at once showed the courage and energy which are obvious in all we hear of her. She seems to have succeeded in tracking the assassins and bringing them to justice: "even if I had been there myself," says her husband, "I could have done no more."

But this was by no means the only dangerous task she had to undertake in those years of civil war and insecurity. When Lucretius left her they seem to have been staying at the villa where her parents had been murdered; she had given him all her gold and pearls, and kept him supplied in his absence with money, provisions, and even slaves, which she contrived to smuggle over sea to Epirus. And during the march of Caesar's army through Italy she seems to have been threatened, either in that villa or another, by some detachment of his troops, and to have escaped only through her own cour-

age and the clemency of one whose name is not mentioned, but who can hardly be other than the great Julius himself, a true gentleman, whose instinct and policy alike it was throughout this civil war to be merciful to opponents.

A year later, while Lucretius was still away, yet another peril came upon her. While Caesar was operating round Dyrrhachium, there was a dangerous rising in Campania and Southern Italy, for which our giddy friend Caelius Rufus was chiefly responsible; gladiators and ruffianly shepherd slaves were enlisted, and by some of these the villa where she was staying was attacked, and successfully defended by her,—so much at least it seems possible to infer from the fragment recently discovered.

One might think that Turia had already had her full share of trouble and danger, but there is much more to come. About this time she had to defend herself against another attack, not indeed on her person, but as her rights as an heiress. An attempt was made by her relations to upset her father's will, under which she and Lucretius were appointed equal inheritors of his property. The result of this would have been to make her the sole heiress, leaving out her husband and her married sister; but she would have been under the legal *tutela* or guardianship of persons whose motive in attacking the will was to obtain administration of the property. No doubt they meant to administer it for their own advantage; and it was absolutely necessary that she should resist them. How she did it her husband does not tell us, but he says that the enemy retreated from his position, yielding to her firmness and perseverance (*constantia*). The patrimonium came, as her father had intended, to herself and her husband; and he dwells on the care with which they dealt with it, he exercising a *tutela* over her share, while she exercised a *custodia* over his. Very touchingly he adds, "but of this I leave much unsaid, lest I should seem to be claiming a share in the praise that is due to you alone."

When Lucretius returned to Italy, apparently pardoned by Caesar for the part he had taken against him, the marriage must have been consummated. Then came the murder of the Dictator, which plunged Italy once more

into civil war, until in 43 Antony, Octavian and Lepidus made their famous compact, and at once proceeded to that abominable work of proscription which made a reign of terror at Rome, and spilt much of the best Roman blood. The happiness of the pair was suddenly destroyed, for Lucretius found himself named in the fatal lists. He seems to have been in the country, not far from Rome, when he received a message from his wife, telling him of impending peril that he might have to face at any moment, and warning him strongly against a certain rash course—perhaps an attempt to escape to Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, a course which cost the lives of many deluded victims. She implored him to return to their own house in Rome, where she had devised a secure hiding-place for him. She meant no doubt to die with him there if he were discovered.

He obeyed his good genius and made for Rome, by night it would seem, with only two faithful slaves. One of these fell lame and had to be left behind; and Lucretius, leaning on the arm of the other, approached the city gate. Suddenly they became aware of a troop of soldiers issuing from it, and Lucretius took refuge in one of the many tombs that lined the great roads outside the walls. They had not been long in this dismal hiding when they were surprised by a party of tomb-wreckers—ghouls who haunted these roads by night and lived by robbing tombs or travellers. Luckily they wanted rather to rob than to murder, and the slave gave himself up to them to be stripped, while his master, who was no doubt disguised, perhaps as a slave, contrived to slip out of their hands and reached the city gate safely. Here he waited, as we might expect him to do, for his brave companion, and then succeeded in making his way into the city and to his house, where his wife concealed him between the roof and the ceiling of one of their bedrooms, until the storm should blow over.

But neither life nor property was safe until some pardon and restitution were obtained from one at least of the triumvirs. When at last these were conceded by Octavian, he was himself absent in the campaign that ended with

Philippi, and Lepidus was consul in charge of Rome. To Lepidus Turia had to go, to beg the confirmation of Octavian's grace, and this brutal man received her with insult and injury. She fell at his feet, as her husband describes with bitter indignation, but instead of being raised and congratulated, she was hustled, beaten like a slave, and driven from his presence. But her perseverance had its ultimate reward. The clemency of Octavian prevailed on his return to Italy, and this treatment of a lady was among the many crimes that called for the eventual degradation of Lepidus.

This was the last of their perilous escapes. A long period of happy life awaited them, more particularly after the battle of Actium, when "peace and the republic were restored." One thing only was wanting to complete their perfect felicity—they had no children. It was this that caused Turia to make a proposal to her husband which, coming from a truly unselfish woman, and seen in the light of Roman ideas of married life, is far from unnatural; but to us it must seem astonishing, and it filled Lucretius with horror. She urged that he should divorce her, and take another wife in the hope of a son and heir. If there is nothing very surprising in this from a Roman point of view, it is indeed to us both surprising and touching that she should have supported her request by a promise that she would be as much a mother to the expected children as their own mother, and would still be to Lucretius a sister, having nothing apart from him, nothing secret, and taking away with her no part of their inheritance.

To us, reading this proposal in cold blood just nineteen hundred years after it was made, it may seem foolishly impracticable; to her, whose whole life was spent in unselfish devotion to her husband's interests, whose warm love for him was always mingled with discretion, it was simply an act of *pietas*—of wifely duty. Yet he could not for a moment think so himself: his indignation at the bare idea of it lives for ever on the marble in glowing words. "I must confess," he says, "that the anger so burnt within me that my senses almost deserted me: that

you should ever have thought it possible that we could be separated but by death, was most horrible to me. What was the need of children compared with my loyalty to you: why should I exchange certain happiness for an uncertain future? But I say no more of this: you remained with me, for I could not yield without disgrace to myself and unhappiness to both of us. The one sorrow that was in store for me was that I was destined to survive you."

These two, we may feel sure, were wholly worthy of each other. What she would have said of him, if he had been the first to go, we can only guess; but he has left a portrait of her, as she lived and worked in his household, which, mutilated though it is, may be inadequately paraphrased as follows:

"You were a faithful wife to me," he says, "and an obedient one: you were kind and gracious, sociable and friendly: you were assiduous at your spinning (*lanificia*): you followed the religious rites of your family and your state, and admitted no foreign cults or degraded magic (*superstitio*): you did not dress conspicuously, nor seek to make a display in your household arrangements. Your duty to our whole household was exemplary: you tended my mother as carefully as if she had been your own. You had innumerable other excellences, in common with all other worthy matrons, but these I have mentioned were peculiarly yours."

No one can study this inscription without becoming convinced that it tells an unvarnished tale of truth—that here was really a rare and precious woman; a Roman matron of the very best type, practical, judicious, courageous, simple in her habits and courteous to all her guests. And we feel that there is one human being, and one only, of whom she is always thinking, to whom she has given her whole heart—the husband whose words and deeds show that he was wholly worthy of her.

BETWEEN THE SEXES *

By Elsie Clews Parsons

Sex is one of the two † greatest sources of difference between its members society has to apprehend. It deals with the disturbing factor in its characteristically simple, unconscious way. It separates men and women as much as possible, or when because of passion or of economic necessity or convenience actual separation is impossible or difficult, it raises barriers between them.

In every society the separation of the sexes is more or less thoroughly marked. No Vedda may come in contact with any women of his own age except his wife, a restriction observed in many savage tribes.‡ "Male and female should not sit together in the same apartment, nor have the same stand or rack for their clothes, nor use the same towel or comb, nor let their hands touch in giving and receiving," prescribes the Lî Kî. In Corea the mere touch of a strange man has caused a father, it is said, to kill his daughter, or a wife to kill herself. Out-of-doors a Miridite girl of Albania speaks to a man unrelated to her at the risk of losing her reputation, a calamity few

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* From "Fear and Conventionality," by Elsie Clews Parsons. New York. Copyright 1914. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Age, of course, is the other.

‡ The proprieties of the haremlik may be observed even in communal cave. In a Vedda cave dwelling "the woman may always be seen at exactly the same spot, and when the men come in they sit or lie beside their wives keeping to that part of the cave floor that belongs to them as carefully as though there was a partition dividing it from that of their neighbors." (Seligmann, The Veddas, p. 86.)

girls care to survive. Dobrizhoffer relates that one day after his arrival in Paraguay he played in the road on the flute. The girls gathered to listen; but as soon as the youths came up the girls, every one, disappeared. The English girl of the fifteenth century was put on her guard in rhyme:

"Aqweynte thee not with eche man that gooth bi the strete;
Though ony man speke to thee, Swiftli thou him grete
Let him go bi the way: bi him that thou ne stonde."

In the United States to-day a mother sometimes tells her daughter not to speak to any strange man in the street—except a policeman; and it was once thought bad form for a girl to go "buggy-riding" with a man or in town to be seen with one in a cab. Only a few years ago a New York girl told me that having to drive home late in the evening in a "strange" cab and without a chaperone, she required her escort to sit on the box with the driver.

There are in most communities certain places assigned to one sex into which the other may not venture, or venture only at their peril. No Aeneze of good reputation would sit down in that corner of the women's part of the tent called the roffe. "Your sitting place is the roffe," is said to a man you despise. Corean boys were taught that it was shameful to set foot at all in the women's part of the house and in Seoul men breaking the law requiring them to leave the streets to the women from eight P. M. to one A. M. were severely punished. A New Guinea woman found anywhere near the place where the feast of the sacred bull-roarer is being celebrated is taken and put at the disposition of the assembled men. New Hebrides men also violate women who eavesdrop around the club house of their secret society. London or New York clubmen are likely to make "insulting remarks," I am told, about women who even look into their club windows. A man who addresses a girls' school or joins a ladies' sewing circle is expected to feel discomposed. "How do you like being the only man?" he is asked.

The sexes are apt to be separated in their economic pursuits, in their pastimes, and in their social interests and activities in general. In Northwestern Siam iron is worked only by the women and they only pole the boats. Nagas who touch women's weaving or pottery tools are punished. Among the Akikuyu only the men herd the goats. The long distance carries of fire-wood are made only by the women and of a big load men say, "This is a very heavy load, it is fit to be carried by a woman, not by a man." In Uganda hunting is an activity improper for a woman, more improper here even than in other countries. A woman who kills any animal or catches them for others to kill is considered unfit for society. Reading as well as hunting has been taboo to women. "Some Stoicks indeed there are who will not allow any Books to Womankind," writes a sixteenth-century Englishman. Coryat, the seventeenth-century English traveller, records that until he went to Venice he had never seen women on the stage, and even in Venice there were no women in the audience except courtesans, and they sat apart and wore masks. "It is not comlye for a woman to practise feats of armes, ridinge, playing at tenise,* wrastling, and manye other thynges that beelonge to men," asserted one of the sixteenth-century courtier of Urbino. "I believe musicke," he also says, "together with many other Vanities is mete for women, . . . but not for men that be men in dede." In Central Australia a man is not allowed to attend the memorial death service of a woman. A Massim woman may not enter or even approach the Bolabola or circle of stones where the men sit to talk. In the fifteenth century the English youth was cautioned to be reticent in the presence of ladies.

"In chambur among ladyes bryghth
Kepe thy tonge and spende thy syghth."

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* Fashions at least change. Not long ago I heard that great evangelist of our day, Billy Sunday, declare that tennis was not to his liking, it was "too girlified." To that description one of his followers, a tennis devotee, audibly demurred. "I know," said the preacher, "Rody plays tennis and he's no sissie."

"Outside affairs should not be talked of inside the threshold of the women's apartments, nor inside or women's affairs outside it," prescribes the Lî Kî. Furthermore, "Male and female, without the intervention of the matchmaker, do not know each other's name."

Separation of the sexes is also assured through other forms of social separation. Social barriers based on differences in age, in culture and religion, in economic or political class, in kinship and race, all figure in exaggerated form the moment sex itself figures. The merest glance at marriage restrictions shows this condition. Even when marriage within one's own age-class is not required by law or custom, how misled is the girl who marries an old man,* how ludicrous the young man who falls in love with an old woman. With any married woman who is his junior, an Andamanese is forbidden direct communication. Unless a woman unrelated to him is "very much his senior," an American is advised by at least one writer on etiquette not to offer her valuable presents. In fact so efficient a barrier between the sexes does a difference in age appear that among simple people it is sometimes simulated as a device for separation. Masai warriors have to salute married women with "Endakwenya," "O old ladies!" As soon as one of our girls marries, do not her male contemporaries think of her as much "older" and has one not heard persons describe themselves as "an old married man," or "an old married woman"? In parts of Europe in the Middle Ages marriage with a Jew was punishable by death, nor did Jewish law recognize marriage with an unbeliever. The Moslem has been forbidden to marry the Christian; the Catholic, the Protestant; the Anglican, the Dissenter. Caste may be as set against mixed marriages as religion. In China actors, policemen, and boatmen must marry within their class. An Aeneze never marries his daughter

* Gerontocracy and marriage by purchase (whether the bride is bought or whether she marries for money) are factors tending to legitimatize or conventionalize this type of misalliance. The monopoly of girls by the Elders may also force juniors into marriage with older women, aging widows.

to a szona, i. e., a blacksmith or a saddler,* or to a descendant of a szona family. Everywhere a non-celibate priesthood tends to be endogamous. Marriage between slaves and free women is always forbidden and other sex relations between them are apt to be more severely penalized than illegitimate relations between others. A Tutonic woman who had intercourse with a slave was likely to be killed. A Guatemalan who married a slave became one. Among the Hovas of Madagascar even the three classes of slaves do not intermarry. Roman plebeians and patricians could not intermarry until 455 B. C. Such misalliances were punished in Sweden until the seventeenth century. Again and again European royalties have had to forego rank or position through marrying out of their class, and in every civilized country marrying beneath you involves in varying degree social disapproval or ostracism. There are few American girls, I surmise, who would at no time feel ashamed of having a man of an inferior social position make love to them.

Shame, a sense of disgrace, of blight, is also felt over the violation of endogamous rules of kinship or of race. Were a Padam girl to demean herself by marriage out of her clan, sun and moon would refuse to shine, Dalton was once assured, and all labour would have to cease until by sacrifice and oblation the stain was washed away. A Bushman woman considers intercourse with any man not of her tribe degrading. The Baralongs, a Bechuana tribe, killed any of their women intimate with a European. In sections of the United States marriage between whites and blacks has been prohibited. On the steamer on which I once travelled with a Congressional party to the Philippines were a bride and groom, she a New Englander and he a Filipino, a graduate of Harvard University and the son of a prominent Mestizo Judge in Manila. This bridal pair the members of our party, with but few exceptions, were not willing to meet, and later in Manila I learned that the members of the American Army and

* These workmen are always of another tribe, their occupation being accounted degrading to an Aeneze.

Navy Club were resolved to ostracize the young woman. "We'll teach her an American girl can't marry a Filipino."

Marriage aside, racial shyness or distrust is notably exaggerated by a difference of sex. In those parts of Borneo where it was believed that the sight of a white man caused illness, the men warned their wives not to approach the European traveller. The headman of a New Guinea pygmy village resisted a bribe of three shining axes, writes Wollaston, to let his English visitors have merely a sight of the village women, hidden away in the jungle. The Veddas do not allow visitors of any race to see their women. Even pedlars may not approach nearer than a quarter of a mile of their caves. During a British inspection trip on the Burmese Chinese boundary, a Kakhyen chief was told that the officials were going to sleep in his house. Although resentful of the intrusion, all the chief asked for was time to get the women out of the way. Burckhardt relates that the Bedouin women he met on the road would often ask him for flour or biscuit, but that they would never take it out of his hands. He had to set it down on the ground, behind their backs, and then withdraw from them a few paces. In the South and Southwest I have found American women afraid to go walking alone on the chance of meeting a negro or a Mexican.

But in addition to taboos of physical separation or of exclusiveness, taboos of the imagination are relied upon in separating the sexes,—conceptions of the psychic or magical dangers of infidelity, of the magical nature of chastity and its irretrievability, of the impurity of sexual intimacy, and of the evil intrinsic in passion. An Aleut woman believes that were she unfaithful to her husband when he went hunting he would get no game. The wife of the Kayan camphor collector believe that her infidelity would cause the trees to be empty of camphor. Elsewhere wives believe too that infidelity brings a husband disaster of a magical kind called dishonour. An unchaste sister as well as a faithless wife can spoil an Aleut's hunt. Chastity in many another tribe has magical potentialities. In the historical religions it is a factor in the working of

miracles. Complementary to this view of chastity as an instrument for magic is the notion that like any other instrument it can be lost and lost once and for all, particularly in the case of women. "In women honestye once stained dothe never retourne again to the former estate" —not even through marriage. To Paul, to Buddha, and to many another religious devotee passion even in marriage is more than questionable. "Let none imagine that we approve of sexual intercourse except for procreation!" exclaims Father Jerome. After conception, give to marriage "the sanctity of virginity," exhorts Mother Eddy.

The belief that feminine weakness or inferiority is infectious* seems to be back of some of these conceptions. This belief also accounts for the very widespread taboos against women imposed upon huntsmen and fishermen, upon magicians and priests, upon warriors on the eve of professional expeditions or enterprises. From time to time one finds too that special precautions are taken against catching femininity. Were a youth of Fraser's Island to sit down on the stool a girl was sitting on or had sat on, he believes he would sicken and die. Were a Maryborough Blackfellow woman to step over anything belonging to a man, he would throw it away. In South Africa a man sleeping with his wife must be careful not to touch her with his right hand. Otherwise his strength as a warrior goes from him, he believes, and he will surely be killed. Among its editorial New Year wishes this year one of the New York daily papers wished for manhood for an editor of a review of feminist bias. This editorial was shown to me by a man who frankly and solemnly said he felt his own manhood would be imperilled by any considerable interest in the affairs of women.

The conception of feminine weakness is but one of the many generalizations about women every society makes. "The tongues of women cannot be governed," say the Makololo. "The love of possessions is a woman's

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* Male traits may be catching, too. If an Australian girl lies on a man's waist band, she becomes sterile. (Spencer & Gillen, "Native Tribes," p. 52, n.i.)

trait and not a brave's," said his grandmother to the Sioux boy, Hakadah, when she called upon him to offer up his pet dog in sacrifice. Deprecating to her husband her failure to obey him and expose their infant daughter, a wife in one of the plays of Terence refers to her waywardness as characterized by "a woman's usual folly and miserable superstition." In another play a testy husband exclaims: "What a thing it is that all women are set on the same thing and set against the same thing, and not one of them can you find an inch different from the bent of the rest."

As barriers to personal relations these sex generalities are most efficient. Hence they are apt to be to the fore in the beginning of an acquaintanceship,* always a more or less formidable time, or whenever a personal relation becomes displeasing "Just like a woman!" "How like a man!" exclaims the irritated man or woman. And the interpretation of motive or conduct in terms of sex is often a justification for slackness, and excuse for carelessness. Because women are all the same, it is not worth while to pay close attention to a given woman. Because a given man is like other men, much is not to be expected of him,—unless one is speaking in terms of chivalry, when too much cannot be expected of him.

Chivalry, based, as we have noted, on a generalization, that of inborn and ineradicable superiority, serves like other generalizations as a barrier between the sexes, a particularly strong barrier too. Good manners between the sexes are analogous barriers. They too are efficient, almost as efficient as avoidance practices. But often too they require avoidance. Ainu women are always taught to get out of the way of men on a path. If Tasmanians met a party of women on the trail, it was only polite of them to turn and go another way. With us a man merely turns out for a woman. In Uganda a woman may

* And is not the beginning of intimacy between a man and a woman apt to be characterized by each conceiving that the other is an exception to his or her sex?

not hand a man anything without first wrapping it in a bit of plantain leaf. It is good Ainu manners for women to wait to be spoken to by men, just as under certain circumstances it is polite among us for a man not to speak first to a woman.

Individuals upon whom these taboos lie heavy, the womanly woman, the man's man, are attractive to the opposite sex, not only for elemental reason, but because they are felt to be safe. Obviously they have no wish for assimilation, no tendency to cross the self-protecting barriers of sex. They will let the habits of the other sex alone.*

Fear of not being let alone accounts for the otherwise strange brutality shown from time to time by men towards intrusive women. We have already noted how women trespassers may be treated. Women pioneers in law or medicine or politics † have also in case after case been subject to injury or "insults." These "insults" ‡ have been for the most part of an obscene nature, for men feel, more or less unconsciously, that women are vulnerable in questions of sex, because in their habits of chastity they in their turn are most loath to be disturbed. But in their other habits, too, women, like men, wish to be protected, and so they have been ever ready to be cut off from experiences unsettling to habits—from intercourse with the stranger or with the gods, from learning,

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* To be let alone is, I suggest, more desirable to simple people than any "complementary difference of character," the effect no doubt of sex taboos but, Crawley notwithstanding, never their motive.

† Is it not, therefore, a prime tactical error for suffragists to suggest in any way that woman suffrage will compel any change in masculine habits or, for that matter, in feminine?

‡ Women, more conservative than men, are more open to "insult." An insult is an outrage against one's habits and is not the sense of "insult" based on resentment against the ruthless breaking down of one's social barriers? It may also be based, I suggest, on a still more primitive sense of defilement. The injury is actually conveyed through a kind of contagious magic.

from travel, from nature. To almost any demand that they live at second hand they have been compliant.*

Is not this desire to be unaffected by the opposite sex back of the insistent demand to safeguard the mystery of sex? You will destroy the mystery and so the charm of sex, it is urged, if you let women do all the things men do. Men will treat women like men; they will forget they are women. Cupid unblindfolded will cease to be Cupid and penitence will be the only lot for Psyche. This plea for sex taboos is, I surmise, the modern stand of those unwilling to forego the protection of sex barriers. Far from wishing to let the natural differences of sex count in life, they seek to prescribe differences which may or may not correspond to fact, but which because they are arbitrary may be collectively and so comfortably encountered. In their great fear of sex they endeavour to make it a matter of collective habits, of dress, of manners, of occupations, of pastimes, particulars all subject to endless regulation. Is not so much regulation of a "mystery" suspicious? Were we less afraid of the real heterogeneities of sex, would we not be less insistent upon the differences which are but blinds for the real differences? "This thing you may not think or do at all," says man to woman or woman to man, "because being different from me, your thought for it or your performance would be different and so disturbing. Take something else to think about or pursue, something not in my line. Keep out of my way as much as you can and I will keep out of yours. Whatever happens, let us not interfere with each other. Nothing else is quite as important to our comfort." Until comparatively lately this principle of non-interference has worked out well

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* The tendency to live at second hand, through another, is a profound expression of sex, we are told, an impulse of passion. Accepting this analysis, is not the problem created for feminists far more baffling than any they have hitherto faced?

enough in economy;* in matters of passion it has always been less of a success. Hence sex in its passionate manifestations has been subjected to endless regulation, regulation made rigid by the great fear of sex itself and complicated by all the other fears of unlike for unlike. Of this system of regulation we shall get the most comprehensive view through a consideration of marriage, ever society's mainstay in controlling the waywardness of sex, its vagrant and vehement impulses, its untoward and violent outbreaks, its blindness to the interests of others, its arrogance unsurpassed.

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* Perhaps because the economic differentiation of the sexes sets in at an early age, at a non-questioning, imitative time of life. When it starts in life, as it tends to nowadays with us, it is more likely to be challenged. Similarly it is more likely to be questioned in business or in the professions than in more imitative pursuits like farming or housework.

INTRODUCTION TO "A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN" (Mary Wollstonecraft)*

By Millicent Garrett Fawcett

The near approach of the completion of a hundred years since Mary Wollstonecraft wrote her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," and its re-publication in the present year, suggest considerations concerning the progress which has already been made in Europe and America in establishing the personal and proprietary independence of women, and also concerning Mary Wollstonecraft's relation to the great movement of which her book was in England almost the first conscious expression.

There is no truer or more consolatory observation concerning the great movements of thought which change the social history of the world, than that no individual is indispensable to their growth. The Reformation in England and Germany would have come and would have changed men's thoughts concerning the relations of man to God, and of the Church to society, if Wyclif and Erasmus and Luther had never lived, and if Henry VIII had never wished to put away his first wife. The democratic movement, changing men's thoughts concerning the relations of the State to society, would have come even if the roll of famous and infamous names associated with the revolution in England and France had been a blank. And the change, which nearly the whole of civilized society throughout the world is conscious of in its esti-

* 1889.

mation of the duties, rights, occupations, and sphere of women, in a like manner is not due to any individual or set of individuals. The vastness of the change, its appearance, almost simultaneously, in various ways in different parts of the world, indicate that it proceeds from causes too powerful and too universal to be attributed to any particular individual. Individuals, indeed, have expressed in the most remote periods of history what we should now consider modern ideas concerning the duties and rights of women. Plato's "Republic," Solomon's description of the virtuous woman, Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," contain arguments and theories that satisfy the most modern advocate of women's rights. But these and other indications that many master minds did not placidly accept as satisfactory the relation of man and woman as master and slave, were for long ages powerless to affect the realities of life. The hour had to come as well as the man: and till the hour was favourable the most conclusive arguments, the most patent facts, fell on deaf ears and on blind eyes, and had no practical result in modifying the conduct of men and women, or in ameliorating the laws and customs concerning their relation to one another.

It was Mary Wollstonecraft's good fortune that when she spoke the ears of men had been prepared to hear and their minds to assimilate what she had to say. In one sense, she was as much the product of the women's rights movement as its earliest confessor. The fermentation in men's minds which had already produced new thoughts about the rights of man, which was destined presently to overthrow the authority of unrestrained despotism wherever it existed in Western Europe, did not pass by without producing its effect on the greatest despotism of all, that of men over women. The idea that women are created simply to be ministers to the amusement, enjoyment and gratification of men, was closely allied to the idea that peasants and workmen exist solely for the satisfaction of the wants and pleasures of the aristocratic classes. Ideas of this kind die hard, and it is Mary Wollstonecraft's chief claim to the regard of

posterity that, while she proved to demonstration the falsity of the notion that makes the place of women in creation entirely dependent on their usefulness and agreeableness to men, she had a keen appreciation of the sanctity of women's domestic duties, and she never undervalued for a moment the high importance of these duties, either to the individual, the family, or the State. On the contrary, one of her chief arguments against the subjection of women was that it prevented them from performing these duties as efficiently and as conscientiously as would otherwise be the case. She wanted, as she says in her preface, to see women placed in a station where they would advance instead of retarding the progress of the human race. Her argument, she adds, is built upon the simple principle that if women be not prepared by education to become the companions of men, they will stop the progress of knowledge, and that so far from knowledge and freedom inducing women to neglect their duties to their families, "the more understanding women acquire, the more they will be attached to their duty—comprehending it—for unless they comprehend it . . . no authority can make them discharge it in a virtuous manner." She argues with force and justice against the habit of regarding women and their duties simply from the sexual point of view, and draws a vivid picture of the domestic miseries and the moral degradation to both men and women arising from women being trained in the idea that the one object in an unmarried woman's life is to catch a husband. In the scathing and cruel light of common sense she places in close juxtaposition two leading facts which ate like acids into the moral fibre of the whole of society in her time. The one aim and object of women was to get married; an unmarried woman was a social failure. Women who had passed the marrying and child-bearing age were treated to scant courtesy. A writer quoted by Mary Wollstonecraft had expressed this sentiment in plain language by exclaiming, "What business have women turned of forty to do in the world?" Yet while in a variety of ways it was dinned into the minds and consciences of women that husband-catching was the

end of their existence, they were at the same time enjoined that this object must never be avowed. The aim must be pursued with unceasing vigilance; the whole of women's education, dress, manners and thoughts must be subordinated to this one object; but they must never openly avow it. In Mary Wollstonecraft's time those who undertook to lead the female mind in the principles of virtue advised women never to avow their love for the man they were about to marry; it was argued that it was "indelicate in a female" to let it appear that she married from inclination; she must always strive to make it appear that her physical and mental weakness had caused her to yield to force. On the first of these two nonsensical theories—that marriage is the one aim and object of women's existence—Mary Wollstonecraft, with her habitual reference to the religious sanction, pertinently asks how women are to exist in that state where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. "Man," she adds, "is always being told to prepare for a future state, but women are enjoined to prepare only for this." She also shows how wretchedly the sacredness of marriage and the charities of domestic life are violated by making marriage the only honourable career for women. As long as this is the case, and so far as it is the case, women are apt to marry "to better themselves," as the housemaids say, or "for a support, as men accept of places under government," and not because they are heartily and honestly in love, or because they have any real vocation for married life. Mary Wollstonecraft had had abundant experience, in her own circle, of domestic wretchedness, brought about partly by this cause and partly by the bestial vices of domestic tyrants invested with the irresponsible power associated with "the divine right of husbands."

On the second of these false theories—*i. e.*, that women must never openly acknowledge that they wish to marry while secretly making marriage the one object of their existence—she has no difficulty in showing how antagonism between the real and avowed objects of life breeds dissimulation and cuts at the root of all openness and spontaneity of character. The authors she quotes as

maintaining this absurd view of female delicacy seem to leave the moral atmosphere laden with impurities and utterly destitute of the ozone necessary to healthy lungs. Dr. Gregory, for instance, whose book, "A Legacy to His Daughters," seems to have been regarded as a standard work on female propriety at the end of the eighteenth century, recommends constant dissimulation to girls to whom nature has given a robust physical constitution. A sickly delicacy was supposed to be an essential part of feminine charm. This will, perhaps, be believed with difficulty at the present time; one more quotation may, therefore, be given in support of the assertion. The Rev. Dr. James Fordyce, in his sermons addressed to women, says: "Let it be observed that in your sex manly exercises are never graceful; that in them a tone and figure, as well as an air of deportment, of the masculine kind are always forbidding; that men of sensibility desire in every woman soft features and a flowing voice, *a form not robust,* and demeanour delicate and gentle." The lordly protector, man, was supposed to have his vanity tickled by a constant exhibition of female feebleness. A healthy girl was therefore counseled by sage Dr. Gregory "not to dance with spirit when gaiety of heart would make her feet eloquent," lest the men who beheld her might either suppose that she was not entirely dependent on their protection for her safety, or else might entertain dark suspicions as to her modesty. Well might Mary Wollstonecraft protest against such "indecent cautions," and in respect of nine-tenths of the advice proffered to girls by Dr. Gregory and other writers of the same stamp, one is inclined to cry, "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

The essence of the absurdity now under consideration was dissimulation, and dissimulation was, we find, exalted by these writers as the pole-star to the wandering bark of women's lives. As indicated by these sages, womanly prudence and virtue consist in one long series of pretences. Behavior, appearance, decorum, the applause of Mrs. Grundy, "constant attention to keep the varnish fresh," are set before women as ends to be sedulously sought for,

on account of their bearing on the grand aim of women's existence, the admiration of the other sex. To this end everything else was subordinated. Even piety is recommended in one of Dr. Fordyce's sermons, not because it bends the whole power of the nature more intently on its duty to God and man, but because piety is becoming to the face and figure. He recommends holiness as a cosmetic. "Never," exclaims the preacher, "perhaps, does a fine woman *strike more deeply* than when composed into pious recollection; . . . she assumes, without knowing it, *superior dignity and new graces;* so that the beauties of holiness seem to radiate about her." On this passage Mary Wollstonecraft exclaims that the intrusion of the idea of conquest and admiration as influencing a woman at her devotions, gives her a "sickly qualm." Profanation could hardly go lower than this; but there was much more modeled on the same pattern. Cowardice, as well as physical weakness, was regarded as part of what every woman ought to aim at. Ignorance was likewise extolled. Female modesty was held to be outraged by the confession of strong and enduring love from a woman to a man, even when that man was her husband. Dr. Gregory advises a wife "never to let her husband know the extent of her sensibility or affection." He likewise cautions all women carefully to hide their good sense and knowledge, if they happen to possess any. "Be cautious," he says, "even in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts and a cultivated understanding." Pretence, seeming, outward show were the standards by which a woman's character was measured. A man is taught to dread the eye of God; but women were taught to dread nothing but the eye of man. Rousseau embodies the then current doctrine, that reputation in the case of women takes the place of virtue, in a passage which Mary Wollstonecraft quotes. "To women," he says, "reputation is no less indispensable than chastity; . . . what is thought of her is as important to her

as what she really is. It follows, hence, that the system of a woman's education should in this respect be directly contrary to that of ours. Opinion is the grave of virtue among the men; but its throne among women." Right through this tangle of pretences and affectations Mary Wollstonecraft cuts with the double-edged knife of a sound heart and clear head. It is against the system of dissimulation that she protests; instead of telling women how they are most likely to avoid censure and win praise, to gain a reputation for decorum and propriety of behaviour, she tells them to leave appearances out of consideration—"Make the heart clean, give the head employment," and behaviour will take care of itself. Dr. Gregory's remarks relative to reputation and the applause of the world, she complains, begin at the wrong end, because he treats them as ends in themselves, and not in their proper relative position as advantages usually, but by no means universally, attendant on nobility of character and purpose. How much sounder than Dr. Gregory's petty maxims, she reminds her readers, is the Scriptural injunction, "Get wisdom, get understanding; forget it not; . . . forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee. Love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding." With a touch of humour, more common in her private letters than in her more studied works, Mary Wollstonecraft expresses her conviction that there is really no cause to counsel women to pretend to be sillier and more ignorant than they are. "When a woman has sufficient sense not to pretend to anything which she does not understand in some degree, there is no need of determining to hide her talents under a bushel. Let things take their natural course and all will be well."

In combating false views concerning what women ought to be, and to what ends their lives should be directed, Mary Wollstonecraft did not concentrate herself only on the orthodox immoralities propounded by Dr. Gregory and Dr. Fordyce. She challenges the whole field, and deals with Pope, Lord Chesterfield and Rousseau as fearlessly as with teachers more in harmony with the ordi-

narily received opinions of her day. In contrast with Dr. Fordyce's recommendations of the consolations of religion to women, on the ground that "a fine woman never strikes more deeply" than when she is communing in spirit with her Creator, she reminds us of the opposite pole of male and female depravity expressed by Pope in the lines where, speaking on behalf of the whole male sex, he says:

> "Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create
> As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate."

The appearance of wantonness, just short of its reality, if, indeed, it was desirable to stop short of it, is recommended to women by Pope exactly in the same spirit as that in which Dr. Fordyce recommended piety. The centre of both systems is the assumption that women have nothing better to do or think of in this world than "to make conquests," as the old phrase was. The falsity, the immorality of this assumption, and the miserable consequences of acting upon it, it was the aim of "A Vindication of the Rights of Women" to demonstrate. In combating Rousseau's views on education, especially his antagonism to teaching boys and girls together, or according to the same methods, she refers to his argument that if women are educated like men, the more they will resemble men, and the less power will they have over the other sex. "This is the very point," Mary Wollstonecraft says, "I aim at. I do not wish them to have power over men, but over themselves."

Rousseau in many respects gave a compendium of all Mary Wollstonecraft most objected to in his views relating to the position of women. Profoundly influenced by his writings, as she had at one time been, she was intensely antagonistic to his professions and his practice in regard to all that touched upon the position of women and upon domestic life. There is nothing in her book to show that she was aware of the indelible stain on Rousseau, as a man, which has been left by his disposing of his five children immediately after their birth, by placing them in the turnstile of the Foundling Hospital. The knowledge of

this fact has, perhaps, relieved posterity from the necessity of paying any very strenuous attention to his arguments on the cultivation of the domestic virtues. Mary Wollstonecraft speaks contemptuously of Rousseau's wife as "the fool Theresa," and she probably knew what we know also, that Theresa was a kitchen wench, whose state of mind closely approached absolute imbecility. "She could never," says Mr. John Morley, "be taught to read with any approach to success. She could never follow the order of the twelve months of the year, nor master a single arithmetical figure, nor count a sum of money, nor reckon the price of a thing."

But nearly imbecile as she was, she loved her children, and deeply resented the cruel wrong her husband did her in snatching them from her. "The fool Theresa," with almost nothing to commend her but the primitive maternal instinct, may seem to many of us a more touching and instructive spectacle than a score of philosophers maundering over the thesis that woman has been formed for the sole purpose of being pleasing to man and subject to his rule. Mary Wollstonecraft seems to have known of Theresa's mental limitations and nothing more, and this was enough to show her that what Rousseau looked for in a wife was not a companion who could share his aims and stimulate his thoughts and imagination by her sympathy, but just a creature who had the physical capacity of bearing children, and who was present without necessarily being spoken to—he sometimes passed weeks without addressing her a single word—when complete solitude would have been distasteful to him.

There is a peculiar satisfaction on the part of those who are trying to produce a change in general feeling in regard to any subject, when one of their opponents will state boldly, in so many words, what is the real foundation of the sentiment which inspires them. The majority of their spokesmen feel that the real reason of their opposition is too little respectable for open avowal; they count upon its secret influence, but never refer to it in public. It is, therefore, with a cry of delight that those on the other side seize upon an indiscreet avowal of the real principles

on which their enemies rely. It was a service of this kind which Rousseau rendered to those who wished to promote the independence of women, when in a passage in "Emilius" he avowed his reason for belittling women from the cradle to the grave to be that otherwise they would be less subservient to men. The battle in which Mary Wollstonecraft took a leading part is still being waged, and it may be useful to those who are now carrying on this contest to be able to quote Rousseau's reason for keeping women in a perpetual state of tutelage and childhood. These are his words:

"For this reason, the education of women should always be relative to that of men. To please, to be useful to US, to make US love and esteem them, to educate US when young, and take care of US, when grown up, to advise, to console US, to render OUR lives easy and agreeable; these are the duties of women at all times, and what they should be taught in their infancy."

Take this and contrast it, as containing a worthy and dignified theory of human life, with the well-known first question and answer of the Scottish "Shorter Catechism," of which Carlisle said, "The older I grow—and I now stand on the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the first sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: 'What is the chief end of man? To glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever.' " Rousseau and his disciples would disinherit women from this birthright, and to the question, "What is the chief end of woman?" would reply, "To glorify man, and to help him to enjoy himself for a little time." But Rousseau and those who follow in his footsteps do not even succeed in this poor aim. Happiness is one of those things of which it may with truth be said, "I was found of them that sought me not; I was made manifest unto them that asked not after me." Poor Theresa nursing in her dull brain undying resentment against the man who had robbed her of her children, the squalor and degradation of the pair, and the miserable end of Rosseau's life, are all a terrible commentary on the rottenness of the principles on which he founded their

joint existence. All the beauty of personal devotion and self-abnegation, which count for so much in the happiness of family life, disappear and wither when they are selfishly claimed by one member of the family as due to him from the others, and are entirely unreciprocated on his part. The affectionate mutual consideration and the happy companionship of human beings with equal rights, but different capacities and different occupations, are exchanged by those who adopt Rousseau's doctrines for a state of things which develops the vices of tyranny on the one side and the vices of slavery on the other; the husband becomes a harsh, exacting master; the wife and other members of the household too often become obsequious and deceitful serfs. Mary Wollstonecraft's husband wrote of her shortly after her death, "She was a worshipper of domestic life," and the truth of the expression is felt in every line of the numerous passages in "The Vindication," where she contends that the subjection of women is inimical to domestic happiness, and appeals to men to "be content with rational fellowship instead of slavish obedience." If this were so, "they would find us," she adds, "more observant daughters, more affectionate sisters, more faithful wives, more reasonable mothers—in a word, better citizens." The relation of Milton to his daughters may be mentioned as an object lesson in the truth of Mary Wollstonecraft's contention. He tyrannized over them, they deceived and cheated him, and the domestic life of one of the greatest of Englishmen, instead of being full of beauty and a source of strength to those who come after him, is a thing that we try not to think of, and can never remember without a sense of pain and loss.

Mary Wollstonecraft, as Mr. Kegan Paul says, in his sketch of her life and work prefixed to her Letters to Imlay, makes, in her "Vindication of the Rights of Women," a reiterated claim that women should be treated as the friends and equals of men, and not as their toys and slaves; but she does not claim for women intellectual or physical or moral equality with men. Her argument is, that being weaker than men, physically and mentally, and not superior morally, the way in which women are

rought up, and their subordination throughout life, first) their fathers, then to their husbands, prevents the due atural development of their physical, mental, and moral apacities. How can the powers of the body be developed ithout physical exercise? And in her day the ordinary ule for women in the upper ranks of society seems to ave been to take none whatever. Their clothes and shoes endered out-door exercise entirely out of the question. white muslin gown, damped to cling more closely to the gure, and satin slippers, are not an equipment even for walk on the London pavements; they would make a ountry ramble still more completely out of the question. Iiss Edgeworth makes great fun of one of her sentimental eroines who insists on admiring the beauties of nature therwise than from the windows of a coach. She takes country walk, the lanes are muddy, and she leaves the atin slipper of her right foot in one of them. Mary Vollstonecraft pleaded that the lower degree of physical trength of women, and the strain upon that strength aused by maternity, ought to secure for them such conitions as regards exercise, clothing and food as would nake the most of that strength, and not reduce it to a anishing point.

In the same spirit she argues about the mental capacity f women. Perpetual obedience, she contends, weakens ie understanding; responsibility, and the necessity of inking and deciding, strengthen it. She draws a picture the obvious practical disadvantage of women being ided in everything by their husbands, and supposes a ise in which the husband is a perfectly benevolent and erfectly intelligent despot. He manages everything, dedes from the depths of his wisdom all difficulties; his ife, to quote Mrs. Poyser, does not know which end she ands uppermost till her husband tells her. But even telligent and benevolent despots do not live for ever. er husband dies, and leaves his wife with a large family young children. Her previous life has not prepared her experience to fulfill the arduous task of being both ther and mother to them. She is ignorant of the manement of their property and of their education. She is

utterly unfit for the weight that suddenly falls on her shoulders. What is left for her to do except transfer to some other husband the direction of her family, or in some other way shift to other shoulders the responsibility that she ought to discharge?

In Mary Wollstonecraft's remarks, respecting what she considers the moral inferiority of women to men, I think we see more than anywhere else evidence of the salutary change that has already been brought about in the social position and education of women. Very few modern writers, or observers, consider women less sensible to the claims of duty than men. The late Rev. F. D. Maurice, writing in support of women's suffrage, and speaking of English women as he knew them, said, "In any sphere wherein women feel their responsibility, they are, as a rule, far more conscientious than men," and I think there is a general concensus of opinion, that where large and important duties have been confided to women, they have been, on the whole, faithful in the discharge of them. The moral trustworthiness of the run of women is accepted by most of us, in our every-day life, as part of the natural order of things on which we can rely as implicitly as on the continuity of the forces of Nature. Mary Wollstonecraft, however, finds great fault with women in her time, and roundly accuses them of cunning, superstition, want of generosity, low sense of justice, gross mismanagement of their children and of their households, and of a domestic selfishness which, in some respects, is worse than neglect. This last subject is worth referring to, because some of those who wish to maintain the subjection of women are to be found even now, who argue that if a woman is happy in her own children, she has no occasion to occupy herself at all with the circumstances that make or mar the lives of other children. On this point Mary Wollstonecraft says:

"In short, speaking of the majority of mothers, they leave their children entirely to the care of servants; or because they are their children, treat them as if they were little demi-gods, though I have always observed that the women who thus idolize their children seldom show com-

mon humanity to servants, or feel the least tenderness for any children but their own."

If this were true a hundred years ago, the majority of candid observers certainly would not maintain that it is true now. From the time of Mrs. Fry downwards there has been a constantly growing army of women, who both idolize their own children, and spend themselves with unstinting devotion to render the lives of other children happy and healthy. Women have used the greater freedom and the better education they have received since Mary Wollstonecraft's time just as she predicted they would. They care for their own children as much, and they care for other children more. They are not content with securing favourable conditions of life for their own children, but in almost innumerable ways are making efforts to check the waste in children's lives that went on unheeded in Mary Wollstonecraft's time.

The faults of "The Vindication," as a literary work, are patent upon the face of it. There is a want of order and system in it, which may, perhaps, be attributed to the desultory education of the writer. As she, herself, points out, the want of order in women's education is answerable to a large extent for the want of order in their after-work. A more important blemish to modern ears consists in the formal and frequently stilted language in which the writer conveys her meaning. The reaction against the formalities of the Johnsonian period had begun, but had not as yet conquered; the triumph of the naturalistic school in literature, led by Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth and Joanna Baillie, was yet to come. There are other faults in the book deeper than those of order and style, which are probably to be traced to a reaction against the school of ethics, which proclaimed that appearances and decorum were ends in themselves to be diligently sought for. To this reaction may also, I believe, be attributed the errors of Mary Wollstonecraft's own life, and those of so many members of the circle in which she moved. In unraveling the curious tangle of relationships, intrigues, suicides and attempted suicides of the remarkable group of personalities to whom Mary Wollstonecraft belonged, one is sickened

forever, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has said, of the subject of irregular relations. Mary Wollstonecraft's great merit, however, lies in this, that with a detachment of mind from the prejudices and errors of her time, in regard to the position of women, that was quite extraordinary, she did not sanction any depreciation of the immense importance of the domestic duties of women. She constantly exalted what was truly feminine as the aim of woman's education and training; she recognized love and the attraction between the sexes as a cardinal fact in human nature, and "marriage as the foundation of almost every social virtue." Hence, very largely from her initiative, the women's rights movement in England has kept free from the excesses and follies that in some other countries have marred its course. Mary Wollstonecraft, in her writings, as well as in her life, with its sorrows and errors, is the essentially womanly woman, with the motherly and wifely instincts strong within her, and caring for all she claims and pleads for on behalf of her sex, because she is convinced that a concession of a large measure of women's rights is essential to the highest possible conception and fulfillment of women's duties. In words that recall Mazzini's memorable saying, "The sole origin of every right is in a duty fulfilled," she says, "A right always includes a duty," and again, "Rights and duties are inseparable."

The remarkable degree in which she was ahead of her time is shown on almost every page of "The Vindication." She claims for women the right to share in the advantages of representation in Parliament, nearly seventy years before women's suffrage was heard of in the House of Commons. She knows that few, if any, at that time would be found to sympathize with her, but that does not prevent her from claiming for women what she felt was simple justice. She also perceives the enormous importance of the economic independence of women, and its bearing on social health and disease. The possibility of women earning a comfortable livelihood by honest labour tends, in some degree, to prevent them from marrying merely for a living, and on the other hand cuts at one fruitful source of prostitution. She pointed out fifty years before

any English woman had become a qualified medical practitioner, that the profession of medicine was particularly well suited to women, and entirely congenial to the womanly character; and she argued that there were a number of other businesses and professions in which women might suitably and honourably engage. These opinions have now become the common-places of ordinary conversation; but it must not be forgotten, in estimating the originality of her mind, that she was writing only a very few years after the time when the great lion of the literary and social world of London had condemned even the harmless wielding of the paint-brush and mahl-stick by a woman. Boswell records that Dr. Johnson "thought portrait painting an improper employment for a woman. Public practice of any art, he observed, and staring in men's faces, is very indelicate in a female;" and in another place Boswell tells how the great doctor thought literature as little suited to a "delicate female" as painting. Of a literary lady of his time, who was reported to have become attentive to her dress and appearance, Johnson remarked that "she was better employed at her toilet than using her pen."

It need hardly be said that Mary Wollstonecraft anticipated the change that has come about in the public mind as to what is needful in the education of women. How great that change has been is forcibly illustrated by a passage quoted in "The Vindication" from a writer who propounds the view that the study of botany is inconsistent with the preservation of "female delicacy." This might well provoke another "sickly qualm" in its essential coarseness of feeling and degrading conception of the works of Nature. Mary Wollstonecraft brings this indelicate delicacy to the right touchstone when she says: "On reading similar passages, I have reverentially lifted up my eyes and heart to Him who liveth for ever and ever, and said, 'O, my Father, hast Thou by the very constitution of her nature forbid Thy child to seek Thee in the fair forms of truth? And can her soul be sullied by the knowledge that awfully calls her to Thee?' "

In another all-important respect Mary Wollstonecraft

was ahead of her time, and may be regarded, though opinion has moved in the direction in which she pointed, as ahead of ours. In numerous passages she points out the inseparable connection between male and female chastity. One would have thought the fact so self-evident as to need no asseveration; but as a matter of experience we know that even now the mass of people mete out to the two partners in the same action an entirely different degree of blame, and judge them by entirely different standards; the one who is condemned the most severely is not the one who has had the advantage, generally speaking, in wealth, education, experience, and knowledge of the world, and on whom, therefore, if any difference be made, a greater responsibility ought to rest; "the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks" on him, and reserves all its terrors for her who stands at a disadvantage in all these respects. An action that is one and the same is regarded as in the last degree heinous in one of the actors and as quite excusable in the other. Against the essential immorality and injustice of this doctrine and practice, Mary Wollstonecraft protested with her whole strength. She exposes the insincerity of those who profess zeal for virtue by pointing the finger of scorn at the woman who has transgressed, while her partner who may have tempted her by money, ease, and flattery to her doom, is received with every mark of consideration and respect. "To little respect has that woman a claim . . . who smiles on the libertine while she spurns the victims of his lawless appetites and their own folly." The injustice of this attitude of mind is as conspicuous as its hypocrisy; and in the different measure meted out by the world to the partners in each other's degradation, Mary Wollstonecraft perceives a fruitful source of immorality. The two sexes must in this, as in nearly every other respect, rise or sink together. Unchastity in men means unchastity in women; and the cure for the ills which unchastity brings with it, is not to be found in penitentiaries and in Magdalen institutions, but in a truer measure of justice as regards the responsibilities of both sexes, in opening to women a variety of honourable means of earning a living, and in developing in men and

women self-government and a sense of their responsibility to each other, themselves, their children, and the nation.

In many respects Mary Wollstonecraft's book gives us a pleasing assurance that with all the faults of our time we have made way upon the whole, and are several steps higher up on the ladder of decency and self-control than our fore-runners were a hundred years ago. She speaks of the almost universal habit in her time among the wealthier classes of drinking to excess, and of what is even less familiar to her readers of the present day, "of a degree of gluttony which is so beastly" as to destroy all sense of seemliness. She also states that so far from chastity being held in honour among men, it was positively despised by them.

In all these matters the end of the nineteenth century compares favourably with the end of the eighteenth; and one great factor in the progress made is the far greater concession of women's rights at this time compared with that. The development of the womanliness of women that comes with their greater freedom makes itself felt in helping to form a sounder public opinion upon all forms of physical excess, and with this a truer and nobler ideal of manly virtue.

In one other important respect Mary Wollstonecraft was ahead of her own time in regard to women, and in line with the foremost thinkers on this subject in ours. Henrik Ibsen has taken the lead among the moderns in teaching that women have a duty to themselves as well as to their parents, husbands and children, and that truth and freedom are needed for the growth of true womanliness as well as of true manliness. But Mary Wollstonecraft anticipated him in teaching that self-government, self-knowledge and self-respect, a worship of truth and not of mere outward observances, are what women's lives mainly need to make them noble. I have already quoted her saying: "I do not want them to have power over men, but over themselves," and other quotations of a similar drift may be given: "It is not empire, but equality and friendship which women want:" and again: "Speaking of women at large, *their first duty is to themselves as*

rational creatures, and the next, in point of importance, as citizens, is that which includes so many of a mother." The words italicised foreshadow almost verbatim *Nora's* expression in the well-known scene in "A Doll's House," where she tells her astounded husband that she has discovered that she has duties to herself as well as to him and to their children.

The facts of Mary Wollstonecraft's life are now so well known, through the biographies of Mr. Kegan Paul and Mrs. Pennell, and her memory has been so thoroughly vindicated from the contumely that was at one time * heaped upon it, that I do not propose to dwell upon her personal history. I have here endeavoured to consider the character of the initiative which she gave to the women's rights movement in England, and I find that she stamped upon it from the outset the word "Duty," and has impressed it with a character that it has never since lost. Women need education, need economic independence, need political enfranchisement, need social equality and friendship, mainly because without them they are less able to do their duty to themselves and to their neighbours. What was false and unreal in the old system of treating women she showed up in its ugliness, the native ugliness of all shams. That woman must choose between being a slave and a queen, "quickly scorn'd when not ador'd," is a theory of pinchbeck and tinsel; it is difficult to discover its relation to the realities of life. Upon this theory, and all that hangs upon it, Mary Wollstonecraft made the first systematic and concentrated attack; and the women's rights movement in England and America owes as much to her as modern Political Economy owes to her famous contemporary, Adam Smith.

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* Horace Walpole called her "a hyena in petticoats."

THE SUBJECTION OF WIVES

By Edward Westermarck *

Progress in civilisation has exercised an unfavourable influence on the position of woman by widening the gulf between the sexes, as the higher culture was almost exclusively the prerogative of the men. Moreover, religion, and especially the great religions in the world, have contributed to the degradation of the female sex by regarding woman as unclean. During menstruation, or when with child, or at child-birth, she is considered to be polluted, to be charged with mysterious, baneful energy which is a danger to all around her. The cause of this notion seems to lie in the superstitious dread of those marvellous processes which then take place, and it reaches its height where there is appearance of blood. On such occasions woman is shunned not only by men, but in an even higher degree by gods, for the obvious reason that contact with the unclean woman would injure or destroy their holiness. Indeed, the danger is considered so great, that many religions regard women as defiled not only temporarily, but permanently, and on that ground exclude them from religious worship.

In the Society Islands a woman was forbidden to touch whatever was presented as an offering to the gods, so as not to pollute it. In Melanesia women are generally excluded from religious rites. Among the Shamanists of Siberia women "are interdicted the worship of the deities,

* From "The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas." Vol. I. Edward Westermarck. Macmillan & Co. London. 1906.

and dare not pass round the common hearth of their habitations, because fire is sacred to the gods." The women of the Voguls are generally prohibited from approaching idols or holy places. A Votyak woman may not be present at the sacrifices made to the *lud,* or evil spirit. Among the Lapps a woman was not allowed to touch a *noaid's,* or wizard's, drum; nor, as a rule, to take part in sacrificial rites; nor even to look in the direction of a place where sacrifices were offered. Among the Ainos of Japan, though a woman may prepare a divine offering, she may not offer it. . . . Accordingly, women are never allowed to pray, or to take any part in any religious exercise. In China women are not allowed to go and worship in the temples.

In ancient Nicaragua women were held unworthy to perform any duty in connection with the temples, and were immolated outside the temple ground of the large sanctuaries, and even their flesh was unclean food for the high priest, who, accordingly, ate only of the flesh of males. In Mexico, although some women were employed in the immediate service of the temples, they were entirely excluded from the office of sacrificing, and the higher dignities of the priesthood.

According to the sacred books of India, "women considered to have no business with the sacred tests"; and, being destitute of the knowledge of Vedic tests, they "are as impure as falsehood itself, that is a fixed rule." Although, according to a Vedic ordinance mentioned in the laws of Manu, husband and wife ought to perform religious rites together, they have, among the present Hindus, no religious life in common; the women are not allowed to repeat the Veda, or to go through the morning and evening Sandhya services. If a woman, a dog, or a Sudra, touch a consecrated image, its godship is destroyed; the ceremonies of deification must therefore be performed afresh, whilst a clay image, if thus defiled, must be thrown away. If women should worship before a consecrated image, they must keep at a respectful distance from the idol.

Islam is chiefly a religion for men. Though Mohammed

did not forbid women to attend public prayers in a mosque, he pronounced it better for them to pray in private, as the presence of females might inspire in the men a different kind of devotion from that which is requisite in a place dedicated to the worship of God. Women are absolutely excluded from many Mohammedan places of worship, and are frowned upon if they venture to appear in others, at any rate while men are there.

In Christian Europe, as ascetic ideas advanced, the woman sat or stood in the church apart from the men, and entered by a separate door. They were excluded from sacred functions. In the early church, it is true, there were "deaconesses" and clerical "widows," but their offices were merely to perform some inferior services of the church; and even these very modest posts were open only to virgins or widows of a considerable age. Whilst a layman could in case of necessity administer baptism, a woman could never, as it seems, perform such an act. Nor was a woman allowed to preach publicly in the church, either by the Apostle's rules or those of succeeding ages, and it was a serious complaint against certain heretics that they allowed such a practice. "The heretic women," Tertullian exclaims, "how wanton are they! they who dare to teach, to dispute, to practise exorcisms, to promise cures, perchance, also, to baptise!" A Council held at Auxerre at the end of the sixth century forbade women to receive the Eucharist into their naked hands; and in various Canons women were enjoined not to come near to the altar while mass was celebrating. To such an extent was this opposition against women carried that the Church of the Middle Ages did not hesitate to provide itself with eunuchs in order to supply catheral choirs with the soprano tones inhering by nature in women alone.

But the notion that woman is either temporarily or permanently unclean, that she is a mysterious being charged with supernatural energy, is not only a cause of her degradation; it also gives her a secret power over her husband, which may be very considerable. During my stay among the country people of Morocco, Arabs and

Berbers alike, I was often struck by the superstitious fear with which the women imbued the men. They are supposed to be much better versed in magic, and have also splendid opportunities to practise it to the detriment of their husbands, as they may easily bewitch the food they prepare for them. For instance, the wife only needs to cut off a little piece of a donkey's ear and put it into the husband's food. What happens? By eating that little piece the husband will, in his relations to his wife, become just like a donkey; he will always listen to what she says, and the wife will become the ruler of the house. I also believe that the men on purpose abstain from teaching the women prayers, so as not to increase their supernatural power. In the Arabian Desert men are likewise afraid of their women "with their sly philters and maleficent drinks." In Dahomey "the husband may not chastise or interfere with his wife whilst the fetish is 'upon' her, and even at other times the use of the rod might be dangerous." Women, and especially old ones, are very frequently regarded as experts in magic. Among the ancient Arabs, Babylonians, and Peruvians, as in Europe during the Middle Ages and later, the witch appeared more frequently than the male sorcerer. So, also, in the Government of Tomsk in Southern Siberia, native sorceresses are much more numerous than wizards; and among the Californian Shastika all, or nearly all, of the shamans are women. The curses of women are greatly feared. In Morocco it is considered even a greater calamity to be cursed by a Shereefa, or female descendant of the Prophet, than to be cursed by a Shereef. According to the Talmud, the anger of a wife destroys the house; but on the other hand, it is also through woman that God's blessings are vouchsafed to it. We read in the Laws of Manu;—"Women must be honoured and adorned by their fathers, brothers, husbands, and brothers-in-law, who desire their own welfare. Where women are honoured, there the gods are pleased; but where they are not honoured, no sacred rite yields rewards. Where the female relations live in grief, the family soon wholly perishes; but that family where they are not unhappy ever

prospers. The houses on which female relations, not being duly honoured, pronounce a curse, perish completely, as if destroyed by magic. Hence men who seek their own welfare should always honour women on holidays and festivals with gifts of ornaments, clothes, and dainty food." A Gaelic proverb says, "A wicked woman will get her wish, though her soul may not see salvation." Closely connected with the belief in the magic power of women, and especially, I think, in the great efficacy of their curses, is the custom according to which a woman may serve as an asylum. In various tribes of Morocco, especially among the Berbers and Jbala, a person who takes refuge with a woman by touching her is safe from his persecutor. Among the Arabs of the plains this custom is dying out, probably owing to their subjection under the Sultan's government; but amongst certain Asiatic Bedouins, the tribe of Shammar, "a woman can protect any number of persons, or even of tents." Among the Circassians "a stranger who intrusts himself to the patronage of a woman, or is able to touch with his mouth the breast of a wife, is spared and protected as a relation of the blood, though he were the enemy, nay even the murderer of a similar relative." The inhabitants of Bareges in Bigorre have, up to recent times, preserved the old custom of pardoning a criminal who has sought refuge with a woman.

Yet another factor remains to be mentioned as a cause of the subjection in which married women are held by many peoples of culture. We have noticed that in archaic civilisation the father's power over his children is extreme, that the State whilst weakening or destroying the clan-tie strengthened the family-tie, and that the father was invested with some part of the power which formerly belonged to the clan. This process must also have affected the status of married women. The husband's power over his wife is closely connected with the father's power over his daughter; for, by giving her in marriage, he generally transfers to the husband the authority which he himself previously possessed over her as a paternal right.

In modern civilisation, on the other hand, we find, hand

in hand with the decrease of the father's power, a decrease of the husband's authority over his wife. But the causes of the gradual emancipation of married women are manifold. Life has become more complicated; the occupations of women have become much more extensive; their influence has expanded correspondingly, from the home and household to public life. Their widened interests have interfered with that submissiveness which is an original characteristic of their sex. Their greater education has made them more respected, and has increased their independence. Finally the decline of influence exercised by antiquated religious ideas is removing what has probably been the most persistent cause of the wife's subjection to her husband's rule.

WOMAN IN HISTORY

By Lester F. Ward *

The series of influences which we have been describing had the effect to fasten upon the human mind the habit of thought which I call the androcentric world view, and this has persistently clung to the race until it forms to-day the substratum of all thought and action. So universal is this attitude that a presentation of the real and fundamental relation of the sexes is something new to those who are able to see it and something preposterous to those who are not. The idea that the female is naturally and really the superior sex seems incredible, and only the most liberal and emancipated minds, possessed of a large store of biological information, are capable of realizing it. At the beginning of the historical period woman was under complete subjection to man. She had so long been a mere slave and drudge that she had lost all the higher attributes that she originally possessed, and in order to furnish an excuse for degrading and abusing her men had imputed to her a great array of false, evil qualities that tended to make her despise herself. All Oriental literature, all the ancient sacred books and books of law, all the traditional epics, all the literature of Greek and Roman antiquity, and in fact all that was written during the middle ages, and much of the literature of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, teem with epithets, slurs, flings, and open condemnations of women as beings in some manner

* From "Pure Sociology," by Lester F. Ward. The Macmillan Co. New York. Copyright 1911.

vile and hateful, often malicious and evil disposed, and usually endowed with some superstitious power for evil. The horrors of witchcraft were nothing but the normal fruit of this prevailing spirit in the hands of superstitious priests of a miracle-based cult. Near the end of the fifteenth century a certain book appeared, entitled, "The Witch Hammer," which received the sanction of Pope Innocent VIII, and formed the companion to a bull against witches issued by him. The following is a sample passage from this book:

"The old fathers have often said that there are three things that have no moderation in good or evil—the *tongue,* a *priest,* and a *woman.* Concerning woman this is evident. All ages have made complaints against her. The wise Solomon, who was himself tempted to idolatry by woman, has often in his writings given the feminine sex a sad but true testimonial; and the holy Chrysostom says: 'What is woman but an enemy of friendship, an unavoidable punishment, a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable affliction, a constantly flowing source of tears, a wicked work of nature covered with a shining varnish?' Already had the first woman entered into a sort of compact with the devil; should not, then, her daughters do it also? The very word *femina* (woman) means *one wanting in faith;* for *fe* means 'faith' and *minus* 'less.' Since she was formed of a crooked rib, her entire spiritual nature has been distorted and inclined more toward sin than virtue. If we here compare the words of Seneca, 'Woman either loves or hates; there is no third possibility,' it is easy to see that when she does not love God she must resort to the opposite extreme and hate Him. It is thus clear why women especially are addicted to the practice of sorcery. The crime of witches exceeds all others. They are worse than the devil, for he has fallen once for all, and Christ has not suffered for him. The devil sins, therefore, only against the Creator, but the witch both against the Creator and Redeemer."

The Hebrew Bible myth of the rib has been made a potent instrument for the subjection of women. Bossuet in his "Élévations sur les Mystères," uttered the following

lassical note which has since been hurled at woman on very possible occasion:

"Let women consider their origin and not boast too nuch of their delicacy; let them remember that they are fter all only a supernumerary bone, in which there is no eauty but that which God wished to put into it."

Among these characteristic fables we give the first lace to the one that has been preserved for us by the Bible, and according to which woman was a secondary reation of God; she was formed out of a rib of man which justifies her domination by him. That is probably ne of the most ancient examples proving that a *de facto* omination is never embarrassed in proving its "right."

The literature and thought of India is thoroughly hosile to woman. A large number of proverbs attest this videspread misogyny. "Woman is like a slipper made to rder; wear it if it fits you, throw it away if it does not." You can never be safe from the cunning artifices of voman." "Woman is like a snake, charming as well as enomous." Hebrew literature breathes the same spirit, nd the reading of the Bible often brings the colour to ne cheeks of a liberal-minded person of either sex. Arabian magic is even worse in this respect, and is so erotic nat it is next to impossible to obtain an unexpurgated text f the Arabian Nights Entertainments, about 75 per ent of the matter being expunged from all current edions. The androcentric world view may almost be said o have its headquarters in India. The "Code of Manu" eflects it throughout. According to it "Woman depends uring her childhood upon her father; during her youth pon her husband; in her widowhood upon her sons or er male relatives; in default of these, upon the soverign." "She should always be in good humour and revere er husband, even though unfaithful, as a god."

"If a widow she must not even pronounce the name of nother man than her deceased husband." The husband ways addressed his wife as servant or slave, while she ust address him as master or lord. The same code deares that "it is in the nature of the feminine sex to eek to corrupt men," and forbids any man to remain in

any place alone with his sister, his mother, or his daughter. Even at the present day in India, free choice, especially of the woman, has nothing to do with marriage, and parents and families arbitrarily dispose of the girls, often at a very tender age.

Modern countries differ somewhat in the prevailing ideas about women. No statement is more frequently repeated than that in any country the treatment of women is a true measure of the degree of civilisation. It may now be added to this that the treatment of women is a true measure of the intensity of the androcentric sentiment prevailing in any country. It might be invidious to attempt to classify modern nations on this basis, especially as individuals in any country differ so widely in this respect. It is a measure of civilisation or civility in individuals as well as in nations, and in every nation there are thoroughly liberal and fully civilised individuals. Neither can the nineteenth and twentieth centuries claim them all, as we have seen in the noble sayings of Condorcet, who was probably the most civilised man of his time, far more so than Comte who made him his spiritual father, but did not share his liberality. In placing Germany at the bottom of the scale in this basis of classification, therefore, numberless shining exceptions must be made, and account taken only of the general spirit or public opinion relative to women in that country. The German attitude toward women was perhaps typified by the father of Frederick the Great, of whom it is related as among his sterling qualities, that when he met a woman in the street he would walk up to her with his cane raised, saying: "Go back into the house! an honest woman should keep indoors."

Spencer says:—

"Concerning the claims of women, as domestically associated with men, I may add that here in England, and still more in America, the need for urging them is not pressing. In some cases, indeed, there is a converse need. But there are other civilised societies in which their claims are very inadequately recognised: instance Germany."

To which he appends the following footnote:—

"With other reasons prompting this remark, is joined the remembrance of a conversation between two Germans in which, with contemptuous laughter, they were describing how, in England, they had often seen on a Sunday or other holiday, an artizan relieving his wife by carrying the child they had with them. Their sneers produced in me a feeling of shame—but not for the artizan."

Germans as a rule detest American women for their initiative and boldness, daring to act and think independently of their husbands and of men generally, and they apply to them the strongest term of contempt that they have in their language in characterising them as *emancipirt*. Woman is much more respected in France, but under Napoleon and his code there was a recoil toward barbarism. Napoleon said to the Council of State that "a husband should have absolute power over the actions of his wife." In the "Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène," he is quoted to the following effect:—

"Woman is given to man to bring forth children. Woman is our property; we are not hers; for she gives us children and man does not give any to her. She is therefore his property, as the tree is that of the gardener. . . . A single woman cannot suffice for a man for that purpose. She cannot be his wife when she is sick. She ceases to be his wife when she can no longer give him children. Man, whom nature does not arrest either by age or by any of these inconveniences, should, therefore, have several wives."

Only a part of the oppressive laws of the code Napoleon have been repealed, but public opinion in France is far in advance of its laws, and judging from outward indications, I should be inclined to place that country next to the United States, as the most highly civilised nation of the globe. In this I am only uttering the views long ago put forth with large documentary support by Guizot.

Throughout the historic period woman has suffered from a consistent, systematic, and universal discrimination in the laws of all countries. In all the early codes she

was herself a hereditament, and when she ceased to be a chattel she was not allowed to inherit property, or was cut down to a very small share in the estate. In this and many other ways her economic dependence has been made more or less complete. Letourneau has enumerated many of these discriminating laws, and we have only to turn the pages of the law books to find them everywhere. When a student of law I scheduled scores of them, and could fill a dozen pages with a bare enumeration of such as still form part of the common law of England as taught to law classes even in the United States. All this is simply the embodiment in the jurisprudence of nations of the universal androcentric world view, and it has been unquestioningly acquiesced in by all mankind, including the women themselves.

The Anglo-Saxon word woman reflects this world view, showing that it is older than the stock of languages from which this word is derived. For although it is no longer believed by philologists that the first syllable of this word has anything to do with *womb,* still it is certain that the last syllable is the same as the German *Mann,* not *Mensch,* and that the rest signifies wife or female, as though man were the original and woman only a secondary creation. As regards the Latin *femina,* while, of course, it has no connection with *faith* or *minus,* as stated in the "Witch Hammer," still the syllable *fe* is the hypothetical root from which *fecundity* comes, and the word signifies the fertile sex. Primarily no such conceptions as beauty, grace, delicacy, and attractiveness are associated with woman, and all notions of dignity, honour, and worth are equally wanting from the conception of the female sex. On the contrary, we find many terms of reproach, such as wench, hag, etc., for which there are no corresponding ones applicable to man.

Notwithstanding all this vast network of bonds that have been contrived for holding woman down, it is peculiar and significant that everywhere and always she has been tacitly credited with a certain mysterious power in which the world has, as it were, stood in awe and fear. While perpetually proclaiming her inferiority, insignificance, and

veakness, it has by its precautions virtually recognised her potential importance and real strength. She is the cause of wars and race hostilities. There are always powerful emale deities. Minerva is even made the goddess of visdom. Ever and anon a great female personage, real or fictitious, appears, a Semiramis, a Cleopatra, a Joan of Arc, a Queen Elizabeth, or a Queen Victoria; Scheherazade vith her thousand and one tales, Sibyls with their divinaions and oracles, Furies, and Gorgons; and finally the vitches with all their powers for evil. Although woman is usually pictured as bad, still there is no uncertainty about he supposed possession by her of some occult power, and he impression is constantly conveyed that she must be trenuously kept down, lest should she by any accident or emissness chance to "get loose," she would certainly do omething dreadful.

One of the arguments most relied upon for the justifiation of the continued subjection of woman is that, in ddition to being physically inferior to man, the differnces between the sexes have been widening during past ges and are greater in civilised than in savage peoples. 'he investigations of Professor Le Bon have been widely uoted by all writers on the general subject. He found hat the difference between the respective weight of the rain in man and woman constantly goes on increasing as e rise in the scale of civilisation, so that as regards the ass of the brain, and consequently the intelligence, oman becomes more and more differentiated from man. he difference which exists between the mean of the crania contemporary Parisian men and that of contemporary arisian women is almost double the difference which isted in ancient Egypt. Topinard finds the same to be ue of the fossil crania of prehistoric times. In certain outh American tribes the sexes scarcely differ except in x itself. According to Manouvrier, the cranial capacity women has diminished from 1422 cubic centimeters in e stone age to 1338 cubic centimeters at the present ay.

Accepting these statements as in all probability correct, hat is the lesson that should really be drawn from them?

Letourneau argues that the difference between the life that women must lead in roving hordes and bands, doing most of the work to relieve the men for hunting and war, necessitated stronger bodies than modern civilised life requires for women. This is also doubtless true, and civilised woman would quickly succumb to such hardships. But is this an adequate explanation? I think not. We must remember how much nearer savage man is to the gynaecocratic stage, in which there is every reason to believe woman was nearly equal in strength to man. If the prehuman or animal stage saw the excessive development of the male, the earliest human stage found woman unchanged and in the full vigour of her natural strength, still choosing her mates and governing the life of the horde. But with the advent of the androcratic stage, while woman lost her power of selection, so that man could develop no farther, the abuses to which he subjected her soon began to tell upon her and produce degeneracy. In Chapter X we considered the effect of adverse conditions upon man in general, and saw how the status of a class might be lowered by insufficient nourishment and undue toil and exposure, which accounts for the superiority of the ruling and leisure classes. Now in the androcratic régime woman dropped into the condition of a subject class and was denied much that was necessary to maintain her normal existence. It is well known that savage women are usually underfed, that they are allowed no luxuries, made to subsist on the leavings of the men at whose table they are never permitted to sit, often have no meat or fish when the men have those articles, that they have little rest, must carry wood and water, drag lodge poles, and care for the children, besides preparing the meals for all, that they are insufficiently clothed in countries where clothing is needed, and that they are during their entire lives subjected to perpetual hardships and privations. Of course, as they bear the children, all this reacts upon both sexes, but in the long run it affects the women more than the men who have ways of offsetting it, and in the course of generations it arrests female development and stunts the growth of women.

When we come to the historic period we have seen how niversal and systematic has always been the suppression f woman and her legal and social exclusion and ostraism from everything that tends to build up either body r mind. When I reflect upon it the wonder to me is ather that women has accomplished anything at all. The nall amount that she has been allowed to use her mind as almost caused it to be atrophied. This alone is sufcient to account for all the facts enumerated above as upporting the androcentric theory, so far as the intelctual achievements of women are concerned. M. Jacques ourbet in his "Problème des Sexes" (Paris, 1900), ays:—

"Let no one insist longer on the modest contribution of oman to the creative work of art and science. She sufers to this day from the ostracism of centuries that man as imposed upon her, from the network of exclusions and rohibitions of every kind in which she has been enveloped nd which have ended in producing that apparent inriority, which is not natural but purely hereditary."

Professor Huxley, in a letter to the *London Times* elative to the failure of a certain lady in her examinaon, remarked:—

"Without seeing any reason to believe that women are, n the average, so strong physically, intellectually, or orally, as men, I cannot shut my eyes to the obvious ct that many women are much better endowed in all ese respects than many men, and I am at a loss to unerstand on what grounds of justice or public policy a reer which is open to the weakest and most foolish of e male sex should be forcibly closed to women of vigour nd capacity. We have heard a great deal lately about e physical disabilities of women. Some of these alleged npediments, no doubt, are really inherent in their organition, but nine-tenths of them are artificial—the product their mode of life. I believe that nothing would tend effectively to get rid of these creations of idleness, weariess, and that 'over-stimulation of the emotions,' which, plainer-spoken days, used to be called wantonness, than fair share of healthy work, directed toward a definite

object, combined with an equally fair share of healthy play, during the years of adolescence; and those who are best acquainted with the acquirements of an average medical practitioner, will find it hardest to believe that the attempt to reach that standard is likely to prove exhausting to an ordinarily intelligent and well-educated young woman."

It would seem that the treatment that woman has received and still receives under the operation of the androcentric world view is amply sufficient of itself to account for all the observed differences between the sexes physically and mentally, and that the widening of those differences during the historic period is abundantly accounted for by the fact that the gynaecocratic stage persisted far into the human period, during which women were the equals of men except in respect of certain embellishments attending male efflorescence due to prolonged female sexual selection or gyneclexis. When this was withdrawn man ceased to advance and woman began to decline under the depressing effects of male abuse. But there was another element that contributed in the main to the same result. This was male sexual selection or andrecloxis, which, as we have seen, was confined to physical characters, and while it has given to woman all the beauty and grace that she possesses, it tended rather to dwarf her stature, sap her strength, contract her brain, and enfeeble her mind. In these two principles, the first dating from the origin of the patriarchate during the protosocial stage and the other dating from the origin of the seisure class early in the metasocial stage, and both therefore in operation at least twice as long, probably many times as long as the entire historic period, we certainly have a surplus of influence bearing on the deterioration of woman, and a more than adequate cause for all inferiority ever claimed or alleged by the supporters of the androcentric theory. Indeed, as we contemplate these factors the wonder grows why woman did not sink still lower. The only possible reason is that, despite all, she is and remains the human race.

ON THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

By Stendhal (Henry Beyle)*

In the actual education of girls, which is the fruit of chance and the most idiotic pride, we allow their most shining faculties, and those most fertile in happiness for themselves and for us, to lie fallow. But what man is there, who at least once in his life has not exclaimed:

> . . . a woman always knows enough
> If but her range of understanding reaches
> To telling one from t'other, coat and breeches.
> (Les Femmes Savantes, Act II, Scene VII.)
> Trans. of C. H. Page, N. Y., 1918.

At Paris, this is the highest praise for a young girl of a marriageable age: "There is so much that's sweet in her character, and she's as gentle as a lamb." Nothing has more effect on the idiots looking out for wives. But see them two years later, lunching tête-a-tête with their wives some dull day, hats on and surrounded by three great lackeys!

We have seen a law carried in the United States, in 1818, which condemns to thirty-four strokes of the cat anyone teaching a Virginian negro to read. Nothing could be more consequent and more reasonable than a law of this kind.

Were the United States of America themselves more useful to the motherland when they were her slaves or

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* From "On Love," by Stendhal (Henry Beyle). Brentanos, New York, 1918. (The Second French Edition was published in Paris in 1833.)

since they have become her equals? If the work of a free man is worth two or three times that of a man reduced to slavery, why should not the same be true of that man's thought?

If we dared, we would give girls the education of a slave; and the proof of this is that if they know anything useful, it is against our wish to teach it them.

"But they turn against us the little education which unhappily they get hold of," some husbands might say. No doubt; and Napoleon was also quite right not to give arms to the National Guard; and the reactionaries are also quite right to proscribe the monitorial system (44). Arm a man and then continue to oppress him, and you will see that he can be so perverse as to turn his arms against you, as soon as he can.

Even if it were permissible to bring girls up like idiots, on Ave Marias and lewd songs, as they did in the convents of 1770, there would still be several little objections:—

1. In case of the husband's death, they are called upon to manage the young family.

2. As mothers, they give their male children, the young tyrants of the future, their first education, that education which forms the character, and accustoms the soul to seek happiness by this route rather than by that—and the choice is always an accomplished fact by four or five.

3. In spite of all our pride, the advice of the inevitable partner of our whole life has great influence on those domestic affairs on which our happiness depends so particularly; for, in the absence of passion, happiness is based on the absence of small, every-day vexations. Not that we would willingly accord this advice the least influence, but she may repeat the same thing to us for twenty years together. Whose is the spirit of such Roman fortitude as to resist the same idea repeated throughout a whole lifetime? The world is full of husbands who let themselves be led, but it is from weakness and not from a feeling for justice and equality. As they yield perforce, the wife is always tempted to abuse her power, and it is sometimes necessary to abuse power in order to keep it.

4. Finally, in love, and during a period which, in southern countries, often comprises twelve or fifteen years, and those the fairest of our life, our happiness is entirely in the hands of the woman we love. One moment of untimely pride can make us for ever miserable, and how should a slave raised up to a throne not be tempted to abuse her power? This is the origin of women's false refinement and pride. Of course, there is nothing more useless than these pleas: men are despots and we see what respect other despots show to the wisest counsels. A man who is all-powerful relishes only one sort of advice, the advice of those that tell him to increase his power. Where are poor young girls to find a Quiroga or a Riego to give the despots, who oppress them, and degrade them the better to oppress them, that salutary advice, whose just recompense are favours and orders instead of Porlier's gallows?

If a revolution of this kind needs several centuries, it is because, by a most unlucky chance, all our first experiences must necessarily contradict the truth. Illuminate a girl's mind, form her character, give her, in short, a good education in the true sense of the word—remarking sooner or later her own superiority over other women, she becomes a pedant, that is to say, the most unpleasant and the most degraded creature that there is in the world. There isn't one of us who wouldn't prefer a servant to a *savante,* if we had to pass our life with her.

Plant a young tree in the midst of a dense forest deprived of air and sun by the closeness of the neighbouring trees: its leaves will be blighted, and it will get an overgrown and ridiculous shape—not its natural shape. We ought to plant the whole forest at once. What woman is there who is proud of knowing how to read?

Pedants have repeated to us for two thousand years that women were more quick and men more judicious, women more remarkable for delicacy of expression and men for stronger powers of concentration. A Parisian simpleton, who used once upon a time to take his walk in the gardens of Versailles, similarly concluded from all he saw that trees grow ready clipped.

I will allow that little girls have less physical strength than little boys: this must be conclusive as regards intellect; for everyone knows that Voltaire and d'Alembert were the first boxers of their age! Everyone agrees, that a little girl of ten is twenty times as refined as a little boy of the same age. Why, at twenty, is she a great idiot, awkward, timid, and afraid of a spider, while the little boy is a man of intellect?

Women only learn the things we do not wish to teach them, and only read lessons taught them by experience of life. Hence the extreme disadvantage it is for them to be born in a very rich family; instead of coming into contact with beings who behave naturally to them, they find themselves surrounded by maidservants and governesses, who are already corrupted and blighted by wealth. There is nothing so foolish as a prince.

Young girls soon see that they are slaves and begin to look about them very early; they see everything, but they are too ignorant to see properly. A woman of thirty in France has not the acquired knowledge of a small boy of fifteen, a woman of fifty has not the reason of a man of twenty-five. Look at Madame de Sévigné admiring Louis XIV's most ridiculous actions. Look at the peurility of Madame d'Epinay's reasonings.

"Women ought to nurse and look after their children." I deny the first proposition, I allow the second. "They ought, moreover, to keep their kitchen accounts."—And so have not time to equal a small boy of fifteen in acquired knowledge! Men must be judges, bankers, barristers, merchants, doctors, clergymen, etc., and yet they find time to read Fox's speeches and the *Lusiad* of Camoëns.

The Pekin magistrate, who hastens at an early hour to the law courts in order to find the means of imprisoning and ruining, in perfect good faith, a poor journalist who has incurred the displeasure of an Under-Secretary of State, with whom he had the honour of dining the day before, is surely as busy as his wife, who keeps her kitchen accounts, gets stockings made for her little daughter, sees her through her dancing and piano lessons, receives a visit

rom the vicar of the parish who brings her the Quotienne, and then goes to choose a hat in the Rue de Richelieu and take a turn in the Tuileries.

In the midst of his noble occupations this magistrate till finds time to think of this walk his wife is taking in he Tuileries, and, if he were in as good odour with the Power that rules the universe as with that which rules he State, he would pray Heaven to grant women, for heir own good, eight or ten hours more sleep. In the resent condition of society, leisure, which for man is the ource of all his happiness and all his riches, is for women o far from being an advantage as to rank among those aneful liberties, from which the worthy magistrate would ish to help deliver us.

"But women are charged with the petty labours of the ousehold." The Colonel of my regiment, M. S. ——', as four daughters, brought up on the best principles, hich means that they work all day. When I come, they ng the music of Rossini, that I brought them from Naples. For the rest, they read the Bible of Royaumont, ney learn what's most foolish in history, that is to say, nronological tables and the verses of Le Ragois; they now a great deal of geography, embroider admirably—nd I expect that each of these pretty little girls could arn, by her work, eight sous a day. Taking three hunred days that means four hundred and eighty francs a ear, which is less than is given to one of their masters; is for four hundred and eighty francs a year that they se for ever the time, during which it is granted to the uman machine to acquire ideas.

"If women read with pleasure the ten or twelve good olumes that appear every year in Europe, they will soon ve up the care of their children."—'Tis as if we feared, planting the shore of the ocean with trees, to stop the otion of the waves. It is not in this sense that education all-powerful. Besides, for four hundred years the same ojection has been offered to every sort of education. And t a Parisian woman has more good qualities in 1820 an she ever had in 1720, the age of Law's system and e Regency, and at that time the daughter of the richest

farmer-general had a less good education than t
daughter of the pettiest attorney gets to-day. Are h
household duties less well performed as a result? C
tainly not. And why? Because poverty, illness, shan
instinct, all force her to fulfil them. It is as if you sa
of an officer who is becoming too sociable, that he will f
get how to handle his horse; you have to remember th
he'll break his arm the first time he's slack in the sadd

*Knowledge, where it produces any bad effects at a
does as much mischief to one sex as to the other.* W
shall never lack vanity, even in the completest absen
of any reason for having it—look at the middle class in
small town. Why not force it at least to repose on r
merit, on merit useful or agreeable to society?

Demi-fools, carried away by the revolution that
changing everything in France, began twenty years a
to allow that women are capable of something. B
they must give themselves up to occupations becomi
their sex: *educate flowers, make friendships with bir
and pick up plants.* These are called innocent amu
ments.

These innocent pleasures are better than idlene
Well! let's leave them to stupid women; just as we lea
to stupid men the glory of composing verses for the bir
day of the master of the house. But do men in go
faith really mean to suggest to Madame Roland or
Mistress Hutchinson that they should spend their time
tending a little Bengal rose-bush?

All such reasoning can be reduced to this: a man li
to be able to say of his slave: "She's too big a fool to b
knave."

But owing to a certain law called *sympathy*—a law
nature which, in truth, vulgar eyes never perceive—
defects in the companion of your life are not destruct
of your happiness by reason only of the direct ill th
can occasion you. I would prefer that my wife shou
in a moment of anger, attempt to stab me once a ye
than that she should welcome me every evening with h
spirits.

Finally, happiness is contagious among people who live together.

Let your mistress have passed the morning, while you were on parade or at the House of Commons, in painting a rose after a masterpiece of Redoute, or in reading a volume of Shakespeare, her pleasure therein will have been equally innocent. Only, with the ideas that she has got from her rose she will soon bore you on your return, and, indeed, she will crave to go out in the evening among people to seek sensations a little more lively. Suppose, on the contrary, she has read Shakespeare, she is as tired as you are, she has had as much pleasure, and she will be happier to give you her arm for a solitary walk in the Bois de Vincennes than to appear at the smartest party. The pleasures of the fashionable world are not meant for happy women.

Women have, of course, all ignorant men for enemies to their instruction. To-day they spend their time with them, they make love to them and are well received by them; what would become of them if women began to get tired of Boston? When we return from America or the West Indies with a tanned skin and manners that for six months remain somewhat coarse, how would these fellows answer our stories, if they had not this phrase: "As for us, the women are on our side. While you were at New York the colour of tilburies has changed; it's grey-black that's fashionable at present." And we listen attentively, for such knowledge is useful. Such and such a pretty woman will not look at us if our carriage is in bad taste.

These same fools, who think themselves obliged, in virtue of the pre-eminence of their sex, to have more knowledge than women, would be ruined past all hope, if women had the audacity to learn something. A fool of thirty says to himself, as he looks at some little girls of twelve at the country house of one of his friends: "It's in their company that I shall spend my life ten years from now." We can imagine his exclamations and his terror, if he saw them studying something useful.

Instead of the society and conversation of effeminate

men, an educated woman, if she has acquired ideas witl out losing the graces of her sex, can always be sure finding among the most distinguished men of her age consideration verging on enthusiasm.

"Women would become the rivals instead of the con panions of man." Yes, as soon as you have suppresse love by edict. While we are waiting for this fine law, lov will redouble its charms and its ecstasy. These are th plain facts; the basis on which crystallisation rests wi be widened; man will be able to take pleasure in all hi ideas in company of the woman he loves; nature in all it entirety will in their eyes receive new charms; and as idea always reflect some of the refinements of character, the will understand each other better and will be guilty fewer imprudent acts—love will be less blind and wi produce less unhappiness.

The *desire of pleasing secures all that delicacy an reserve which are of such inestimable value to wome* from the influence of any scheme of education. 'Tis though you feared teaching the nightingales not to sin in the spring-time.

The grace of women do not depend on their ignorance look at the worthy spouses of our village bourgeois, loo at the wives of the opulent merchants in England. Affecta tion is a kind of pedantry; for I call pedantry the affecta tion of letting myself talk out of season of a dress b Lercy or a novel by Romagnesi, just as much as th affectation of quoting Fra Paolo and the Council of Tren à propos of a discussion on our own mild missionaries. is the pedantry of dress and good form, it is the necessit of saying exactly the conventional phrase about Rossin which kills the graces of Parisian women. Nevertheles in spite of the terrible effects of this contagious malad is it not in Paris that exist the most delightful women i France? Would not the reason be that chance filled the heads with the most just and interesting ideas? Well, is these very ideas that I expect from books. I shall no of course, suggest that they read Grotius of Puffendor now that we have Tracy's commentary on Montesquie

Woman's delicacy depends on the hazardous position in which she finds herself so early placed, on the necessity of spending her life in the midst of cruel and fascinating enemies.

There are, perhaps, fifty thousand females in Great Britain who are exempted by circumstances from all necessary labour; but without work, and to work of an exceedingly rough kind—work that employs the whole activity of one's being.

A woman with four children and ten thousand francs income works by making stockings or a frock for her daughters. But it cannot be allowed that a woman who has her own carriage is working when she does her embroidery or a piece of tapestry. Apart from some faint glow of vanity, she cannot possibly have any interest in what she is doing. She does not work.

And thus her happiness runs a grave risk.

And what is more, so does the happiness of her lord and master, for a woman whose heart for two months has been enlivened by no other interest than that of her needlework, may be so insolent as to imagine that gallant-love, vanity-love or, in fine, even physical love, is a very great happiness in comparison with her habitual condition.

"A woman ought not to make people speak about her," to which I answer once more: "Is any woman specially mentioned as being able to read?"

And what is to prevent women, while awaiting a revolution in their destiny, from hiding a study which forms their habitual occupation and furnishes them every day with an honourable share of happiness. I will reveal a secret to them by the way. When you have given yourself a task—for example, to get a clear idea about the conspiracy of Fiescho, at Genoa in 1547—the most insipid book becomes interesting. The same is true, in love, of meeting someone quite indifferent, who has just seen the person whom you love. This interest is doubled every month, until you give up the conspiracy of Fiescho.

"The true theatre for a woman is the sick-chamber." But you must be careful to secure that the divine good-

ness redoubles the frequency of illnesses, in order to giv occupation to our women. This is arguing from the ex ceptional.

Moreover, I maintain that a woman ought to spen three or four hours of leisure every day, just as men o sense spend their hours of leisure.

A young mother, whose little son has the measles, coul not, even if she would, find pleasure in reading Volney' Travels in Syria, any more than her husband, a ric banker, could get pleasure out of meditating on Malthu in the midst of bankruptcy.

There is one, and only one, way for rich women to dis tinguish themselves from the vulgar: moral superiority For in this there is a natural distinction of feeling.

"We do not wish a lady to write books." No, but doe giving your daughter a singing-master engage you to mak her into an opera-singer? If you like, I'll say that woman ought only to write, like Madame de Stael (d Launay), posthumous works to be published after he death. For a woman of less than fifty to publish is to ris her happiness in the most terrible lottery: if she has th good fortune to have a lover, she will begin by losing hin

I know but one exception: it is that of a woman wh writes books in order to keep or bring up her family. I that case she ought always to confine herself to thei money-value when talking of her own works, and say for example, to a cavalry major: "Your rank gives yo four thousand francs a year, and I, with my two trans lations from the English, was able last year to devote a extra three thousand five hundred francs to the educatio of my two boys."

Otherwise, a woman should publish as Baron d'Holbac or Madame de la Fayette did; their best friends kne nothing of it. To print a book can only be without incor venience for a courtesan; the vulgar, who can despis her at their will for her condition, will exalt her to th heavens for her talent, and even make a cult of it.

Many men in France, among those who have an incom of six thousand francs, find their habitual source of hap piness in literature, without thinking of publishing any

thing; to read a good book is for them one of the greatest pleasures. At the end of ten years they find that their mind is enlarged twofold, and no one will deny that, in general, the larger the mind the fewer will be its passions incompatible with the happiness of others. I don't suppose anyone will still deny that the sons of a woman who reads Gibbon and Schiller will have more genius than the children of one who tells her beads and reads Madame de Genlis.

A young barrister, a merchant, an engineer can be launched on life without any education; they pick it up themselves every day by practising their profession. But what resources have their wives for acquiring estimable or necessary qualities? Hidden in the solitude of their household, for them the great book of life necessarily remains shut. They spend always in the same way, after discussing the accounts with their cook, the three *louis* they get every Monday from their husbands.

I say this in the interest of the tyrant: the least of men, if he is twenty and has nice rosy cheeks, is a danger to a woman with no knowledge, because she is wholly a creature of instinct. In the eyes of a woman of intellect he will produce as much effect as a handsome lackey.

The amusing thing in present-day education is that you teach young girls nothing that they won't have to forget as soon as they are married. It needs four hours a day, for six years, to learn to play the harp well; to paint well in miniature or water-colors needs half that time. Most girls do not attain even to a tolerable mediocrity—hence the very true saying: "Amateur means smatterer."

And even supposing a young girl has some talent; three years after she is married she won't take up her harp or her brushes once a month. These objects of so much study now only bore her—unless chance has given her the soul of an artist, and this is always a rarity and scarcely helpful in the management of a household.

And thus under the vain pretext of decency you teach young girls nothing that can give them guidance in the circumstances they will encounter in their lives. You do more—you hide and deny these circumstances in

order to add to their strength, through the effect of su prise and of mistrust; for education, once found deceitfu must bring mistrust on education as a whole. I maintai that one ought to talk of love to girls who have been we brought up. Who will dare suggest in good faith tha in the actual state of our manners, girls of sixteen do n know of the existence of love? From whom do they g this idea so important and so difficult to give properly Think of Julie d'Étanges deploring the knowledge tha she owes to la Chaillot, one of the maidservants. On must thank Rousseau for having dared be a true painte in an age of false decency.

The present-day education of women being perhaps th most delightful absurdity in modern Europe, strictl speaking the less education they have, the better they ar It is for this reason perhaps that in Italy and Spain the are so superior to the men, and I will even say so superi to the women of other countries.

In France all our ideas about women are got from twopence-halfpenny catechism. The delightful part of is that many people, who would not allow the authorit of this book to regulate a matter of fifty francs, foolishl follow it word for word in that which bears most nearl on their happiness: Such is the vanity of nineteenth century ways!

There must be no divorce because marriage is a myster —and what mystery? The emblem of the union of Jesu Christ with the Church. And what had become of th mystery, if the Church had been given a name of th masculine gender? But let us pass over prejudices alread giving way, and let us merely observe this singular spe tacle: the root of the tree sapped by the axe of ridicul but the branches continuing to flower.

Now to return to the observation of facts and the consequences.

In both sexes it is on the manner in which youth ha been employed that depends the fate of extreme old ag —this is true for women earlier than for men. How is woman of forty-five received in society? Severely, o more often in a way that is below her dignity. Wome

are flattered at twenty and abandoned at forty.

A woman of forty-five is of importance only by reason of her children or her lover.

A mother who excels in the fine arts can communicate her talent to her son only in the extremely rare case, where he has received from nature precisely the soul for this talent. But a mother of intellect and culture will give her young son a grasp not only of all merely agreeable talents, but also of all talents that are useful to man in society; and he will be able to make his own choice. The barbarism of the Turks depends in great part on the state of moral degradation among the beautiful Georgians. Two young men born at Paris owe to their mothers the incontestable superiority that they show at sixteen over the young provincials of their age. It is from sixteen to twenty-five that the luck turns.

The men who invented gunpowder, printing, the art of weaving, contribute every day to our happiness, and the same is true of the Montesquieus, the Racines and the La Fontaines. Now the number of geniuses produced by a nation is in proportion to the number of men receiving sufficient culture, and there is nothing to prove to me that my bootmaker has not the soul to write like Corneille. He wants the education necessary to develop his feelings and teach him to communicate them to the public.

Owing to the present system of girls' education, all geniuses who are born women are lost to the public good. So soon as chance gives them the means of displaying themselves, you see them attain to talents the most difficult to acquire. In our own days you see a Catherine II, who had no other education but danger and . . . ; a Madame Roland; an Alessandra Mari, who raised a regiment in Arezzo and sent it against the French; a Caroline, Queen of Naples, who knew how to put a stop to the contagion of liberalism better than all our Castlereaghs and our Pitts. What might Miss Edgeworth not have done, if the circumspection necessary to a young English girl had not forced her at the outset of her career to carry the pulpit into her novel?

What man is there, in love or in marriage, who has the

good fortune to be able to communicate his thoughts just as they occur to him, to the woman with whom he passes his life? He may find a good heart that will share his sorrows, but he is always obliged to turn his thoughts into small change if he wishes to be understood and it would be ridiculous to expect reasonable counsel from an intellect that has need of such a method in order to seize the facts. The most perfect woman, according to the ideas of present-day education, leaves her partner isolated amid the dangers of life and soon runs the risk of wearying him.

What an excellent counsellor would a man not find in a wife, if only she could think—a counsellor, after all whose interests, apart from one single object, and one which does not last beyond the morning of life, are exactly identical with his own!

One of the finest prerogatives of the mind is that it provides old age with consideration. See how the arrival of Voltaire in Paris makes the Royal majesty pale. But poor women! so soon as they have no longer the brilliance of youth, their one sad happiness is to be able to delude themselves on the part they take in society.

The ruins of youthful talents become merely ridiculous and it were a happiness for our women, such as they actually are, to die at fifty. As for a higher morality—the clearer the mind, the surer the conviction that justice is the only road to happiness. Genius is a power; but still more is it a torch, to light the way to the great art of being happy.

Most men have a moment in their life when they are capable of great things—that moment when nothing seems impossible to them. The ignorance of women causes this magnificent chance to be lost to the human race. Love nowadays, at the very most will make a man a good horseman or teach him to choose his tailor.

I have no time to defend myself against the advances of criticism. If my word could set up systems, I should give girls, as far as possible, exactly the same education as boys. As I have no intention of writing a book about everything and nothing, I shall be excused from explain-

ing in what regards the present education of men is absurd. But taking it such as it is (they are not taught the two premier sciences, logic and ethics,) it is better, I say, to give this education to girls than merely to teach them to play the piano, to paint in water-colours and to do needle-work.

Teach girls, therefore, reading, writing and arithmetic by the monitorial system in the central convent schools, in which the presence of any man, except the masters, should be severely punished. The great advantage of bringing children together is that, however narrow the masters may be, in spite of them the children learn from their little comrades the art of living in the world and of managing conflicting interests. A sensible master would explain their little quarrels and friendships to the children, and begin his course of ethics in this way rather than with the story of the Golden Calf.

No doubt some years hence the monitorial system will be applied to everything that is learnt; but, taking things as they actually are, I would have girls learn Latin like boys. Latin is a good subject because it accustoms one to be bored; with Latin should go history, mathematics, a knowledge of the plants useful as nourishment or medicine; then logic and the moral sciences, etc. Dancing, music and drawing ought to begin at five.

At sixteen a girl ought to think about finding a husband, and get from her mother right ideas on love, marriage, and the want of honesty that exists among men.

THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN

By John Stuart Mill *

Supposing it, however, to be true that women's minds are by nature more mobile than those of men, less capable of persisting long in the same continuous effort, more fitted for dividing their faculties among many things than for travelling in any one path to the highest point which can be reached by it: this may be true of women as they now are (though not without great and numerous exceptions), and may account for their having remained behind the highest order of men in precisely the things in which this absorption of the whole mind in one set of ideas and occupations may seem to be most requisite. Still, this difference is one which can only affect the kind of excellence, not the excellence itself, or its practical worth: and it remains to be shown whether this exclusive working of a part of the mind, this absorption of the whole thinking faculty in a single subject, and concentration of it on a single work, is the normal and healthful condition of the human faculties, even for speculative uses. I believe that what is gained in special development by this concentration, is lost in the capacity of the mind for the other purposes of life; and, even in abstract thought, it is my decided opinion that the mind does more by frequently returning to a difficult problem, than by sticking to it without interruption. For the purposes, at all events, of practice, from its highest to its humblest departments, the capacity of passing promptly from one subject of con-

* "The Subjection of Women," Chap. III. Longmans, Green & Co., 1906.

sideration to another, without letting the active spring of the intellect run down between the two, is a power far more valuable; and this power women pre-eminently possess, by virtue of the very mobility of which they are accused. They perhaps have it from nature, but they certainly have it by training and education; for nearly the whole of the occupations of women consist in the management of small but multitudinous details, on each of which the mind cannot dwell even for a minute, but must pass on to other things, and if anything requires longer thought, must steal time at odd moments for thinking of it. The capacity indeed which women show for doing their thinking in circumstances and at times which almost any man would make an excuse to himself for not attempting it, has often been noticed: and a woman's mind, though it may be occupied only with small things, can hardly ever permit itself to be vacant, as a man's so often is when not engaged in what he chooses to consider the business of his life. The business of a woman's ordinary life is things in general, and can as little cease to go on as the world to go round.

But (it is said) there is anatomical evidence of the superior mental capacity of men compared with women: they have a larger brain. I reply, that in the first place the fact itself is doubtful. It is by no means established that the brain of a woman is smaller than that of a man. If it is inferred merely because a woman's bodily frame generally is of less dimensions than a man's, this criterion would lead to strange consequences. A tall and large-boned man must on this showing be wonderfully superior in intelligence to a small man, and an elephant or a whale must prodigiously excel mankind. The size of the brain in human beings, anatomists say, varies much less than the size of the body, or even of the head, and the one cannot be at all inferred from the other. It is certain that some women have as large a brain as any man. It is within my knowledge that a man who had weighed many human brains, said that the heaviest he knew of, heavier even than Cuvier's (the heaviest previously recorded), was that of a woman. Next, I must observe that the

precise relation which exists between the brain and the intellectual powers is not yet well understood, but is a subject of great dispute. That there is a very close relation we cannot doubt. The brain is certainly the material organ of thought and feeling: and (making abstraction of the great unsettled controversy respecting the appropriation of different parts of the brain to different mental faculties) I admit that it would be an anomaly, and an exception to all we know of the general laws of life and organization, if the size of the organ were wholly indifferent to the function; if no accession of power were derived from the greater magnitude of the instrument. But the exception and the anomaly would be fully as great if the organ exercised influence by its magnitude *only*. In all the more delicate operations of nature—of which those of the animated creation are the most delicate, and those of the nervous system by far the most delicate of these—differences in the effect depend as much on differences of quality in the physical agents as on their quantity: and if the quality of an instrument is to be tested by the nicety and delicacy of the work it can do, the indications point to a greater average fineness of quality in the brain and nervous system of women than of men. Dismissing abstract difference of quality, a thing difficult to verify, the efficiency of an organ is known to depend not solely on its size but on its activity: and of this we have an approximate measure in the energy with which the blood circulates through it, both the stimulus and the reparative force being mainly dependent on the circulation. It would not be surprising—it is indeed an hypothesis which accords well with the differences actually observed between the mental operations of the two sexes—if men on the average should have the advantage in the size of the brain, and women in activity of cerebral circulation. The results which conjecture, founded on analogy, would lead us to expect from this difference of organization, would correspond to some of those which we most commonly see. In the first place, the mental operations of men might be expected to be slower. They would neither be so prompt as women in thinking, nor so quick

to feel. Large bodies take more time to get into full action. On the other hand, when once got thoroughly into play, men's brain would bear more work. It would be more persistent in the line first taken; it would have more difficulty in changing from one mode of action to another, but, in the one thing it was doing, it could go no longer without loss of power or sense of fatigue. And do we not find that the things in which men most excel women are those which require most plodding and long hammering at a single thought, while women do best what must be done rapidly? A woman's brain is sooner fatigued, sooner exhausted; but, given the degree of exhaustion, we should expect to find that it would recover itself sooner. I repeat that this speculation is entirely hypothetical; it pretends to no more than to suggest a line of inquiry. I have before repudiated the notion of its being yet certainly known that there is any natural difference at all in the average strength or direction of the mental capacities of the two sexes, much less what that difference is. Nor is it possible that this should be known, so long as the psychological laws of the formation of character have been so little studied, even in a general way, and in the particular case never scientifically applied at all; so long as the most obvious external causes of difference of character are habitualy disregarded—left unnoticed by the observer, and looked down upon with a kind of supercilious contempt by the prevalent schools both of natural history and of mental philosophy: who, whether they look for the source of what mainly distinguishes human beings from one another in the world of matter or in that of spirit, agree in running down those who prefer to explain these differences by the different relations of human beings to society and life.

To so ridiculous an extent are the notions formed of the nature of women mere empirical generalizations, framed, without philosophy or analysis, upon the first instances which present themselves, that the popular idea of it is different in different countries, according as the opinions and social circumstances of the country have given to the women living in it any speciality of develop-

ment or non-development. An Oriental thinks that women are by nature peculiarly voluptuous; see the violent abuse of them on this ground in Hindoo writings. An Englishman usually thinks that they are by nature cold. The sayings about women's fickleness are mostly of French origin; from the famous distich of Francis the First, upward and downward. In England it is a common remark how much more constant women are than men. Inconstancy has been longer reckoned discreditable to a woman in England than in France; and Englishwomen are besides, in their inmost nature, much more subdued to opinion. It may be remarked by the way, that Englishmen are in peculiarly unfavourable circumstances for attempting to judge what is or is not natural, not merely to women, but to men, or to human beings altogether, at least if they have only English experience to go upon: because there is no place where human nature shows so little of its original lineaments. Both in a good and a bad sense, the English are farther from a state of nature than any other modern people. They are, more than any other people, a product of civilisation and discipline. England is the country in which social discipline has most succeeded, not so much in conquering as in suppressing whatever is liable to conflict with it. The English, more than any other people, not only act but feel according to rule. In other countries, the taught opinion, or the requirement of society, may be the stronger power, but the promptings of the individual nature are always visible under it, and often resisting it: rule may be stronger than nature, but nature is still there. In England, rule has to a great degree substituted itself for nature. The greater part of life is carried on, not by following inclination under the control of rule, but by having no inclination but that of following a rule. Now, this has its good side doubtless, though it has also a wretchedly bad one; but it must render an Englishman peculiarly ill qualified to pass a judgment on the original tendencies of human nature from his own experience. The errors to which observers elsewhere are liable on the subject are of a different character. An Englishman is ignorant respect-

ing human nature; a Frenchman is prejudiced. An Englishman's errors are negative; a Frenchman's positive. An Englishman fancies that things do not exist, because he never sees them; a Frenchman thinks they must always and necessarily exist, because he does see them. An Englishman does not know nature, because he has had no opportunity of observing it; a Frenchman generally knows a great deal of it, but often mistakes it, because he has only seen it sophisticated and distorted. For the artificial state superinduced by society disguises the natural tendencies of the thing which is the subject of observation, in two different ways; by extinguishing the nature, or by transforming it. In the one case there is but a starved residuum of nature remaining to be studied; in the other case there is much, but it may have expanded in any direction rather than that in which it would spontaneously grow.

I have said that it cannot now be known how much of the existing mental differences between men and women is natural, and how much artificial; whether there are any natural differences at all; or, supposing all artificial causes of difference to be withdrawn, what natural character would be revealed. I am not about to attempt what I have pronounced impossible; but doubt does not forbid conjecture, and, where certainty is unattainable, there may yet be the means of arriving at some degree of probability. The first point, the origin of the differences actually observed, is the one most accessible to speculation; and I shall attempt to approach it by the only path by which it can be reached—by tracing the mental consequences of external influences. We cannot isolate a human being from the circumstances of his condition, so as to ascertain experimentally what he would have been by nature; but we can consider what he is, and what his circumstances have been, and whether the one would have been capable of producing the other.

Let us take, then, the only marked case which observation affords of apparent inferiority of women to men, if we except the merely physical one of bodily strength. No production in philosophy, science, or art, entitled to

the first rank, has been the work of a woman. Is there any mode of accounting for this, without supposing that women are naturally incapable of producing them?

In the first place, we may fairly question whether experience has afforded sufficient grounds for an induction. It is scarcely three generations since women, saving very rare exceptions, have begun to try their capacity in philosophy, science, or art. It is only in the present generation that their attempts have been at all numerous; and they are even now extremely few, everywhere but in England and France. It is a relevant question, whether a mind possessing the requisites of first-rate eminence in speculation or creative art could have been expected, on the mere calculation of chances, to turn up, during that lapse of time, among the women whose tastes and personal position admitted of their devoting themselves to these pursuits. In all things which there has yet been time for—in all but the very highest grades in the scale of excellence, especially in the department in which they have been longest engaged, literature (both prose and poetry)—women have done quite as much, have obtained fully as high prizes and as many of them, as could be expected from the length of time and the number of competitors. If we go back to the earlier period when very few women made the attempt, yet some of those few made it with distinguished success. The Greeks always accounted Sappho among their great poets; and we may well suppose that Myrtis, said to have been the teacher of Pindar, and Corinna, who five times bore away from him the prize of poetry, must at least have had sufficient merit to admit of being compared with that great name. Aspasia did not leave any philosophical writings; but it is an admitted fact that Socrates resorted to her for instruction, and avowed himself to have obtained it.

If we consider the works of women in modern times, and contrast them with those of men, either in the literary or the artistic department, such inferiority as may be observed resolves itself essentially into one thing: but that is a most material one—deficiency of originality. Not total deficiency; for every production of mind which is

of any substantive value has an originality of its own—is a conception of the mind itself, not a copy of something else. Thoughts original, in the sense of being unborrowed—of being derived from the thinker's own observations or intellectual processes—are abundant in the writings of women. But they have not yet produced any of those great and luminous new ideas which form an era in thought, nor those fundamentally new conceptions in art which open a vista of possible effects not before thought of, and found a new school. Their compositions are mostly grounded on the existing fund of thought, and their creations do not deviate widely from existing types. This is the sort of inferiority which their works manifest: for in point of execution, in the detailed application of thought, and the perfection of style, there is no inferiority. Our best novelists, in point of composition and of the management of detail, have mostly been women; and there is not in all modern literature a more eloquent vehicle of thought than the style of Madame de Staël, nor, as a specimen of purely artistic excellence, anything superior to the prose of Madame Sand, whose style acts upon the nervous system like a symphony of Haydn or Mozart. High originality of conception is, as I have said, what is chiefly wanting. And now to examine if there is any manner in which this deficiency can be accounted for.

Let us remember, then, so far as regards mere thought, that during all that period in the world's existence, and in the progress of cultivation, in which great and fruitful new truths could be arrived at by mere force of genius, with little previous study and accumulation of knowledge—during all that time women did not concern themselves with speculation at all. From the days of Hypatia to those of the Reformation, the illustrious Heloisa is almost the only woman to whom any such achievement might have been possible; and we know not how great a capacity of speculation in her may have been lost to mankind by the misfortunes of her life. Never since any considerable number of women have begun to cultivate serious thought has originality been possible on easy terms. Nearly all the thoughts which can be reached by mere

strength of original faculties have long since been arrived at; and originality, in any high sense of the word, is now scarcely ever attained but by minds which have undergone elaborate discipline, and are deeply versed in the results of previous thinking. It is Mr. Maurice, I think who has remarked on the present age, that its most original thinkers are those who have known most thoroughly what had been thought by their predecesors: and this will always henceforth be the case. Every fresh stone in the edifice has now to be placed on the top of so many others, that a long process of climbing, and of carrying up materials, has to be gone through by whoever aspires to take a share in the present stage of the work. How many women are there who have gone through any such process? Mrs. Somerville, alone perhaps of women, knows as much of mathematics as is now needful for making any considerable mathematical discovery: is it any proof of inferiority in women, that she has not happened to be one of the two or three persons who in her lifetime have associated their names with some striking advancement of the science? Two women, since political economy has been made a science, have known enough of it to write usefully on the subject: of how many of the innumerable men who have written on it during the same time is it possible with truth to say more? If no woman has hitherto been a great historian, what woman has had the necessary erudition? If no woman is a great philologist, what woman has studied Sanscrit and Slavonic, the Gothic of Ulphila and the Persic of the Zendavesta? Even in practical matters we all know what is the value of the originality of untaught geniuses. It means, inventing over again in its rudimentary form something already invented and improved upon by many successive inventors. When women have had the preparation which all men now require to be eminently original, it will be time enough to begin judging by experience of their capacity for originality.

It no doubt often happens that a person, who has not widely and accurately studied the thoughts of others on a subject, has by natural sagacity a happy intuition, which

he can suggest, but cannot prove, which yet when matured may be an important addition to knowledge: but even then, no justice can be done to it until some other person, who does possess the previous acquirements, takes it in hand, tests it, gives it a scientific or practical form, and fits it into its place among the existing truths of philosophy or science. Is it supposed that such felicitous thoughts do not occur to women? They occur by hundreds to every woman of intellect. But they are mostly lost, for want of a husband or friend who has the other knowledge which can enable him to estimate them properly and bring them before the world: and even when they are brought before it, they generally appear as his ideas, not their real author's. Who can tell how many of the most original thoughts put forth by male writers belong to a woman by suggestion, to themselves only by verifying and working out? If I may judge by my own case, a very large proportion indeed.

If we turn from pure speculation to literature in the narrow sense of the term, and the fine arts, there is a very obvious reason why women's literature is, in its general conception and in its main features, an imitation of men's. Why is the Roman literature, as critics proclaim to satiety, not original, but an imitation of the Greek? Simply because the Greeks came first. If women lived in a different country from men, and had never read any of their writings, they would have had a literature of their own. As it is, they have not created one, because they found a highly advanced literature already created. If there had been no suspension of the knowledge of antiquity, or if the Renaissance had occurred before the Gothic cathedrals were built, they never would have been built. We see that, in France and Italy, imitation of the ancient literature stopped the original development even after it had commenced. All women who write are pupils of the great male writers. A painter's early pictures, even if he be a Raphael, are undistinguishable in style from those of his master. Even a Mozart does not display his powerful originality in his earliest pieces. What years are to a gifted individual, generations are to a mass. If

women's literature is destined to have a different collective character from that of men, depending on any difference of natural tendencies, much longer time is necessary than has yet elapsed before it can emancipate itself from the influence of accepted models, and guide itself by its own impulses. But if, as I believe, there will not prove to be any natural tendencies common to women, and distinguishing their genius from that of men, yet every individual writer among them has her individual tendencies which at present are still subdued by the influence of precedent and example: and it will require generations more, before their individuality is sufficiently developed to make head against that influence.

It is in the fine arts, properly so called, that the primâ facie evidence of inferior original powers in women at first sight appears the strongest: since opinion (it may be said) does not exclude them from these, but rather encourages them; and their education, instead of passing over this department, is in the affluent classes mainly composed of it. Yet in this line of exertion they have fallen still more short than in many others, of the highest eminence attained by men. This shortcoming, however, needs no other explanation than the familiar fact, more universally true in the fine arts than in anything else—the vast superiority of professional persons over amateurs. Women in the educated classes are almost universally taught more or less of some branch or other of the fine arts, but not that they may gain their living or their social consequence by it. Women artists are all amateurs. The exceptions are only of the kind which confirm the general truth. Women are taught music, but not for the purpose of composing, only of executing it: and accordingly it is only as composers that men, in music, are superior to women. The only one of the fine arts which women do follow, to any extent, as a profession, and an occupation for life, is the histrionic; and in that they are confessedly equal, if not superior, to men. To make the comparison fair it should be made between the productions of women, in any branch of art, and those of men not following it as a profession. In musical composition, for example, women

surely have produced fully as good things as have ever been produced by male amateurs. There are now a few women, a very few, who practise painting as a profession, and these are already beginning to show quite as much talent as could be expected. Even male painters (*pace* Mr. Ruskin) have not made any very remarkable figure these last centuries, and it will be long before they do so. The reason why the old painters were so greatly superior to the modern, is that a greatly superior class of men applied themselves to the art. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Italian painters were the most accomplished men of their age. The greatest of them were men of encyclopœdical acquirements and powers, like the great men of Greece. But in their times fine art was, to men's feelings and conceptions, among the grandest things in which a human being could excel; and by it men were made, what only political or military distinction now makes them, the companions of sovereigns, and the equals of the highest nobility. In the present age, men of anything like similar calibre find something more important to do, for their own fame and the uses of the modern world, than painting: and it is only now and then that a Reynolds or a Turner (of whose relative rank among eminent men I do not pretend to an opinion) applies himself to that art. Music belongs to a different order of things; it does not require the same general powers of mind, but seems more dependent on a natural gift: and it may be thought surprising that no one of the great musical composers has been a woman. But even this natural gift, to be made available for great creations, requires study, and professional devotion to the pursuit. The only countries which have produced first-rate composers, even of the male sex, are Germany and Italy—countries in which, both in point of special and of general cultivation, women have remained far behind France and England, being generally (it may be said without exaggeration) very little educated, and having scarcely cultivated at all any of the higher faculties of mind. And in those countries the men who are acquainted with the principles of musical composition must be counted by hundreds, or more probably

by thousands, the women barely by scores: so that here again, on the doctrine of averages, we cannot reasonabl expect to see more than one eminent woman to fift eminent men; and the last three centuries have not pro duced fifty eminent male composers either in Germany o in Italy.

There are other reasons, besides those which we hav now given, that help to explain why women remain behin men, even in the pursuits which are open to both. Fo one thing, very few women have time for them. Thi may seem a paradox; it is an undoubted social fact. Th time and thoughts of every woman have to satisfy grea previous demands on them for things practical. Ther is, first, the superintendence of the family and the domes tic expenditure, which occupies at least one woman i every family, generally the one of mature years and ac quired experience; unless the family is so rich as to admi of delegating that task to hired agency, and submittin to all the waste and malversation inseparable from tha mode of conducting it. The superintendence of a house hold, even when not in other respects laborious, is ex tremely onerous to the thoughts; it requires incessan vigilance, an eye which no detail escapes, and present questions for consideration and solution, foreseen and un foreseen. at every hour of the day, from which the perso responsible for them can hardly ever shake herself fre If a woman is of a rank and circumstances which reliev her in a measure from these cares, she has still devolvin on her the management for the whole family of its whol intercourse with others—of what is called society—an the less the call made on her by the former duty, th greater is always the development of the latter: the dinne parties, concerts, evening parties, morning visits, lette writing, and all that goes with them. All this is over an above the engrossing duty, which society imposes e clusively on women, of making themselves charming. clever woman of the higher ranks finds nearly a sufficie employment of her talents in cultivating the graces manner and the arts of conversation. To look only the outward side of the subject: the great and continu

exercise of thought which all women who attach any value to dressing well (I do not mean expensively, but with taste, and perception of natural and of artificial *convenience*) must bestow upon their own dress, perhaps also upon that of their daughters, would alone go a great way towards achieving respectable results in art, or science, or literature, and does actually exhaust much of the time and mental power they might have to spare for either.* If it were possible that all this number of little practical interests (which are made great to them) should leave them either much leisure, or much energy and freedom of mind, to be devoted to art or speculation, they must have a much greater original supply of active faculty than the vast majority of men. But this is not all. Independently of the regular offices of life which devolve upon a woman, she is expected to have her time and faculties always at the disposal of everybody. If a man has not a profession to exempt him from such demands, still, if he has a pursuit, he offends nobody by devoting his time to it; occupation is received as a valid excuse for his not answering to every casual demand which may be made on him. Are a woman's occupations, especially her chosen and voluntary ones, ever regarded as excusing her from any of what are termed the calls of society? Scarcely are her most necessary and recognized duties allowed as an exemption. It requires an illness in the

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* "It appears to be the same right turn of mind which enables a man to acquire the *truth,* or the just idea of what is right, in the ornaments, as in the more stable principles of art. It has still the same centre of perfection, though it is the centre of a smaller circle. To illustrate this by the fashion of dress, in which there is allowed to be a good or bad taste. The component parts of dress are continually changing from great to little, from short to long; but the general form still remains: it is still the same general dress which is comparatively fixed, though on a very slender foundation; but it is on this which fashion must rest. He who invents with the most success, or dresses in the best taste, would probably, from the same sagacity employed to greater purposes, have discovered equal skill, or have formed the same correct taste, in the highest labours of art."—*Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses,* Disc. vii.

family, or something else out of the common way, to entitle her to give her own business the precedence over other people's amusement. She must always be at the beck and call of somebody, generally of everybody. If she has a study or a pursuit, she must snatch any short interval which accidentally occurs to be employed in it. A celebrated woman, in a work which I hope will some day be published, remarks truly that everything a woman does is done at odd times. Is it wonderful, then, if she does not attain the highest eminence in things which require consecutive attention, and the concentration on them of the chief interest of life? Such is philosophy, and such, above all, is art, in which, besides the devotion of the thoughts and feelings, the hand also must be kept in constant exercise to attain high skill.

There is another consideration to be added to all these. In the various arts and intellectual occupations, there is a degree of proficiency sufficient for living by it, and there is a higher degree on which depend the great productions which immortalize a name. To the attainment of the former, there are adequate motives in the case of all who follow the pursuit professionally: the other is hardly ever attained where there is not, or where there has not been at some period of life, an ardent desire of celebrity. Nothing less is commonly a sufficient stimulus to undergo the long and patient drudgery which, in the case even of the greatest natural gifts, is absolutely required for great eminence in pursuits in which we already possess so many splendid memorials of the highest genius. Now, whether the cause be natural or artificial, women seldom have this eagerness for fame. Their ambition is generally confined within narrower bounds. The influence they seek is over those who immediately surround them. Their desire is to be liked, loved, or admired, by those whom they see with their eyes: and the proficiency in knowledge, arts and accomplishments, which is sufficient for that, almost always contents them. This is a trait of character which cannot be left out of the account in judging of women as they are. I do not at all believe that it is inherent in women. It is only the natural result of their circum

stances. The love of fame in men is encouraged by education and opinion: to "scorn delights and live laborious days" for its sake is accounted the part of "noble minds," even if spoken of as their "last infirmity," and is stimulated by the access which fame gives to all objects of ambition, including even the favour of women; while to women themselves all these objects are closed, and the desire of fame itself considered daring and unfeminine. Besides, how could it be that a woman's interests should not be all concentrated upon the impressions made on those who come into her daily life, when society has ordained that all her duties should be to them, and has contrived that all her comforts should depend on them? The natural desire of consideration from our fellow-creatures is as strong in a woman as in a man; but society has so ordered things that public consideration is, in all ordinary cases, only attainable by her through the consideration of her husband or of her male relations, while her private consideration is forfeited by making herself individually prominent, or appearing in any other character than that of an appendage to men. Whoever is in the least capable of estimating the influence on the mind of the entire domestic and social position and the whole habit of a life, must easily recognize in that influence a complete explanation of nearly all the apparent differences between women and men, including the whole of those which imply any inferiority.

As for moral differences, considered as distinguished from intellectual, the distinction commonly drawn is to the advantage of women. They are declared to be better than men; an empty compliment, which must provoke a bitter smile from every woman of spirit, since there is no other situation in life in which it is the established order, and considered quite natural and suitable, that the better should obey the worse. If this piece of idle talk is good for anything, it is only as an admission by men of the corrupting influence of power; for that is certainly the only truth which the fact, if it be a fact, either proves or illustrates. And it *is* true that servitude, except when it actually brutalizes, though corrupting to both, is less so

to the slaves than to the slave-masters. It is wholesomer for the moral nature to be restrained, even by arbitrary power, than to be allowed to exercise arbitrary power without restraint. Women, it is said, seldomer fall under the penal law—contribute a much smaller number of offenders to the criminal calendar—than men. I doubt not that the same thing may be said, with the same truth, of negro slaves. Those who are under the control of others cannot often commit crimes, unless at the command and for the purposes of their masters. I do not know a more signal instance of the blindness with which the world, including the herd of studious men, ignore and pass over all the influences of social circumstances, than their silly depreciation of the intellectual, and silly panegyrics on the moral, nature of women.

The complimentary dictum about women's superior moral goodness may be allowed to pair off with the disparaging one respecting their greater liability to moral bias. Women, we are told, are not capable of resisting their personal partialities: their judgment in grave affairs is warped by their sympathies and antipathies. Assuming it to be so, it is still to be proved that women are oftener misled by their personal feelings than men by their personal interests. The chief difference would seem in that case to be, that men are led from the course of duty and the public interest by their regard for themselves, women (not being allowed to have private interests of their own) by their regard for somebody else. It is also to be considered, that all the education which women receive from society inculcates on them the feeling that the individuals connected with them are the only ones to whom they owe any duty—the only ones whose interest they are called upon to care for; while, as far as education is concerned, they are left strangers even to the elementary ideas which are presupposed in any intelligent regard for larger interests or higher moral objects. The complaint against them resolves itself merely into this, that they fulfil only too faithfully the sole duty which they are taught, and almost the only one which they are permitted to practise.

The concessions of the privileged to the unprivileged are so seldom brought about by any better motive than the power of the unprivileged to extort them, that any arguments against the prerogative of sex are likely to be little attended to by the generality, as long as they are able to say to themselves that women do not complain of it. That fact certainly enables men to retain the unjust privilege some time longer, but does not render it less unjust. Exactly the same thing may be said of the women in the harem of an Oriental: they do not complain of not being allowed the freedom of European women. They think our women insufferably bold and unfeminine. How rarely it is that even men complain of the general order of society; and how much rarer still would such complaint be, if they did not know of any different order existing anywhere else. Women do not complain of the general lot of women; or rather they do, for plaintive elegies on it are very common in the writings of women, and were still more so as long as the lamentations could not be suspected of having any practical object. Their complaints are like the complaints which men make of the general unsatisfactoriness of human life; they are not meant to imply blame, or to plead for any change. But though women do not complain of the power of husbands, each complains of her own husband, or of the husbands of her friends. It is the same in all cases of servitude, at least in the commencement of the emancipatory movement. The serfs did not at first complain of the power of their lords, but only of their tyranny. The commons began by claiming a few municipal privileges; they next asked an exemption for themselves from being taxed without their own consent; but they would at that time have thought it a great presumption to claim any share in the king's sovereign authority. The case of women is now the only case in which to rebel against established rules is still looked upon with the same eyes as was formerly a subject's claim to the right of rebelling against his king. A woman who joins in any movement which her husband disapproves makes herself a martyr, without even being able to be an apostle, for the husband can legally put a

stop to her apostleship. Women cannot be expected to devote themselves to the emancipation of women, until men in considerable number are prepared to join with them in the undertaking.

THE CASE OF THE WIFE AND MOTHER

By H. G. Wells *

These principles * give a rule also for the problem that faces the great majority of thinking wives and mothers to-day. The most urgent and necessary social work falls upon them; they bear, and largely educate and order the homes of the next generation, and they have no direct recognition from the community for either of these supreme functions. They are supposed to perform them not for God or the world, but to please and satisfy a particular man. Our laws, our social conventions, our economic methods, so hem a woman about that however fitted for and desirous of maternity she may be, she can only effectually do that duty in a dependent relation to her husband. Nearly always he is the paymaster and if his payments are grudging or irregular, she has little remedy short of a breach and the rupture of the home. Her duty is conceived of as first to him and only secondarily to her children and the State. Many wives become under these circumstances mere prostitutes to their husbands, often evading the bearing of children with their consent and even at their request, and "loving for a living." That is a natural outcome of the proprietary theory of the family out of which our civilisation emerges. But our modern ideas trend more and more to regard a woman's primary duty to be her duty to the children and to the world to which she gives them. She is to be a citizen side by side with her husband; no longer is he to inter-

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* From "First and Last Things," by H. G. Wells. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

vene between her and the community. As a matter of contemporary fact he can do so and does do so habitually, and most women have to square their ideas of life to that possibility.

Before any woman who is clear-headed enough to perceive that this great business of motherhood is one of supreme public importance, there are a number of alternatives at the present time. She may, like Grant Allen's heroine in *The Woman Who Did,* declare an exaggerated and impossible independence, refuse the fetters of marriage and bear children to a lover. This in the present state of public opinion in almost every existing social atmosphere would be a purely anarchistic course. It would mean a fatherless home, and since the woman will have to play the double part of income-earner and mother, an impoverished and struggling home. It would mean also an unsocial because ostracised home. In most cases and even assuming it to be right in idea it would still be on all fours with that immediate abandonment of private property we have already discussed, a sort of suicide that helps the world nothing.

Or she may "strike," refuse marriage and pursue a solitary and childless career, engaging her surplus energies in constructive work. But that also is suicide: it is to miss the keenest experience the finest realities life has to offer.

Or she may meet a man whom she can trust to keep a treaty with her and supplement the common interpretations and legal insufficiencies of the marriage bond, who will respect her always as a free and independent person, will abstain absolutely from authoritative methods and will either share and trust his income and property with her in a frank communism, or give her a sufficient and private income for her personal use. It is only fair under existing economic conditions that at marriage a husband should insure his life in his wife's interest, and I do not think it would be impossible to bring our legal marriage contract into accordance with modern ideas in that matter. Certainly it should be legally imperative that at the birth of each child a new policy upon its father's life, as

the income-getter, should begin. The latter provision at least should be a normal condition of marriage and one that a wife should have power to enforce when payments fall away. With such safeguards and under such conditions marriage ceases to be a haphazard dependence for a woman, and she may live, teaching and rearing and free, almost as though the co-operative commonwealth had come.

But in many cases, since great numbers of women marry so young and so ignorantly that their thinking about realities begins only after marriage, a woman will find herself already married to a man and married before she realised the significance of these things. She may be already the mother of children. Her husband's ideas may not be her ideas. He may dominate, he may prohibit, he may intervene, he may default. He may, if he sees fit, burden the family income with the charges of his illegitimate offspring.

We live in the world as it is and not in the world as it should be. That sentence becomes the refrain of this discussion.

The normal modern married woman has to make the best of a bad position to do her best under the old conditions, to live as though she was under the new conditions, to make good citizens, to give her spare energies, as far as she can, to bringing about a better state of affairs. Like the private property owner and the official in a privately owned business, her best method of conduct is to consider herself an unrecognised public official, irregularly commanded and improperly paid. There is no good in flagrant rebellion. She has to study her particular circumstances and make what good she can out of them, keeping her face towards the coming time. I cannot better the image I have already used for the thinking and believing modern-minded people of to-day as an advance guard cut off from proper supplies, ill furnished so that make-shift prevails, and rather demoralised. We have to be wise as well as loyal; discretion itself is loyalty to the coming State.

THE RIGHT OF MOTHERHOOD *

By Ellen Key

Everyone knows that the methods of production of modern society tend more and more to limit woman's domestic work to directing consumption, whereas at earlier stages she used also to produce a great part of the commodities consumed in the home. Everyone can see too that the most profoundly influential cause of the woman's movement has thus not been the assertion of woman's political-juridical rights as a human being, but first and foremost the question of how she is to find employment for her powers of work which are no longer required in the home, and be enabled to find that self-maintenance outside the home which the altered conditions of production have rendered necessary.

Through the ever-increasing connection between the different parts of society, woman's work has had profound influence in other quarters than those of the labour market. Competition between the sexes has produced—as regards manual labour—for men and women those lower conditions of labour which are the usual result of an overcrowding of the labour market, namely, low wages, long hours, and uncertainty of employment. The possibility of marriage has become dependent on the bread-winning labour of both husband and wife. Those married women who are partly maintained by their husbands, have by their supplementary earnings reduced the wages of the self-supporting unmarried ones, and when these in their turn are married, they lack the desire and capacity

* From "Love and Marriage," by Ellen Key. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1911.

to look after the home and waste through negligence more than they earn in the factory. The consequence of the outside employment of wives—as of children—has furthermore been sterility, a high infant mortality, and the degeneration of the surviving children, both physically and psychically; a debased domestic life with its consequences: discomfort, drunkenness, and crime.

Among the middle classes, again, the competition between the sexes has directly reduced man's chances of marriage, and indirectly diminished the desire of both sexes to contract matrimony.

The apparently inevitable law that one-sidedness alone gives strength has made the champions of woman's rights left-handed in their treatment of all social questions connected with their "cause." They have pressed forward woman's right to work, while overlooking both the conditions and the effects of her work. Women actuated by the combined motive power of the spirit of the age and of necessity, have looked for employment of any kind and at however low a wage. Among the middle classes, the result has been that many girls, who were in no need of supporting themselves entirely by work, have depressed the conditions of labour for those women who needed it. Thus the latter are held down to a minimum which is dangerous alike to health and to morality. Girls living at home, on the other hand, have been able to satisfy their increased demands, and this has made it still more difficult for a man to offer them acceptable conditions in marriage.

It has already been pointed out that the self-maintenance of women has had and still has a profound influence on love in marriage. The Swedish poet Almquist indicated this when he wrote that only the woman who "in glad activity can provide all that is necessary for her living" makes it possible for the man to whom she gives herself "to say rightly to himself, I am loved."

But no one can calculate in advance how a new social force is going to work in every respect; how even souls are changed with altered needs, so that new demands and forces arise. The erotic problem of the youth of the pres-

ent day is one of the most illuminating pieces of evidence of this possibility.

Woman's competition with man in the field of labour has, in fact, occasioned a profound ill-feeling between the sexes. Women feel themselves—rightly or wrongly—cheapened and underestimated, and men, on the other hand, consider themselves thrust aside, when woman's lower demands of wages decide the competition in her favour. But this is still the external side of the matter.

It is the new woman—the transformed type of soul—that man objects to. The mannish emancipated ladies will soon, however, have died out. We can therefore pass them by and consider only the young women who have preserved or tried to preserve their possibilities of erotic attraction.

These have, however, lost the calm, the equilibrium, the receptivity which formerly made of woman a beautiful, easily-comprehended piece of nature, like nature in her unconditional yielding. When a man came to the woman he loved with his worries, his fatigue, his disappointments, he washed himself clean as in a cool wave, found peace as in a silent forest. Nowadays she meets him with her worries, her disquiet, her fatigues, her disappointments. Her picture has been refused, her book is misunderstood, her work is abused, her examination has to be prepared for . . . always hers! All this makes the man think her disturbed, unapproachable, and apt to misunderstand. Even if she retains her affectionate attention for him, she has lost her elasticity. She does not choose the conditions of her work; she is obliged to overwork herself if she wishes to keep her work. But love—as has been aptly said—requires peace, love will dream; it cannot live upon remnants of our time and our personality. And thus the value of love—like all other personal values—sinks under modern conditions of work, which drain the vital forces and make people forget even the meaning of the idea of living. Thus the people of the present day are excluded from love: not merely from the possibility of realising it in marriage, but also from the possibility of fully experiencing it.

Nor have these over-tired young women a chance of serving their charm in outward appearance and man-. This is only done nowadays in a conscious style by ies of the highest society—and by those of the demi-nde—who perform no other duty to the community n the more elegant than worthy one of illustrating the able of the lilies of the field. But even now few women afford—and fewer still feel that they have the right or the leisure for—this worship of their own intoxi-ing and self-intoxicating loveliness. More and more e to take part in a life of work; while, moreover, men are becoming less attracted by the ideal of per-tion of form, and more by that of formation of per-ality. But this movement involves uncertainty of m, until new forms have been created; and man loves woman precisely that sureness, lightness, and repose in own sense of power which are generally wanting in tentative young woman of the present day. A new d of young women is, however, already to be met with, o will neither work nor charm exclusively, and who are ving the problem of being at the same time active and utiful.

Thus the deepest conflict of all lies herein, that young n feel young women to be independent of the love they r; they feel themselves weighed and—found wanting. man's capacity for making a living has thus undoubt-y resulted, as Almquist hoped, in giving man a greater nce of believing himself loved, but at the same time—naller chance of being so.

We see two groups of the daughters of our time, as manifestations of woman's primitive double nature.

For one group the child is not the immediate end of e, and still less can the child sanctify all the means for attainment. If such a woman has to choose between ing and inspiring a love as great as that of her dreams, hout motherhood, and becoming a mother through a er love, then she will choose the former without hesi-on. And if she becomes a mother without having ined the full height of her being in love, she feels s a degradation for neither child nor marriage nor

love are enough for her, only great love satisfies h

This is the most important step in advance that wom has taken since from the emotional sphere of the fema animal she approached that of the human woman. A —however great may be the sufferings that this attitu of the soul may involve for the individual—no one w sees sufficiently deeply can hesitate as to the certainty this being the true line of life.

This, on the other hand, will not coincide with t path of those women who are now demanding liberty f motherhood, not only without wedlock but also witho love.

Those who hoped that woman's independence throu work would assure man's knowledge of being loved, d not reckon for woman's dependence on man in and f the tenor of her life. This dependence, created by natu and not by society, still drives many otherwise inc pendent women into marriage without love; and it driv other women, who wish to preserve their independence not contracting marriage, to the desire of attaining mother's happiness without it. The new woman's w to live through herself, with herself, for herself, reaches limit when she begins to regard man merely as means the child. Woman could scarcely take a more compl revenge for having herself been treated for thousands years as a means.

We must hope, however, that woman's lust for ve geance will not long retain this form. Woman's degra tion to a means has retarded man's and her own devel ment. But a similar degradation of man would have same effect, and the children might suffer just as mu through woman's misuse of man as through his of her

The child must be an end in itself. It requires l as its origin, it requires in its mother love's understand of the qualities it has inherited from its father, not a s prised coldness or resentment of the unsuspected or welcome elements in its nature. The woman who never loved her child's father will infallibly injure t child in some way—if in no other, then by her way loving it. The child needs the joy of brothers and sist

l not even the tenderest motherly love can take the ce of this; and finally the child needs the father as father the child. That children, both in and out of llock, often lose their father or brother or sister through th or life, belongs to the inevitable, in most cases at rate. But that a woman with full knowledge and pose should deprive her child of the right of gaining through love, that she should exclude it in advance m the possibility of a father's affection, is a piece of ishness which must avenge itself. The right of mother- d without marriage must not be equivalent to the t of motherhood without love. It is equally degrad- to surrender one's self without love in a free relation- as in marriage. In both cases one can steal one's ld and thereby lose the right of one day proudly assur- it that it has enjoyed the best conditions for its entry life. Love—it must be constantly repeated—desires future, not the moment; it desires union, not only at formation of a new being, but in order that two per- s through each other may care for a new and greater ng than either of themselves. A woman may be mis- en in this love, as she may be in her suitability for rriage. But this she cannot know in advance. She eriences these things first in loving. If she has mis- ced her devotion, then it will not save her to conceal mistake in a marriage. But to receive her child from nan with whom she knows in advance that she never ends to live, this is having an illegitimate child in the pest sense of the word. But this is nevertheless the y in which a number of women now think that "the donna of the future" is to win a mother's happiness.

Work is always a development of force, and the more exercises our individual powers, the greater happiness l it give. No part of the old catechism is more valu- e than that which is omitted in the new, on the bless- s of labour. The path of every cherished and reason- e work might be marked by milestones, on which the d old words should be carved; here "health," there elfare" here "comfort and consolation in adversity,"

and there "preventing lapses into sin,"—above all, that doubting the value of life.

But the man to whom work has given all this has the more reason to curse the work of women, who a able neither to choose their labour according to th talents nor to proportion their hours of work accordi to their strength. Greater and greater are the multitu who move forward upon the road of toil, where the mi stones bear the inscriptions: ill-health, uncertainty the morrow as for the future, joylessness, lethargy of t soul, and the sins that thrive in the shadow, above that of blaspheming life as meaningless.

For others again work has come to mean in our ti drunkenness, vice and superstition. It has made m and women unscrupulous, empty, hard and restless. has made them destroy for others the remaining treasu of life—sorrow, love, the home, nature, beauty, bool peace—peace above all, since it is the condition of t full realisation of suffering as of joy. The grand wor about the liberty and the joy of labour mean in reali slavery and trouble over labour, the only trouble our ti fully experiences.

With thoughtless hymns of praise to this massacri labour, society allows one holy springtime after anoth to wither without having blossomed—whereas thousan of years ago the cities of antiquity sent their "ho springs" to open up new districts and build new dwellin for men.

Just as true as that the losses of the individual me the poverty of all, when these losses involve a diminuti of health and power; just as certain as that nothing b comes better without the desire to improve it; so is it healthy sign of the times that starvation wages for co scientious drudgery no longer fill young women wi heartfelt gratitude. They know these young women, th their own nature also can be outraged; that there a other suppressed forces in woman's being besides only t desire of knowledge and the thirst for activity, and th neither the right to work nor that of citizenship can co pensate for trampled possibilities of happiness.

Far from its being the duty of any thoughtful person to lull to rest this despondency of the young, we should render the best service to them and to life by taking from them everyday contentment and the calm of resignation; for only the suffering which is kept awake, the longing which remains alive, can become forces in the revolt against that order of society which has added meaningless pangs, hostile to life, to those that the laws of life and life's development still necessarily involve in the relations of sex.

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All confined forces, which do not find employment, may degenerate; and our time, with its repression of the erotic forces, can show even among women such signs of degeneration.

It is therefore a necessary self-assertion when those who are excluded from love seek to preserve their health and enrich their life with the sources of joy which are at the disposal of every living person. Even he who is chained to an uninteresting work can find some moments to feel his way along some path which leads to a glimpse of the infinite space of science. Almost every kind of work may bring with it an increase of individual capacity, and therewith also of joy at feeling one's value as a workman and one's dignity as a personality enhanced. There is no day which may not bring with it a glimpse of delight in beauty. Finally there is no hour—except the heaviest hours of sorrow—in which a human being cannot feel the strength and greatness of his own soul; its independence of all external fortunes; its power of seeking itself, finding itself, enhancing itself, through all and in spite of all. The words which Victor Hugo put to a young woman in sorrow:

"N'avez-vous pas votre âme?"

are addressed to all who have been badly treated by life.

And whatever belief or unbelief a person may profess,

it is in the last resort this consciousness of his own soul's worth which saves him when no other help is to be found —and there is no other help.

In this sense it is doubtless true that the human being, woman as well as man, is an end in herself; that she has fulfilled her task if she has not suffered injury to her soul, even if she has gained nothing else from life; if she has increased the power of her soul, discovered her own individuality and realised it; for this alone is saving one's soul. In this sense it is true that the "mission" of woman as of man cannot be the sexual mission, which does not depend upon our own will alone; nor, therefore, can he who has not fulfilled this be said to have lived in vain. In this sense also there is at bottom a certain agreement between the feeling of self-glorification just described and that of those who think that neither woman's nor man's highest destiny can be love, but only the life of an eternal being above all earthly and social considerations; that the highest reality of every human being is within himself, and that his highest happiness can be only to grow in holiness and godliness.

But for the shaping of life the difference is immeasurable. Here we are confronted once more by the dualist and monist views of life, the belief in the soul as supersensuous, and the belief in the soul as dwelling in the senses; the belief that the soul can attain its highest development and happiness independently of—instead of by means of—its earthly conditions.

According to the latter view man and woman are determined by their sexual life even in the greatest emotions of their soul. Sexual emotions pulsate in the age of puberty's dreams of heroic deeds and martyrdom; they are the warm under-current in the religious needs which awaken at that time. Every woman who has afterwards performed a brilliant achievement of love, who has become a great Christian character—like St. Bridget of Sweden, like St. Teresa—has had the fire of great love in her soul; her blood has been on fire with the longing to serve the race with body and soul. And therefore also

her charity had warmth in it, while the victims of so much other benevolence freeze like shorn sheep.

A woman's essential ego must be brought out by love before she can do anything great for others or for herself. She whose existence has been erotically blank seldom finds the way to what is human in a great sense, while, on the other hand, she to whom life has denied the opportunity of manifesting her erotic being in the usual sense, transforms it into an Eros that embraces all life, the Eros of whom Plato had the intuition when he made Diotima proclaim him; a touch of infinite delicacy; for may it not possibly be only woman who—since her whole nature is erotic—can thus satisfy her love-longing from the whole of existence?

But this sense of oneness with the universe—which the theosophist, the mystic, the pantheist, and the evolutionist express each in his own way, but which they all feel alike—is, above all, the gift of a great happiness in love. It is this way of loving of which it is especially true to say, that only he who loves knows God, the great word for unity in the all, in which we live and move and have our being. Not because God created mankind to increase and inhabit the earth, but because they were fruitful and filled the earth with beings and with work, did they give the Creator's name to life and worshipped in the likeness of gods their own creative power on account of which they also dreamed that they were eternal.

Because fruitfulness, the power of production in all its forms, is the divine part of man, it is impossible for anyone without it to attain "holiness and communion with God" in the meaning of the religion of life, or, in other words, full humanity. Even in its limited form, that of creating a family, it is the unerring means of expending the ego beyond its own limits, the simplest condition for humanisation. It can transform the egoist into a generous man, merely by giving him something to live for. For this reason love has taken the place of religion with innumerable people, because it has the same power of making them good and great, but a hundred-fold greater power of making them happy. Therefore all great and

beautiful resignation—flowing with sweetness and benevolence—is like a vineyard, made upon the slope of a crater.

But therefore also it is true of all who have quenched the warmth of fruitfulness in themselves, that they have committed the one unpardonable sin, that against the holy spirit of life. These women have received their condemnation in Lessing's fable of Hera, who sent Iris to earth to seek out three virtuous, perfectly chaste maidens, unsoiled by any dreams of love. And Iris certainly found them, but did not bring them back to Olympus; for Hades had already made Hermes fetch them for the infernal regions—there to replace the superannuated Furies.

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Because the means of life must never eclipse the meaning of life—which is to live with one's whole being, and thus to be able to impart an ever greater fulness of life—it is immoral to live solely either for sanctity or for work, fatherland or humanity, or even love, for man is to live by all these. His exclusion from one of these means of full humanity can never be compensated by his participation in any of the others, just as little as one of his senses can be replaced by another, even though the latter be perfected under the necessity of serving in the place of the lost one. And the resignation which prematurely contents itself with part of the rights of its human nature instead of aspiring to the whole, such resignation is a falling to sleep in the snow. It is undeniably a calmer state than that of keeping one's soul on the stretch for new experiences; for in that case one must also be prepared for new wounds; and he who keeps his suffering awake can be sure of more pain than he who puts it to sleep with an opiate. But no criterion is meaner than that of suffering or not suffering. The question is only what a man suffers from, and what he becomes—for himself and others—or does not become as the result of his pain.

Life holds in one hand the golden crown of happiness, in the other the crown of suffering. To her favoured ones

he hands them both. But only he is an outcast whose emples have felt the weight of neither.

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A woman of feeling once said that, although love was cknowledged by the majority as life's greatest treasure, nankind has not yet been able to prepare a place for ove in life. Outside of marriage it is called sin; within t—as marriage now is—love can seldom live, and if it rises for another than the partner in marriage, then for he sake of the children it must be sacrificed.

It is this observation which made the new women all the nore decided to prepare a place for love outside matrinony.

Women—and men too—have begun to examine the deas of morality in which the small and the great values re mixed together like the cards in a shuffled pack. As ar as woman is concerned, all morality has become synnymous with the absence of sensuality and the existnce of a marriage certificate. In speech and in poetry voman's mission as "wife and mother" is glorified, but at he same time the mission is not considered honourable ntil it is attained, but, on the contrary, dishonourable o long as it is sought after with the healthy strength which is the condition of its complete fulfilment. A voman may be proud and strong and active, courageous nd generous, honourable and trustworthy, faithful and oyal—in a word, she may possess all the virtues prized y man—and yet be called immoral if she gives a new ife to the race. On the other hand, a woman, irreproachble from the point of view of sexual morality, may be s cowardly slanderous, and untruthful as she can be vithout being denied the respect of society.

This confusion of thought is to such an extent one with he feelings, that it may take centuries for new ideas of ustice to work a change.

In spite of all, however, it remains a truth that a voman's morality in other respects is more profoundly connected with her sexual morality than is the case with man. Nature herself established this connection, when he made love and the child more closely bound up with

woman's existence than with man's. It must always be a matter of paramount importance to a woman's whole personality to abandon herself to the possibility of creating a new life; and therefore a woman's attitude, not with regard to marriage, but certainly with regard to motherhood, will be decisive evidence of her moral development in other respects and of her spiritual culture.

The same sexual freedom for woman as for man is to every profoundly womanly woman a demand contrary to nature. But this does not mean either that man ought to continue to misuse his freedom or that woman must continue to confine hers within "lawful" bounds; nor yet does it mean that women ought to go on lying to themselves to men, and to each other concerning their nature as sexual beings. It is true that many women exist who have no feeling of this kind, and that other married women deny the claims of the senses—because they have had them satisfied before they became conscious. But when the development of love has introduced a purer and healthier view neither women nor men will consider it a merit or superiority in a woman to develop in herself the character of "the third sex." Then everyone will acknowledge that human life, to be in the fullest sense healthy and rich, must imply fulfilment of the sexual destiny, and that even if a restriction of the vital forces in this respect does not entail physical suffering, then it must involve profound psychical injury resulting in diminished powers. Nor will one then wilfully blink at the fact that among many strong, well-balanced, active unmarried women—others are to be found who are equally worthy of respect, although they cannot attain harmony without motherhood. And the cause is not want of self-discipline or seriousness in work, but simply the fact already stated: that sexual life in a woman—when it has become strong and healthy—dominates her in a far more intimate way than it does a man. She seldom suffers acutely, often unconsciously or half-consciously, from restriction in this direction but to make up for this she suffers in a far more radical way which slowly exhausts

er vital forces; and many cases of madness, hysteria, tc., are due to this cause.

Every victim of this kind makes life the poorer; for t is often the warmest feminine natures, the richest in oodness and in soul, the most fruitful in every sense, hat go under in this way. And in them the race loses ot only directly, but also indirectly, in their children hat were never born.

For the present it can be only by an altered criterion f morality that these losses can be avoided, at least so ong as there is not one man for every woman. For we an look only for a very slow operation of the measures hich may restore the balance that nature seems to intend y an actual excess in the birth-rate of boys over girls; neasures, that is, for the better protection of the loves of nale children and men. A proposal which was put forward a few years ago in one of the leading civilized countries undoubtedly deserves consideration as an incidental emedy; namely, to arrange an organised and well-supervised emigration of capable women from the countries here they are in excess to others where the reverse is the ase; for while their proficiency in work would make these omen independent of marriage, they would thus be fforded increased possibilities of marrying, as would the urplus men—at present, in the countries referred to, left o the alternatives of celibacy or prostitution.

In the main it is, however, only the awakening of the onsciousness of society that can provide a remedy. But ntil youth itself awakens the conscience of the time with he tocsin of action, that remedy is likely to be long in oming.

In one respect young working men and women might ake their destiny in their own hands, namely, in the urely external point of providing themselves with the pportunities they lack—which in the case of young people f the student class now form the foundation of many a ife's happiness—opportunities of getting to know each ther under pleasant and worthy conditions of comradeship.

In those cases again where a woman's destiny from one

cause or another has rendered the realisation of love impossible, she ought—like the wife in a childless marriage—oftener than at present to enrich her life and partly satisfy her motherly feeling by choosing one among the destitute children, who are unfortunately still to be found in abundance, to provide for and love. Such grafts upon one's own stem often give splendid fruit. The lonely woman thereby avoids falling a victim to that hardness and bitterness, which are not necessary consequences of a sexual life, but are all the more so of a frozen life of the heart.

In those cases where a woman suffers a lasting and unendurable clogging of her life through the want of motherhood, she must choose the lesser evil, that of becoming a mother even without love, in or out of wedlock. Necessity is its own law—and he who steals to save his life ought to go free. But she must not be made an example for others who are not placed in the same necessity.

The solution of the right of motherhood, therefore, ought not to be the encouragement of the majority of unmarried women to provide themselves with children without love; not even the encouragement of the majority to obtain them through love when they know in advance that a continued community of life with the child's father is impossible.

But, on the other hand, the unmarried woman, from her own point of view as well as from that of the race, has a right to motherhood, when she possesses so rich a human soul, so great a mother's heart, and so manly a courage that she can bear an exceptional lot. She has all the riches of her own and her lover's nature to leave through the child as a heritage to the race; she has the whole development of her personality, her mental and bodily vital force, her independence won through labour, to give to the child's bringing-up. In her occupation she has had use only for a part of her being; she desires to manifest it fully and wholly before she resigns the gift of life. She therefore becomes a mother with the full approval of her conscience.

All this, however, seldom applies to a woman before she has reached or exceeded the limit of la seconda primavera; not till then will she feel fully sure of her longing and her courage, nor will she have reason to know that life has no higher destiny for her. And even she must not be taken as an example of a final solution of the problem. But in times like ours, when the hindrances to life in this direction have become unendurable bold experiments are justified—when they are successful.

In order that such an experiment shall succeed, the woman must be not merely as pure as snow, she must be as pure as fire in her certainty of giving her own life a bright enhancement and a new treasure to the race in the child of her love.

If she is this—then indeed there is a gulf, deep as the centre of the earth, fixed between this unmarried woman, who presents her child to the race, and the unmarried woman, who "has a child."

Beyond all doubt the first-named would have considered it the ideal of happiness to be able to bring up her child together with its father. The circumstances which prevent her may be many. The man's liberty, for instance, may be limited by earlier duties or feelings, which bind him, against his will or not. The conditions of life or of work of one of them may prevent a complete union. So may the experience that the personality of one of them is fettered through marriage. Or again, love itself was not what it had promised to be, and the woman was proud enough not to consider herself fallen and in need of being rehabilitated by a marriage which, on the contrary, would under these circumstances be a fall.

Finally, there are exceptional cases, where a superior woman—for it is often the best who are seized by the powerful desire of a child feels that she cannot combine her motherhood with the claims of love and of intellectual production; that she can suffice for only two duties, and therefore accepts from love the child but renounces marriage.

But there are also destinies entirely contrary to these,

where a woman for her own part wished to have a child but renounces it for the man's sake.

In most cases this is because she surrounds his work with such affection that, when it is asked of her, she sacrifices to it her mother's happiness in the spirit of Heloise. And the more love is perfected, the more does woman thus learn to love her husband's work as her child, while he, on the other hand, loves her work as his own.

But it may also be for other reasons that a woman desires a man to keep his complete freedom; it may be, for instance, that he is the younger, or that she knows she cannot give him a child. Such unions are not unusual in Europe, unions by which two people long make their own lives and the lives of those about them richer. In such a case the woman transforms her motherliness into affection for the man. She gives the best of her powers of production for his use, so that he grows while she stops short. But she thereby enjoys the bliss of a mother with a child at her breast; as the mother feeds herself for the child, so does such a mistress seek the finest intellectual nourishment that she may afterwards impart it: she feels that she steals what she enjoys alone. Perhaps the legend of the pelican, which nourished its young with its own blood, would be a better symbol for these women, who must be prepared sooner or later to see the man choose the young bride who in every respect will answer to his longing. Cases like these, if any, verify Nietzsche's words that "great love desires more than a return," and that "it will create." Here, if ever, woman's nature reveals that its great genius is for love; that the higher a woman attains, the more certainly will her own honour, her own triumphs, her own future weigh lightly as a feather against the joy of being able to develop in all its fulness her great talent, that of loving. And when does she love more highly than in lavishing the whole superfluity of her developed feminine nature on the perfecting of her lover—for another woman?

What every woman needs, in our time more than in any

ther, has been expressed by Ricarda Huch in these ords: Courage for one's self, sympathy for others.

Courage for one's own destiny; courage to bear it or reak under it. But also courage to wait for, to choose ne's destiny. Sympathy with the many who have lacked ne part or another of the new courage: boldness or igilance or patience.

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But these courses which woman's new courage has ound out—the man and work without the child or the nild and work without the man—may doubtless be alled justified forms of life, when they show themselves fe-enhancing. But they cannot be the line of life for ne majority. This line follows the direction of the old ndian proverb: that the man is half a human being, and ne woman half; only the father and mother with their nild can become a whole. And even if women have the ght, so far as life is thereby enhanced, to satisfy their rotic longing, they ought never to forget that they never ttain their full humanity until through love they have iven their husband a child and their child a father.

We have not spoken here of the young women who re unmarried wives of men, while waiting till the latter re able to provide a home for the child and a full omestic life. These women may, it is true, experience ne grief of having trusted too much to their own or nother's heart. But they have been pure in their will nd their will has been directed towards the future domestic life, not towards "adventures," whose only value or them has been that they rapidly succeeded each ther.

The young women alluded to must, therefore, be carelly distinguished from those who have become the etairae of the present day. These neo-Greek women are nely cultured, richly endowed, choice and pure types of ne cerebral and polygamous woman. Love for them is n element of enjoyment—somewhat higher than that of ne cigarette with which their dainty fingers toy, or of ne alcohol which warms their pale cheeks—but decidedly ower than the joy of colour or the intoxication of poetry.

They share with man the joy of work, the desire of creation, delight in beauty, ideas, and freedom in love. Nothing would be more unwelcome to them than possible consequences of their "love," which passes from one relation to another, with a growing sense of emptiness, fatigue, and prostration. Unfruitfulness in every respect, that is their lot and their condemnation; for life has no use for the solitary unfruitful. Sometimes indeed they are not even capable of continuing to live—only to prove again and again that their soul cannot love, cannot create, cannot suffer, and has no other will but to free itself from the tree of life like a damaged bud, a spoilt fruit.

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The right to an exceptional destiny belongs only to one whose happiness it provides for; in other words, one whom it places in such an agreement between the needs of his own life and the surrounding conditions that the powers of the individual thus attain their highest possible development. And as this is seldom the case when the individual creates for himself a position which places him in conflict with society, no thoughtful person can thus refer to an exceptional destiny the majority of young women now oppressed by compulsory labour, who wish to improve their lot. The most immediate possibility to begin with is to improve the character and conditions of their labour.

Women must be more eager to discover or invent for themselves departments of work which will give them the opportunity of expressing something of their feminine nature, their human personality. It is one of the gladdening signs of the times that this is beginning to be done. Thus, for instance, in Denmark a distinguished lady mathematician—determined by precisely the reasons given above—has abandoned her science and become the first female inspector of factories in Scandinavia. Thus in Germany a lady chemist, for the same reason, has chosen the same career. A lady lawyer in the same country is devoting herself entirely to the protection of children; another—in France—to the profession of advocate for the assistance of poor women. But there are still to be

found far too many women whose fortunate situation has given them free choice in their work and who, nevertheless, have sought the profession which offers them the surest income or the largest pension, not the most liberal use of their personal powers.

But even the possibility of the choice belongs to exceptional ability or exceptional circumstances. The majority of women, who must work or wish to work, have difficulty in finding a calling which really gives them a backbone, not merely a stick to hold them up. To render possible a greater organic connection between woman and her work, nothing is more necessary than a business and professional agency or exchange, to which reports would be sent from different places as to local needs of practical or ideal work, and then, in connection therewith, a new kind of mortgage bank, but one in which the mortgages would be upon young women's courage, industry, and invention; a bank, in fact, which would advance on easy terms of repayment the loans which would be necessary to enable these at present unutilised assets to be invested in the wealth of the nation. The sum of happiness of unmarried women would rise if their creative instinct were thus at least directed into a strong and healthy activity by means of which they could in some measure satisfy their need of having something to care for, of evoking around them comfort and beauty.

No fund would be more worthy of the subscriptions of enlightened patrons than such a one as this.

It is important, again, that all those women who are forced to continue working for wages should enter into the social question at least as much as is necessary to make them understand the duty of solidarity and the need of organisation if they would obtain the higher wages, the shorter hours, the summer holiday, and the better conditions in other respects which they must win in order to preserve in some degree their spiritual and bodily powers and with them that measure of joy in life which everyone may thus possess. The first condition for this is that girls who live with their parents should cease to take work at other rates of pay than those which the wholly self-sup-

porting can live on; and that women in general should cease to think themselves meritorious merely because they work—without troubling about the harm their underpaid labour may do to the whole community.

But it is not only the will to elevate their own lives, but above all a more lively feeling for social organisation as a whole that these working women need. Their personal demands for education, rest, beauty, love, motherhood, must be placed in connection with those of everyone else, so that they may begin to claim also for others what they desire for themselves. Instead of making their own existence poorer by unfortunate experiments, they ought to fill the souls of other women with their dreams of a more beautiful life. And to be able to do this they must be constantly active and on the watch, giving and taking on every hand.

Thus innumerable little streams swell the flood of wills, which shall one day remove the old landmarks between the power to wish and the compulsion to renounce. Thus shall the woman deprived of love be able to forget her own little lot in the destiny of the many, and in spite of the limitations of her own life to feel that she lives by feeling the beat of humanity's heart in her own.

WOMAN IN FREEDOM *

By Edward Carpenter

It is clear enough, from what has been said, that what Woman most needs to-day, and is mostly seeking for, is a basis of independence for her life. Nor is her position likely to be improved until she is able to face man on an equality; to find, self-balanced, her natural relation to him; and to dispose of herself and of her sex perfectly freely, and not as a thrall must do.

Doubtless if man were an ideal creature his mate might be secure of equal and considerate treatment from him without having to insist upon an absolute economic independence; but as that is only too obviously not the case there is nothing left for her to-day but to unfold the war-flag of her "rights," and (dull and tiresome as it may be) to go through a whole weary round of battles till peace is concluded again upon a better understanding.

Yet it must never be forgotten that nothing short of large social changes, stretching beyond the sphere of women only, can bring about the complete emancipation of the latter. Not till our whole commercial system, with its barter and sale of human labour and human love for gain, is done away, and not till a whole new code of ideals and customs of life has come in, will women really be free. They must remember that their cause is also the cause of the oppressed labourer over the whole earth.

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* From "Love's Coming-of-Age," by Edward Carpenter. New York. Mitchell Kennedy, 1911.

and the labourer has to remember that his cause is theirs.*

And since Motherhood is, after all, woman's great and incomparable work, people will come to see that a sane maternity is one of the very first things to be considered —and that really, though not the only consideration, it is a work which if properly fulfilled does involve the broadest and largest culture. Perhaps this might seem to some only too obvious; yet when for a moment we glance around at the current ideals, when we see what Whitman calls "the incredible holds and webs of silliness, millinery and every kind of dyspeptic depletion" in which women themselves live, when we see the absolute want of training for motherhood and the increasing physical incapacity for it, and even the feminine censure of those who pass through the ordeal too easily, we begin to realise how little the present notion of what woman should be is associated with the healthy fulfillment of her most perfect work. A woman capable at all points to bear children, to guard them, to teach them, to turn them out strong and healthy citizens of the great world, stands at the farthest remove from the finnikin doll or the meek drudge whom man by a kind of false sexual selection has through many centuries evolved as his ideal.

The nervous and sexual systems of women to-day, ruined among the rich by a life and occupations which stimulate the emotional sensibilities without ever giving the strength and hardiness which flow from healthy and regular industry, and often ruined among the poor by excessive labour carried on under most unhealthy conditions, make real wifehood and motherhood things almost unknown. "Injudicious training," says Bebel, "miserable

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* The freedom of Woman must ultimately rest on the Communism of society which alone can give her support during the period of Motherhood, without forcing her into dependence on the arbitrary will of one man. While the present effort of women towards earning their own economic independence is a healthy sign and a necessary feature of the times, it is evident that it alone will not entirely solve the problem, since it is just during the difficult years of Motherhood, when support is most needed, that the woman is least capable of earning it for herself.

cial conditions (food, dwelling, occupation) produce eak, bloodless, nervous beings, incapable of fulfilling e duties of matrimony. The consequences are menrual troubles and disturbances in the various organs nnected with sexual functions, rendering maternity danrous or impossible. Instead of a healthy, cheerful comnion, a capable mother, a helpmate equal to the calls ade upon her activity, the husband has a nervous, extable wife, permanently under the doctor's hands, and o fragile to bear the slightest draught or noise."

The Modern Woman sees plainly enough that no decent lvance for her sex is possible until this whole question fairly faced—involving, as of course it will do, a life ry different from her present one, far more in the open r, with real bodily exercise and development, some nount of regular manual work, a knowledge of the laws health and physiology, an altogether wider mental tlook, and greater self-reliance and nature-hardihood. ut when once these things are granted, she sees that she ll no longer be the serf, but the equal, the mate, and e comrade of Man.

Before any such new conception it is obvious enough at the poor little pinched ideal of the "lady," which has led society so long, will fade away into distance and scurity. People may rail at the new developments, t what, it may be asked, can any decently sensible man think of her present position—of the mock salutions and heroic politenesses of the conventional male—th their suggestion of an empty homage to weakness d incapacity; of the unwritten law which condemns her. occupying any place in society, to bridle in her chin d use an affected speech in order that it may be patent everybody that she is not free; which forbids natural d spontaneous gesture as unbecoming and suspicious—d indeed in any public place as liable to the attention the policeman; what can she think of the perpetual s under which she has to live—too numerous to be reded; except that all these things are intolerable? ther than remain in such a coil the modern woman is sible enough to see that she must face the stigma of

doing things "unlady-like"; and that only by facing it can she win her true place in the world, and a real comradeship with the only class of man who is capable of such a thing—namely, the man who is willing not to be "a gentleman."

That a new code of manners between the sexes, founded not on covert lust but on open and mutual helpfulness, has got to come in, is obvious enough. The cry of equality need not like a red flag infuriate the Philistine bull. That woman is in general muscularly weaker than man, and that there are certain kinds of effort, even mental, for which she is less fitted—as there are other kinds of effort for which she is more fitted—may easily be granted; but this only means, in the language of all good manners, that there are special ways in which men can assist women, as there are special ways in which women can assist men. Anything which goes beyond this, and the friendly exchange of equal services, and which assumes, in the conventionalities of the private household or the public place, that the female claims a general indulgence (because of her general incapacity) is an offence—against the encouragement of which women themselves will no doubt be on their guard.

I say the signs of revolt on the part of the lady class—revolt long delayed but now spreading all along the line—are evident enough. When, however, we come to the second type of woman mentioned in the preceding pages, the working-wife, we—naturally enough—do not find much conscious movement. The life of the household drudge is too like that of a slave, too much consumed in mere toil, too little illuminated by any knowledge, for her to rise of herself to any other conception of existence. Nevertheless it is not difficult to see that general and social changes are working to bring about her liberation also. Improved house-construction, public bakeries and laundries, and so forth, and, what is much more important, a more rational and simple and healthful notion of food and furniture, are tending very largely to reduce the labours of housework and cookery; and conservative though women are in their habits, when these changes

brought to their doors they cannot but see the advan- of them. Public institutions too are more and more ng over the responsibilities and the cost of educating rearing children; and even here and there we may ern a drift towards the amalgamation of households, ch by introducing a common life and division of labour ng the women-folk will probably do much to cheer lighten their lot. None of these changes, however, be of great use unless or until they wake the over- ked woman herself to see and insist on her rights to a er life, and until they force from the man a frank nowledgment of her claim. And surely here and e the man himself will do something to educate his e to this point. We see no reason indeed why he ıld not assist in some part of the domestic work, and contribute his share of labour and intelligence to the duct of the house; nor why the women—being thus ved—should not occasionally, and when desirable, find ried work outside, and so contribute to the mainten- of the family, and to her own security and sense of pendence. The over-differentiation of the labours of sexes to-day is at once a perpetuation of the servi- of women and a cause of misunderstanding between and man and of lack of interest in each other's gs.

he third type of woman, the prostitute, provides us that question which—according to Bebel—is the nx-riddle that modern society cannot solve, and yet ch unsolved threatens society's destruction. The mercial prostitution of love is the last outcome of our le social system, and its most clear condemnation. It nts in our streets, it hides itself in the garment of ectability under the name of matrimony, it eats in al physical disease and death right through our midst; fed by the oppression and the ignorance of women, heir poverty and denied means of livelihood, and by hypocritical puritanism which forbids them by mil- s not only to gratify but even to speak of their natural res; and it is encouraged by the callousness of an age ch has accustomed men to buy and sell for money

every most precious thing—even the life-long labour o their brothers, therefore why not also the very bodies o their sisters?

Here there is no solution except the freedom of woma which means of course also the freedom of the masses o the people, men and women, and the ceasing altogethe of economic slavery. There is no solution which will no include the redemption of the terms "free woman" an "free love" to their true and rightful significance. Le every woman whose heart bleeds for the sufferings of he sex, hasten to declare herself and to constitute herself as far as she possibly can, a free woman. Let her accep the term with all the odium that belongs to it; let he insist on her right to speak, dress, think, act, and abov all to use her sex, as she deems best; let her face th scorn and ridicule; let her "lose her own life" if she likes assured that only so can come deliverance, and that onl when the free woman is honoured will the prostitute ceas to exist. And let every man who really would respect hi counterpart, entreat her also to act so; let him never b word or deed tempt her to grant as a bargain what ca only be precious as a gift; let him see her with pleasur stand a little aloof; let him help her to gain her feet so at last, by what slight sacrifice on his part such course may involve, will it dawn upon him that he ha gained a real companion and helpmate on life's journe

The whole evil of commercial prostitution arises out c the domination of Man in matters of sex. Better indee were a Saturnalia of *free* men and women than the spec tacle which as it is our great cities present at night. He in Sex, the women's instincts are, as a rule, so clean, s direct, so well-rooted in the needs of the race, that excep for man's domination they would scarcely have suffere this perversion. Sex in man is an unorganised passio an individual need or impetus; but in woman it may mo properly be termed a constructive instinct, with the larg signification that that involves. Even more than ma should woman be "free" to work out the problem of h sex-relations as may commend itself best to her—han pered as little as possible by legal, conventional, or ec

nomic considerations, and relying chiefly on her own native sense and tact in the matter. Once thus free—free from the mere cash-nexus to a husband, from the money-slavery of the streets, from the nameless terrors of social opinion, and from the threats of the choice of perpetual virginity or perpetual bondage—would she not indeed choose her career (whether that of wife and mother, or that of free companion, or one of single blessedness) far better for herself than it is chosen for her to-day—regarding really in some degree the needs of society and the welfare of children, and the sincerity and durability of her relations to her lovers, and less the petty motives of profit and fear?

The point is that the whole conception of nobler Womanhood for the future has to proceed candidly from this basis of her complete freedom as to the disposal of her sex, and from the healthy conviction that, with whatever individual aberrations, she will on the whole use that freedom rationally and well. And surely this—in view too of some decent education of the young on sexual matters—is not too great a demand to make on our faith in women. If it is, then indeed we are undone—for short of this we can only retain them in servitude, and society in its form of the hell on earth which it largely is to-day.

Refreshing therefore in its way is the spirit of revolt which is spreading on all sides. Let us hope such revolt will continue. If it lead here and there to strained or false situations, or to temporary misunderstandings—still, declared enmity is better than unreal acquiescence. Too long have women acted the part of mere appendages to the male, suppressing their own individuality and fostering his self-conceit. In order to have souls of their own they must free themselves, and greatly by their own efforts. They must learn to fight. Whitman in his poem, "A woman waits for me," draws a picture of a woman who stands in the sharpest possible contrast with the feeble bourgeois ideal—a woman who can "swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot, run, strike, retreat, defend herself," etc.; and Bebel, in his book on Woman, while pointing

out that in Sparta, "where the greatest attention was paid to the physical development of both sexes, boys and girls went about naked till they had reached the age of puberty, and were trained together in bodily exercises, games and wrestling" complains that nowadays "the notion that women require strength, courage and resolution is regarded as very heterodox." But the truth is that qualities of courage and independence are not agreeable in a slave, and that is why man during all these centuries has consistently discountenanced them—till at last the female herself has come to consider them "unwomanly." Yet this last epithet is absurd; for if tenderness is the crown and glory of woman, nothing can be more certain than that true tenderness is only found in strong and courageous natures; the tenderness of a servile person is no tenderness at all.

It has not escaped the attention of thinkers on these subjects that the rise of Women into freedom and larger social life here alluded to—and already indeed indicated by the march of events—is likely to have a profound influence on the future of our race. It is pointed out that among most of the higher animals, and indeed among many of the early races of mankind, the males have been selected by the females on account of their prowess or superior strength or beauty, and this has led to the evolution in the males and in the race at large of a type which (in a dim and unconscious manner) was the ideal of the female. But as soon as in the history of mankind the proterty-love set in, and woman became the chattel of man, this action ceased. She, being no longer free, could not possibly choose man, but rather the opposite took place, and man began to select woman for the characteristics pleasing to him. The latter now adorned herself to gratify his taste, and the female type and consequently the type of the whole race have been correspondingly affected. With the return of woman to freedom the ideal of the female may again resume its sway. It is possible indeed that the more dignified and serious attitude of women towards sex may give to sexual selection when exercised by them a nobler influence than when exercised

by the males. Anyhow it is not difficult to see that women really free would never countenance for their mates the many mean and unclean types of men who to-day seem to have things all their own way, nor consent to have children by such men; nor is it difficult to imagine that the feminine influence might thus sway to the evolution of a more manly and dignified race than has been disclosed in these last days of commercial civilisation!

The modern Woman with her clubs, her debates, her politics, her freedom of action and costume, is forming a public opinion of her own at an amazing rate; and seems to be preparing to "spank" and even thump the Middle-class Man in real earnest! What exactly evolution may be preparing for us, we do not know, but apparently some lively sparring matches between the sexes. Of course all will not be smooth sailing. The women of the new movement are naturally largely drawn from those in whom the maternal instinct is not especially strong; also from those in whom the sexual instinct is not preponderant. Such women do not altogether represent their sex; some are rather mannish in temperament; some are "homogenic," that is, inclined to attachments to their own, rather than to the opposite, sex; some are ultra-rationalizing and brain-cultured; to many, children are more or less a bore; to others, man's sex-passion is a mere impertinence, which they do not understand, and whose place they consequently misjudge. It would not do to say that the majority of the new movement are thus out of line, but there is no doubt that a large number are, and the course of their progress will be correspondingly curvilinear.

Perhaps the deficiency in maternal instinct would seem the most serious imputation. But then, who knows (as we have said) what evolution is preparing? Sometimes it seems possible that a new sex is on the make—like the feminine neuters of Ants and Bees—not adapted for child-bearing, but with a marvellous and perfect instinct of social service, indispensable for the maintenance of the common life. Certainly most of those who are freeing themselves—often with serious struggles—from the "lady"

chrysalis are fired with an ardent social enthusiasm; and if they may personally differ in some respects from the average of their sex, it is certain that their efforts will result in a tremendous improvement in the general position of their more commonplace sisters.

If it should turn out that a certain fraction of the feminine sex should for one reason or another not devote itself to the work of maternity, still the influence of this section would react on the others to render their notion of motherhood far more dignified than before. There is not much doubt that in the future this most important of human labours will be carried on with a degree of conscious intelligence hitherto unknown, and which will raise it from the fulfillment of a mere instinct to the completion of a splendid social purpose. To save the souls of children as well as their bodies, to raise heroic as well as prosperous citizens, will surely be the desire and the work of the mothers of our race.*

It will perhaps be said that after going about to show (as in the previous chapter) the deficiency of women hitherto in the matter of the generalising faculty, it is somewhat inconsistent to express any great hope that they will ever take much active interest in the general social life to which they belong; but indeed the answer to this is that they are already beginning to do so. The social enthusiasm and activity shown by women in Britain, Russia, and the United States is so great and well-rooted that it is impossible to believe it a mere ephemeral event; and though in the older of these countries it is at present confined to the more wealthy classes, we can augur from that—according to a well-known principle—that it will in time spread downwards to the women of the nation.

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* As to the maternal teaching of children, it must be confessed that it has, in late times, been most dismal. Whether among the masses or the classes the idea has been first and foremost to impress upon them the necessity of sliding through life as comfortably as possible, and the parting word to the boy leaving home to launch into the great world has seldom risen to a more heroic strain than "Don't forget your flannels!"

[mportant as is the tendency of women in the countries ntioned to higher education and brain development, I nk it is evident that the widening and socialisation of ir interests is not taking place so much through mere dy of books and the passing of examinations in politi- economy and other sciences, as through the extended ual experience which the life of the day is bringing them. Certainly the book-studies are important and st not be neglected; but above all is it imperative (and n, if they are to have any direct sway in the future des- ies of the other sex, must look to it) that women, so long ıfined to the narrowest mere routine and limited circle domestic life, should see and get experience, all they ı, of the actual world. The theory, happily now ex- ding, of keeping them "innocent" through sheer ignor- :e partakes too much of the "angel and idiot" view. To the life of slum and palace and workshop, to enter into trades and professions, to become doctors, nurses, and forth, to look after themselves and to hold their own against men, to travel, to meet with sexual experience, work together in trade-unions, to join in social and itical uprisings and rebellions, etc., is what women want t now. And it is evident enough that at any rate among more prosperous sections in this country such a move- ıt is going on apace. If the existence of the enormous des of unattached females that we find living on inter- and dividends to-day is a blemish from a Socialistic nt of view; if we find them on the prowl all over the ntry, filling the theatres and concert-rooms and public ertainments in the proportion of three to one male, etting the trains, swarming onto the tops of the 'buses, lging on bicycles under the horses' heads, making eches at street corners, blocking the very pavements in ıt of fashionable shops, we must not forget that for the lects we have just sketched, even this class is going most direct way to work, and laying in stores of ex- ience, which will make it impossible for it ever to re- ı to the petty life of times gone by.

At the last, and after centuries of misunderstanding and ociation of triviality and superficialty with the female

sex, it will perhaps dawn upon the world that the truth really lies in an opposite direction—that, in a sense, there is something more deep-lying, fundamental and primitive in the woman nature than in that of the man; that instead of being the over-sensitive hysterical creature that civilisation has too often made her, she is essentially of calm, large and acceptive even though emotional temperament. "Her shape arises," says Walt Whitman,

"She less guarded than ever, yet more guarded than ever
The gross and soil'd she moves among do not make her
gross and soil'd,
She knows the thoughts as she passes, nothing is con-
cealed from her,
She is none the less considerate or friendly therefor,
She is the best belov'd, it is without exception; she has no
reason to fear, and she does not fear."

The Greek goddesses look down and across the ages to the very outposts beyond civilisation; and already from America, Australasia, Africa, Norway, Russia, as ever in our midst from those who have crossed the border-line of all class and caste, glance forth the features of a grander type—fearless and untamed—the primal merging into the future Woman; who, combining broad sense with sensibility, the passion for Nature with the love of Man and commanding indeed the details of life, yet risen out of localism and convention, will help us to undo the bands of death which encircle the present society, and open the doors to a new and a wider life.

OUR VIRTUES

By Friedrich Nietzsche *

Woman wishes to be independent, and therefore she :gins to enlighten men about "woman as she is"—this one of the worst developments of the general uglifying Europe. For what must these clumsy attempts of fem-ine scientificality and self-exposure bring to light! 'oman has so much cause for shame; in woman there is much pedantry, superficiality, schoolmasterliness, petty esumption, unbridledness, and indiscretion concealed—udy only woman's behaviour towards children!—which ıs really been best restrained and dominated hitherto by e fear of man. Alas, if ever the "eternally tedious in oman"—she has plenty of it! is allowed to venture forth! she begins radically and on principle to unlearn her isdom and art—of charming, of playing of frightening-vay-sorrow, of alleviating and taking-easily; if she for-ts her delicate aptitude for agreeable desires! Female ices are already raised, which, by Saint Aristophanes! ake one afraid: with medical explicitness it is stated in threatening manner what woman first and last requires om man. Is it not in the very worst taste that woman us sets herself up to be scientific? Enlightenment hith-to has fortunately been men's affair, men's gift—we mained therewith "among ourselves"; and in the end, in ew of all that women write about "woman," we may well ıve considerable doubt as to whether woman really de-res enlightenment about herself—and can desire it. If

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* From "Beyond Good and Evil." Edited by Dr. Oscar evy. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1914.

woman does not thereby seek a new ornament for herself—I believe ornamentation belongs to the eternally feminine?—why, then, she wishes to make herself feared: perhaps she thereby wishes to get the mastery. But she does not want truth—what does woman care for truth! From the very first nothing is more foreign, more repugnant, or more hostile to woman than truth—her great art is falsehood, her chief concern is appearance and beauty. Let us confess it, we men: we honour and love this very art and this very instinct in woman: we who have the hard task, and for our recreation gladly seek the company of beings under whose hands, glances, and delicate follies, our seriousness, our gravity, and profundity appear almost like follies to us. Finally, I ask the question: Did a woman herself ever acknowledge profundity in a woman's mind, or justice in a woman's heart? And is it not true that on the whole "woman" has hitherto been most despised by woman herself, and not at all by us?—We men desire that woman should not continue to compromise herself by enlightening us; just as it was man's care and the consideration for women, when the church decreed: *mulier taceat in ecclesia.* It was to the benefit of woman when Napoleon gave the too eloquent Madame de Staël to understand; *mulier taceat in politicis!*—and in my opinion, he is a true friend of woman who calls out to women to-day; *mulier taceat de muliere!*

It betrays corruption of the instincts—apart from the fact that it betrays bad taste when a woman refers to Madame Roland, or Madame de Staël, or Monsieur George Sand, as though something were proved thereby in favour of "woman as she is." Among men, these are the three comical women as they are—nothing more!—and just the best involuntary counter-arguments against feminine emancipation and autonomy.

Stupidity in the kitchen; woman as cook; the terrible thoughtlessness with which the feeding of the family and the master of the house is managed! Woman does not understand what food means, and she insists on being

ok! If woman had been a thinking creature, she should rtainly, as cook for thousands of years, have discovered e most important physiological facts, and should likese have got possession of the healing art! Through bad male cooks—through the entire lack of reason in the tchen—the development of mankind has been longest rerded and most interfered with; even to-day matters are ry little better.—A word to High School girls.

There are turns and casts of fancy, there are sentences, tle handfuls of words, in which a whole culture, a whole ciety suddenly crystallises itself. Among these is the cidental remark of Madame de Lambert to her son: *Mon ami, ne vous permettez jamais que des folies qui us feront grand plaisir"*—the motherliest and wisest reark, by the way, that was ever addressed to a son.

I have no doubt that every noble woman will oppose hat Dante and Goethe believed about woman—the forer when he sang, *"ella guardava suso, ed io in lei,"* and e latter when he interpreted it, "the eternally feminine aws us aloft"; for this is just what she believes of the ernally masculine.

Seven Apophthegms for Women

How the longest ennui flees,
When a man comes to our knees!
Age, alas! and science staid,
Furnish even weak virtue aid.
Sombre garb and silence meet;
Dress for every dame—discreet.
Whom I thank when in my bliss?
God!—and my good tailoress!
Young, a flower-decked cavern home;
Old, a dragon thence doth roam.
Noble title, leg that's fine,
Man as well: Oh, were he mine!
Speech in brief and sense in mass——
Slippery for the jenny-ass!

Woman has hitherto been treated by men like birds, hich, losing their way, have come down among them

from an elevation: as something delicate, fragile, wild, strange, sweet, and animating—but as something also which must be cooped up to prevent it flying away.

To be mistaken in the fundamental problem of "man and woman," to deny here the profoundest antagonism and the necessity for an eternally hostile tension, to dream here perhaps of equal rights, equal training, equal claims and obligations: that is a typical sign of shallow-mindedness; and a thinker who has proved himself shallow at this dangerous spot—shallow in instinct—may generally be regarded as supicious, nay more, as betrayed as discovered; he will probably prove too "short" for all fundamental questions of life, future as well as present, and will be unable to descend into any of the depths. On the other hand, a man who has depth of spirit as well as of desires, and has also the depth of benevolence which is capable of severity and harshness, and easily confounded with them, can only think of woman as Orientals do: he must conceive of her as a possession, as confinable property, as a being predestined for service and accomplishing her mission therein—he must take his stand in this matter upon the immense rationality of Asia, upon the superiority of the instinct of Asia, as the Greeks did formerly; those best heirs and scholars of Asia—who, as is well known, with their increasing culture and amplitude of power, from Homer to the time of Pericles became gradually stricter towards woman, in short, more Oriental. How necessary, how logical, even how humanely desirable this was, let us consider for ourselves!

The weaker sex has in no previous age been treated with so much respect by men as at present—this belongs to the tendency and fundamental taste of democracy, in the same way as disrespectfulness to old age—what wonder is it that abuse should be immediately made of this respect? They want more, they learn to make claims, the tribute of respect is at last felt to be well-nigh galling: rivalry for rights, indeed actual strife itself, would be preferred: in a word, woman is losing modesty. And let us immediately

dd that she is also losing taste. She is unlearning to fear ıan: but the woman who "unlearns to fear" sacrifices her ıost womanly instincts. That woman should venture ɔrward when the fear-inspiring quality in man—or more efinitely, the man in man—is no longer either desired or ılly developed, is reasonable enough and also intelligible nough; what is more difficult to understand is that preisely thereby—woman deteriorates. This is what is hapening nowadays, let us not deceive ourselves about it! Vherever the industrial spirit has triumphed over the ıilitary and aristocratic spirit, woman strives for the conomic and legal independence of a clerk: "woman as lerkess" is inscribed on the portal of the modern society vhich is in course of formation. While she thus apropriates new rights, aspires to be "master" and inscribes progress" of woman on her flags and banners, the very pposite realises itself with terrible obviousness: woman etrogrades. Since the French Revolution the influence f woman in Europe has declined in proportion as she has ıcreased her rights and claims; and the "emancipation of voman," in so far as it is desired and demanded by women hemselves (and not only by masculine shallow-pates), hus proves to be a remarkable symptom of the increased veakening and deadening of the most womanly instincts. There is stupidity in this movement, an almost masculine tupidity, of which a well-reared woman—who is always sensible woman—might be heartily ashamed. To lose he intuition as to the ground upon which she can most urely achieve victory; to neglect exercise in the use of ıer proper weapons; to let herself go before man, perhaps ven "to the book," where formerly she kept herself in ontrol and in refined, artful humility; to neutralise with ıer virtuous audacity man's faith in a veiled, fundamenally different ideal in woman, something eternally, necesarily feminine; to emphatically and loquaciously disuade man from the idea that woman must be preserved, cared for, protected, and indulged, like some delicate, strangely wild, and often pleasant domestic animal; the clumsy and indignant collection of everything of the nature of servitude and bondage which the position of

woman in the hitherto existing order of society has entailed and still entails (as though slavery were a counter argument, and not rather a condition of every higher culture, of every elevation of culture):—what does all this betoken, if not a disintegration of womanly instincts, a de-feminising? Certainly, there are enough of idiotic friends and corrupters of woman amongst the learned asses of the masculine sex, who advise woman to de-feminise herself in this manner, and to imitate all the stupidities from which "man" in Europe, European "manliness," suffers,—who would like to lower woman to "general culture," indeed even to newspaper reading and meddling with politics. Here and there they wish even to make woman into free spirits and literary workers: as though a woman without piety would not be something perfectly obnoxious or ludicrous to a profound and godless man;—almost everywhere her nerves are being ruined by the most morbid and dangerous kind of music (our latest German music), and she is daily being made more hysterical and more incapable of fulfilling her first and last function, that of bearing robust children. They wish to "cultivate" her in general still more, and intend, as they say, to make the "weaker sex" strong by culture: as if history did not teach in the most emphatic manner that the "cultivation of mankind and his weakening—that is to say, the weakening, dissipating, and languishing of his force of will—have always kept pace with one another, and that the most powerful and influential women in the world (and lastly, the mother of Napoleon) had just to thank their force of will—and not their school-masters!—for their power and ascendency over men. That which inspires respect in woman, and often enough fear also, is her nature, which is more "natural" than that of man, her genuine, carnivora-like, cunning flexibility, her tiger-claws beneath the glove, her naïvetè in egoism, her untrainableness and innate wildness, the incomprehensibleness, extent, and deviation of her desires and virtues. . . . That which, in spite of fear, excites one's sympathy for the dangerous and beautiful cat, "woman," is that she seems more afflicted, more vulnerable, more necessitous of

love and more condemned to disillusionment than any other creature. Fear and sympathy; it is with these feelings that man has hitherto stood in presence of woman, always with one foot already in tragedy, which rends while it delights—what? And all that is now to be at an end? And the disenchantment of woman is in progress? The tediousness of woman is slowly evolving? Oh, Europe! Europe! We know the horned animal which was always most attractive to thee, from which danger is ever again threatening thee! Thy old fable might once more become "history"—an immense stupidity might once again overmaster thee and carry thee away! And no God concealed beneath it—no! only an "idea," a "modern idea! . . ."

SEX IN EDUCATION

By J. Welton, M.A.*

Underlying differences of temperament and disposition is the yet more fundamental distinction of sex. It is not so much that the various temperaments and dispositions are found in different proportions in the two sexes, as that the same temperament or disposition shows important variations in men and women. Temperament and disposition are imbedded in sex and developed in sex.

The profound physiological differences which distinguish the sexes are the correlates of equally important mental differences. Nor is the one unlikeness any more than the other merely the result of unlike training and education. The functions of men and women in the world are, and always have been, essentially distinct. Now, the whole course of evolution makes clear that progress involves increasing differentiation of function, and consequent increasing divergencies of organization. So that the higher the level reached, ether by individuals or by societies, the more strongly marked become essential differences. Neither the obscuring nor the attrition of differences due to sex can, then, be expected, unless the future retrograde from civilisation towards savagery. Among savages the distinctions are less marked than among peoples which have advanced far on the road of civilisation, and among the lower animals they are still less emphatic. It is not the identification of sex qualities to which evolution points the way, but to ther most perfect mutual adaptation.

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* From "The Psychology of Education." J. Welton, M.A. Macmillan & Co., London, 1911.

Equality in value of complementary functions, not the obscuring of differences already established, is what the whole course of man's evolution leads us to expect.

Speaking generally, woman's outlook on the world is more determined by the feeling than is that of man. She approximates the emotional temperament even when she does not show it in all its fullness. It follows that she regards things and events as wholes which have a value for feeling. She is more sensitive to their beauty and to their harmony with their surroundings than is man. On the other hand, she does not care for abstract thought. It is not that she does not generalise, but that she generalises without preparatory analysis, and, consequently, often wildly. This dislike for the exact logical analysis by which man reaches science is one of the most characteristic intellectual differences between the sexes. Even so able a woman as Mme. de Sévigné acknowledged that "abstract reasonings were repugnant to her." Here is the root of the difference between the reasoning of man and of woman. Man analyses and applies principles deductively; woman takes the special case and its value for feeling. Hence she is less judicial than man in the sense of a rigid application of law. Yet she may reach substantial justice when man fails to do so, for general principles can never exhaust a concrete case. So, man's justice often seems unjust to woman, and woman's justice appears to man as mere caprice, because he cannot reduce it to rule.

These intellectual differences between the sexes have been well and picturesquely put by the late Mr. F. Marion Crawford; "There must be some original reason why all boys call girls silly, and all girls think boys stupid. It must be part of the first manifestation of that enormous difference which exists between the point of view of men and women in after life.

"Women are, in a sense, the embodiment of practice, while men are representatives of theory. In practice, in a race for life, the runner who jumps everything in his way is always right, unless he breaks his neck. In theory, he is as likely to break his neck at the first jump as at the second, and the chances of his coming to grief increase

quickly, always in theory, as he grows tired. So theory says it is safer never to jump at all but to go round through the gates, or wade ignominiously through the water. Women jump; men go round. The difference is everything. Women believe in what often succeeds in practice, and they take all risks and sometimes come down with a crash. Men theorise about danger, make elaborate calculations to avoid it, and occasionally stick in the mud. When women fall at a stone wall they scream, when men are stuck in a bog they swear; the difference is fundamental.*

The characteristic concrete outlook of woman causes her estimate of truth to be different from that of man. The true is to woman the harmonious—to man the actual. In other words, woman sees things and events differently from man, and consequently both thinks and reports them differently. She cares more for the look of things, less for their intrinsic nature. This is shown in small matters by her liking for sham jewellery, and for imitations generally, when the real is not easily obtainable. The point with her is that their effect harmonises with their setting. So, too, the tendency to tell "white lies" which represent her conduct as more harmonious and more consonant with the wishes or ideas of her hearer than it really has been; often, no doubt, more consonant also with her general idea of herself.

From the general greater impressionability of woman by her surroundings it follows that she has less initiative than man. It is not that she necessarily has a weaker will, but that her strength of will is rather passive than active. She may be strong in resistance, but she is seldom strong as a leader. This is, doubtless, related to her inferior muscular strength and to her superior physical power of enduring long-continued pain and privation. Woman makes a good executant, but she has produced scarcely any original work of the first rank, especially in science and mechanical invention, where the abstract analysis which is so foreign to her is indispensable. Woman, in-

* "The Heart of Rome," ch. 5.

deed, accepts the customary without question. The continually recurring events in nature do not come before her mind as problems but as agreeable or disagreeable experiences.

In the union of impressionability and power of endurance may be found the source of that devoted patience and that tender sympathy which combine to make woman so generally superior to man as nurse in sickness and comforter in sorrow.

Many other consequences could be instanced of the fundamental differences between the outlooks of the two sexes, but enough has probably been said to bring home the point that in every relation of life there is a divergence between the attitude of man and woman.

The differences, however, are in kind, not in rank. As M. Fouillée says: "The intellectual instinct of woman does not result from the inferiority of her evolution, but from the meaning and the normal direction of that evolution itself. Woman has not 'remained behind,' she has advanced, but in the direction which her nature imposes on her."

To measure woman's intellect by that of man, and to deduce mental inferiority from woman's inaptitude for abstract thought is to apply a false standard and to reach a wrong conclusion. To value general principles and to value concrete wholes are different, but neither is inferior to the other. Each is essential in life, and in this difference of attitude, as in all that follows from it, man and woman are complementary. There is no question of superiority or inferiority, and any course of action based on the assumption that woman should try to become intellectually like man rests on a very insecure psychological foundation.

Like all differences between human beings, those due to sex become accentuated as childhood passes into maturity. Between young infants there are few differences of any kind, and those vague and indecisive, and the younger the babe the more it is like other babies. Quite early in life, however, the fundamental characteristics which distinguish the sexes begin to appear. A little girl

of four is essentially a little girl; a little boy is a little boy. Nor could any but the most casual observer confuse them, even though the results of the differences lack that precision which increasingly marks them as the years pass on. The girl is usually more precocious in speech than the boy, and is less often troubled with stammering. The neural connexions which govern speech are matured in her earlier than in her brother. She already plays differently from the boy when playing by herself or with other girls. Her play lacks the force and the expansion of movement which characterises the boy's; it is quieter, and sooner shows a definite meaning. The girl reaches the stage of imitative play earlier than the boy and persists in it longer. She delights in dolls' parties, in nursing "baby" and putting him to bed, in keeping school. Here the susceptibility to outside influences shows itself in the most spontaneous form. Afterwards it will lead her to dress according to fashion in all its possible vagaries of ugliness as well as in its occasional deviations into beauty.

It is noticeable that this same susceptibility shows itself in greater demonstrativeness on the part of the girl. From an early age she cries and laughs more than the boy, and, generally, gives more violent outward expression to her feelings. Any one who has remarked the conduct of adolescent girls who have not been trained to self-control will have been impressed by their apparent inability to inhibit nearly all modes of muscular movement when they are amused. They laugh with the whole body and with intermittent shrieks and squeaks.

The differences in the expression of will are also plain in childhood. The boy becomes violent when opposed; the girl sulks. That is the tendency, though, of course, in neither case is it always actualised. Passive resistance is the refuge of the girl; active aggression the solace of the boy.

In their mutual relations, too, girls differ from boys. Boys fight; girls nag. The sequel to a fight is a hearty hand-shake and a re-established friendship. But with girls the tendency to inwardness of life expresses itself in brooding over the offence, and this at times develops into

a seeking for revenge by ways which a boy would stigmatise as mean and sneaking. Emulation among girls is more likely to be coloured with envy and to lead to dishonourable forms of competition, and more apt to grow into a long-continued hatred, than with boys. Even quite little girls frequently show ill-feeling towards other children who attract notice which they desire to be lavished on themselves.

When we turn to the intellectual distinctions we find that they colour the learning of the two sexes as soon as the matter studied gives opportunity for the two modes of apprehension. Girls do well in all that demands neither originality of thought nor abstraction. Thus, they quite keep pace with boys, or even surpass them, in the earlier school studies, which deal essentially with concrete wholes. They learn by heart with ease, they delight in neatness and in the embellishment of their written exercises, they work out with accuracy of detail processes with the general form of which they are familiar or which they can imitate from an example. They appreciate beauty of feeling and of form, and so they can enter with advantage on the study of literature at an earlier age than is beneficial to boys. Their earlier attempts at composition are superior to those of boys because they are more imitative of what they have read in books, whereas the boy gives direct expression, in the briefest and baldest way and in the ordinary colloquial language of his life, to what he has to say. He does not embroider; girls do. This particularly shows itself when the matter in hand is the production of an account of an imaginary event. The boy's story will probably lack conviction, and will not improbably be incoherent, if not inherently contradictory. The girl will produce a much better constructed plot, and it is seldom that any striking inconsistency will be found in it. Unhappily, she is apt to carry this power of romancing into real life; and, when occasion seems to her to demand it, to substitute what should have been for what really was. Boys lie, but as a rule they lie clumsily; girls lie artistically. And much experience and observation seem to show that girls lie more frequently than boys,

and from more personal impulses. A girl appears seldom to lie to save another, a boy often does. Indeed, that is almost the only occasion on which a decent boy will lie. The very want of skill and assurance with which boys usually lie, as compared with the ease and grace with which girls tell their well-invented fables, is an early illustration of that difference between man's and woman's estimate of truth to which reference has already been made.

It is doubtful whether sufficient attention has been paid to such considerations as these by the advocates and promoters of joint schools for the sexes. That boys and girls may be taught together in the earliest stage—say, up to ten years of age—may be granted. The matter put before them gives little scope for their characteristically different modes of apprehension. But the further that early stage is passed, the more do the intellectual differences of the sexes become operative. Soon boys and girls begin to retard each other's progress—the girls being held back for the slower boys in some subjects, and, in their turn, hindering the advance of the boys in other subjects. Of course, this could be met by separating the sexes for all subjects in which collective advance is desired. In small schools that may be the only alternative to teaching them together. But in towns the traditional distinction of schools according to sex would seem to give the best intellectual results. Certainly, that is very markedly the outcome of my own somewhat extended observations.

There seems, however, to be a yet more serious defect in the mixed school as a place of education for all but quite young children. It is that, as the psychological differences between man and woman are so intimate, so deep, and so all-pervading, the real training in character and in outlook on life of the one sex cannot be given by the other. This consideration is especially important when the age of adolescence is reached, but it has much force years before that. A man cannot be a really sympathetic guide to a girl, nor a woman to a boy, no matter how

kindly disposed, simply because the man has never himself been a girl nor the woman a boy. Neither can find in personal experience the thread which leads into the labyrinth, neither has the key to the living puzzle. In short, the mixed school seems in this respect deliberately to dispense with the most essential of all educative instruments. Doubtless, if both men and women be employed on the staff, and if each class have a fair alternation of men and women teachers, the evil may be lessened, though not removed. But, as a matter of fact, mixed schools become increasingly officered by women. In the United States of America, where such schools are nearly universal, considerably over ninety per cent of the teachers are women, and the few men are generally principals of large schools. So that, even in the high schools, which are attended wholly or mainly by adolescents, the majority of the teachers are women.

The argument that as nature has made the two sexes to live together therefore boys and girls should attend the same school, though specious at first sight, has no real force. It ignores the important fact that boys and girls need to be trained for very different functions in life, and that in fulfilling those functions as men and women they will surely not be always together. Thus, it may be retorted, not only that single sex schools by no means negate the natural association of boys and girls in the family circle and among friends, but that they train boys to work and compete with boys, and girls with girls, without the interference of the other sex; and that this, too, is part of the training for life. Really, at the bottom of the advocacy of mixed schools lies the idea which, for the reasons I have given, I believe to be profoundly mistaken, that true evolution means the gradual elimination of the differences of sex. When we consider what those differences are, and rid ourselves of the suspicion that, intellectually, woman is an imperfectly developed man, and when we remember further that women teachers cannot enter into the life of sport and games which is so important to the boy and the youth, it becomes clear that if

mixed schools are to be justified it must be on grounds other than psychological, and that those grounds must be overwhelmingly strong to justify the ignoring of the by no means weak psychological objections.

ON WOMEN

By Maurice Maeterlinck *

In these domains also are the laws unknown. Far above our heads, in the very centre of the sky, shines the star of our destined love; and it is in the atmosphere of that star, and illumined by its rays, that every passion that stirs us will come to life, even to the end. And though we choose to right or to left of us, on the heights or in the shallows; though, in our struggle to break through the enchanted circle that is drawn around all the acts of our life, we do violence to the instinct that moves us, and try our hardest to choose against the choice of destiny, yet shall the woman we elect always have come to us straight from the unvarying star. And if, like Don Juan, we take a thousand and three to our embraces, still shall we find, on that evening when arms fall asunder and lips disunite, that it is always the same woman, good or bad, tender or cruel, loving or faithless, that is standing before us.

For, indeed, we can never emerge from the little circle of light that destiny traces about our footsteps; and one might almost believe that the extent and the hue of this impassable ring are known even to the men who are furthest from us. It is the tinge of its spiritual rays that they perceive first of all and, therefore, will it come about that they will either smilingly hold out their hand to us or draw it back in fear. A superior atmosphere exists, in which we all know each other; and there is a mysterious truth—deeper far than the material truth—to which we

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* From "The Treasure of the Humble." Dodd, Mead & Company. New York, 1897.

at once have recourse, when we try to form a conception of a stranger. Have we not all experienced these things, which take place in the impenetrable regions of almost astral humanity? If you receive a letter that has come to you from some far-away island lost in the heart of the ocean, from a stranger whose very existence was unknown to you, are you quite sure that it is really a stranger who has written to you? And, as you read, do not certain deep-rooted, infallible convictions—to which ordinary convictions are as nothing—come to you concerning this soul that is thus meeting yours, in spheres known to the gods alone? And, further, can you not understand that this soul, that was dreaming of yours, heedless of time or space, that this soul, too, had certitudes akin to your own? Strangest recognitions take place on all sides, and we cannot hide our existence. Perhaps nothing brings into broader daylight the subtle bonds that interconnect all mankind than the little mysteries which attend the exchange of a few letters between two strangers. This is perhaps one of the minute crevices—wretchedly insignificant, no doubt, but so few there are that the faintest glimmer of light must content us—this is perhaps one of the minute crevices in the door of darkness, through which we are allowed to peer for one instant, and so conceive to ourselves what must be taking place in the grotto of treasures, undiscovered to this day. Look through the passive correspondence of any man, and you shall find in it an astonishing unity. I know neither of the two men who have written to me this morning, yet am I already aware that my reply to the one will differ in its essence from my reply to the other. I have caught a glimpse of the invisible. And, in my turn, when some one, whom I have never seen, writes to me, I know quite well that had he been writing to the friend who is now before me, his letter had not been exactly the same. A difference will there always be—but it is spiritual and intangible. It is the invisible signal of the soul that salutes its fellow. Doubtless must there be regions outside our ken where none are unknown; a common fatherland whither we may go and

neet each other, and whence the return knows no hardship.

And it is in this common fatherland also that we chose the women we loved, wherefore it is that we cannot have erred, nor can they have erred either. The kingdom of love is, before all else, the great kingdom of certitude, for it is within its bounds that the soul is possessed of the utmost leisure. There, truly, they have naught to do but to recognise each other, offer deepest admiration, and ask their questions—tearfully, like the maid who has found the sister she had lost—while, far away from them, arm links itself in arm and breaths are mingling. . . . At last has a moment come when they can smile and live their own life—for a truce has been called in the stern routine of daily existence—and it is perhaps from the heights of this smile and these ineffable glances that springs the mysterious perfume that pervades love's dreariest moments, that preserves for ever the memory of the time when the lips first met. . . .

Of the true, pre-destined love alone do I speak here. When Fate sends forth the woman it has chosen for us—sends her forth from the fastnesses of the great spiritual cities in which we, all unconsciously, dwell, and she awaits us at the crossing of the road we have to traverse when the hour is come—we are warned at the first glance. Some there are who attempt to force the hand of Fate. Wildly pressing down their eyelids, so as not to see that which had to be seen—struggling with all their puny strength against the eternal forces—they will contrive perhaps to cross the road and go towards another, sent hither but not for them. But, strive as they may, they will not succeed in "stirring up the dead waters that lie in the great tarn of the future." Nothing will happen; the pure force will not descend from the heights, and those wasted hours and kisses will never become part of the real hours and kisses of their life. . . .

There are times when destiny shuts her eyes, but she knows full well that, when evening falls we shall return to her, and that the last word must be hers. She may

shut her eyes, but the time till she reopen them is tin that is lost. . . .

It would seem that women are more largely swayed b destiny than ourselves. They submit to its decrees wit far more simplicity; nor is there sincerity in the resistanc they offer. They are still nearer to God, and yield then selves with less reserve to the pure workings of the my tery. And, therefore, is it, doubtless, that all the inciden in our life in which they take part seem to bring u nearer to what might almost be the very fountain-head c destiny. It is above all when by their side that momen come, unexpectedly, when a "clear presentiment" flashe across us, a presentiment of a life that does not alwa seem parallel to the life we know of. They lead us clos to the gates of our being. May it not be during one c those profound moments, when his head is pillowed on woman's breast, that the hero learns to know the strengt and steadfastness of his star? And, indeed, will any tru sentiment of the future ever come to the man who has no had his resting-place in a woman's heart?

Yet again do we enter the troubled circles of the highe conscience. Ah! how true it is that, here, too, "the so called psychology is a hobgoblin that has usurped, in th sanctuary itself, the place reserved for the veritable image of the gods." For it is not the surface that always con cerns us—nay, nor is it even the deepest of hidde thoughts. Do you imagine that love knows only c thoughts, and acts, and words, and that the soul neve emerges from its dungeon?

Do I need to be told whether she whom I take in m arms to-day is jealous or faithful, gay or sad, sincere c treacherous? Do you think that these wretched word can attain the heights whereon our souls repose and wher our destiny fulfills itself in silence? What care I whethe she speak of rain or jewels, of pins or feathers; what car I though she appear not to understand? Do you thin that it is for a sublime word I thirst when I feel that soul is gazing into my soul? Do I not know that the mos beautiful of thoughts dare not raise their heads when th mysteries confront them? I am ever standing at the sea

hore; and, were I Plato, Pascal, or Michael Angelo, and he woman I loved merely telling me of her earrings, the vords I would say and the words she would say would ppear but the same as they floated on the waves of the athomless inner sea, that each of us would be contemplating in the other. Let but my very loftiest thought be veighed in the scale of life or love, it will not turn the balance against the three little words that the maid who oves me shall have whispered of her silver bangles, her pearl necklace, or her trinkets of glass. . . .

It is we who do not understand, for that we never rise above the earth-level of our intellect. Let us but ascend to the first snows of the mountain, and all inequalities are evelled by the purifying hand of the horizon that opens before us. What difference then between a pronouncement of Marcus Aurelius and the words of the child complaining of the cold? Let us be humble, and learn to distinguish between accident and essence. Let not "sticks that float" cause us to forget the prodigies of the gulf. The most glorious thoughts and the most degraded ideas can no more ruffle the eternal surface of our soul than, amidst the stars of Heaven, Himalaya or precipice can alter the surface of the earth. A look, a kiss, and the certainty of a great invisible presence: all is said; and I know that she who is by my side is my equal. . . .

But truly this equal is admirable, and strange; and, when love comes to her, even the lowest of wantons possesses that which we never have, inasmuch as, in her thoughts, love is always eternal. Therefore it is, perhaps, that, besides their primitive instincts, all women have communications with the unknown that are denied to us. Great is the distance that separates the best of men from the treasures of the second boundary; and, when a solemn moment of life demands a jewel from this treasure, they no longer remember the paths that thither lead, and vainly offer to the imperious, undeceivable circumstance the false trinkets that their intellect has fashioned. But the woman never forgets the path that leads to the centre of her being; and no matter whether I find her in opulence or in poverty, in ignorance or in fulness of knowledge, in shame

or in glory, do I but whisper one word that has tru come forth from the virgin depths of my soul, she w retrace her footsteps along the mysterious paths that sl has never forgotten, and without a moment's hesitatic will she bring back to me, from out her inexhaustib stores of love, a word, a look, or a gesture that shall b no less pure than my own. It is as though her soul we ever within call; for by day and night is she prepared t give answer to the loftiest appeals from another sou and the ransom of the poorest is undistinguishable fro the ransom of a queen. . . .

With reverence must we draw near to them, be the lowly or arrogant, inattentive or lost in dreams, be the smiling still or plunged in tears; for they know the thing that we do not know, and have a lamp that we have los Their abiding-place is at the foot itself of the Inevitabl whose well-worn paths are visible to them more clearl than to us. And thence it is that their strange intuition have come to them, their gravity at which we wonder and we feel that, even in their most trifling actions, the are conscious of being upheld by the strong, unerrin hands of the gods. I said before that they drew us neare to the gates of our being: verily might we believe, whe we are with them, that that primeval gate is openin amidst the bewildering whisper that doubtless waited o the birth of things, then when speech was yet hushed, fc fear lest command or forbidding should issue forth, ur heard. . . .

She will never cross the threshold of that gate; and sh awaits us within, where are the fountain-heads. An when we come and knock from without, and she opens t our bidding, her hand will still keep hold of latch an key. She will look, for one instant, at the man who ha been sent to her, and in that brief moment she has learne all that had to be learned, and the years to come hav trembled to the end of time. . . . Who shall tell us c what consists the first look of love, "that magic wan made of a ray of broken light," the ray that has issue forth from the eternal home of our being, that has trans formed two souls, and given them twenty centuries c

youth? The door may open again, or close; pay no heed, nor make further effort, for all is decided. She knows. She will no longer concern herself with the things you do, or say, or even think; and if she notice them, it will be but with a smile, and unconsciously will she fling from her all that does not help to confirm the certitudes of that first glance. And if you think you have deceived her, and that her impression is wrong, be sure that it is she who is right, and you yourself who are mistaken; for you are more truly that which you are in her eyes than that which in your soul you believe yourself to be, and this even though she may forever misinterpret the meaning of a gesture, a smile or a tear. . . .

Hidden treasures that have not even a name! . . . I would that all those who have suffered at women's hands, and found them evil, would loudly proclaim it, and give us their reasons; and if those reasons be well founded we shall be indeed surprised, and shall have advanced far forward in the mystery. For women are, indeed, the veiled sisters of all the great things we do not see. They are, indeed, nearest of kin to the infinite that is about us, and they alone can still smile at it with the intimate grace of the child, to whom its father inspires no fear. It is they who preserve here below the pure fragrance of our soul, like some jewel from Heaven, which none know how to use; and were they to depart, the spirit would reign in solitude in a desert. Theirs are still the divine emotions of the first days; and the sources of their being lie, deeper far than ours, in all that was illimitable. Those who complain of them know not the heights whereon the true kisses are to be found, and verily do I pity them. And yet, how insignificant do women seem when we look at them as we pass by! We see them moving about in their little homes; this one is bending forward, down there another is sobbing, a third sings and the last sews; and there is not one of us who understands. . . . We visit them, as one visits pleasant things; we approach them with caution and suspicion, and it is scarcely possible for the soul to enter. We question them, mistrustfully—they, who know already, answer naught, and we go away, shrugging our shoulders,

convinced that they do not understand. . . . "But wha need for them to understand," answers the poet, who i always right, "what need for them to understand, thos thrice happy ones who have chosen the better part, an who, even as a pure flame of love in this earth of ours token of the celestial fire that irradiates all things, shin forth only from the pinnacles of temples and the mast heads of ships that wander? Some of Nature's stranges secrets are often revealed, at sacred moments, to thes maidens who love, and ingenuously and unconsciously wil they declare them. The sage follows in their footsteps t gather up the jewels, that in their innocence and joy the scatter along the path. The poet, who feels what the feel, offers homage to their love, and tries, in his songs, t transplant that love, that is the germ of the age of gold to other times and other countries." For what has bee said of the mystics applies above all to women, since it i they who have preserved the sense of the mystic in ou earth to this day. . . .

NOTES ON THE INTELLIGENCE OF WOMAN

By W. L. George *

I

Men have been found to deny woman an intellect; hey have credited her with instinct, with intuition, with capacity to correlate cause and effect much as a dog onnects its collar with a walk. But intellect in its broadst sense, the capacity consecutively to plan and steadastly to execute, they have often denied her. They have one further, and I seem to remember that in the Middle ges an œcumenical council denied her a soul. I forget he result, but it never occurred to the council to discuss hether man had a soul, possibly because its members ere all men.

The days are not now so dark. Woman has a place in he state, a place under, but still a place. Man has ecognised her value without coming to understand her nuch better, and so we are faced with a paradox: while nan accords woman an improved social position, he coninues to describe her as illogical, petty, jealous, vain, unruthful, disloyal to her own sex; quite as frequently he harges her with being over-loyal to her own sex: there s no pleasing him. Also he discerns in this unsatisfactory reature extreme unselfishness, purity, capacity for selfacrifice. It seems that the intelligence of man cannot olve the problem of woman, which is a bad sign in a uperior intelligence. The trouble lies in this: man asumes too readily that woman essentially differs from nan. Hardly a man has lived who did not so exaggerate.

* From "The Intelligence of Women," W. L. George. Copyight, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1917.

Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, agreed to despise women; Na poleon seemed to view them as engines of pleasure; fo Shakespeare they may well have embodied a romanti ideal, qualified by sportive wantonness. In Walter Scot women appear as romance in a cheap edition; Byron i their regard is a beast of prey, Doctor Johnson a pompou brute and a puritanical sensualist. Cervantes mixed i his romantic outlook a sort of suspicious hatred, whil Alexandre Dumas thought them born only to lay laure wreaths and orange blossoms (together with coronets) o the heads of musketeers. All, all—from Thackeray, wh never laid his hand upon a woman save in the way c patronage, to Goethe, to Dante, to Montaigne, to Welling ton—all harboured this curious idea: in one way or an other woman differs from man. And to-day, whether w read Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. George Moore, M. Pau Bourget, or Mr. Hall Caine, we find that there still per sists a belief in Byron's lines:—

> What a strange thing is man! And what a stranger
> Is woman!

Almost every man, except the professional Lovelac (and he knows nothing), believes in the mystery of woman I do not. For men are also mysterious to women; wome are quite as puzzled by our stupidity as by our subtlety I do not believe that there is either a male or a femal mystery; there is only the mystery of mankind. Ther are to-day differences between the male and the femal intellect; we have to ask ourselves whether they are absc lute or only apparent, or whether they are absolute bu removable by education and time, assuming this to b desirable. I believe that these differences are superficia temporary, traceable to hereditary and local influence I believe that they will tend to vanish as environment i modified, as old suggestions cease to be made.

This leads us to consider present idiosyncrasies i woman as a sex, her apparently low and apparently hig impulses, her exaltations, and, in the light of her achieve ments, her future. I do not want to generalise hastily

The subject is too complex and too obscure for me to venture so to do, and I would ask my readers to remember throughout this article that I am not laying down the law, but trying only to arrive at the greatest possible frequency of truth. This is a short research of tendencies. There are human tendencies, such as belief in a divine spirit, painting pictures, making war, composing songs. Are there any special female tendencies? Given that we glimpse what distinguishes man from the beast, is there anything that distinguishes woman from man? In the small space at my disposal I cannot pretend to deal extensively with the topic. One reason is the difficulty of securing true evidence. Questions addressed to women do not always yield the truth; nor do questions addressed to men; for a desire to please, vanity, modesty, interfere. But the same question addressed to a woman may, according to circumstances, be *sincerely* answered in four ways,—

1. Truthfully, with a defensive touch, if she is alone with another woman.
2. With the intent to cause male rivalry if she is with two men.
3. With false modesty and seductive evasiveness if she is with one man and one woman.
4. With a clear intention to repel or attract if she is with a man alone.

And there are variations of these four cases! A man investigating woman's points of view often finds the response more emotional than intellectual. Owing to the system under which we live, where man is a valuable prey, woman has contracted the habit of trying to attract. Even aggressive insolence on her part may conceal the desire to attract by exasperating. These notes must, therefore, be taken only as hints, and the reader may be interested to know that they are based on the observation of 65 women, subdivided as follows: Intimate acquaintance, 5; adequate acquaintance, 19; slight acquaintance, 41; married, 39; status uncertain, 8; celibate, 18. Ages, 17 to 68 (average age, about 35).

II

It is most difficult to deduce the quality of woman's intellect from her conduct, because her impulses are frequently obscured by her policy. The physical circumstances of her life predispose her to an interest in sex more dominant than is the case with man. As intellect flies out through the window when emotion comes in at the door, this is a source of complications. The intervention of love is a difficulty, for love, though blind, is unfortunately not dumb, and habitually uses speech for the concealment of truth. It does this with the best of intentions, and the best of intentions generally yield the worst of results. It should be said that sheer intellect is very seldom displayed by man. Intellect is the ideal skeleton of a man's mental power. It may be defined as an aspiration toward material advantage, absolute truth, or achievement, combined with a capacity for taking steps toward successful achievement or attaining truth. From this point of view such men as Napoleon, Machiavelli, Epictetus, Leo XIII, Bismarck, Voltaire, Anatole France, are typical intellectuals. They are not perfect: all, so far as we can tell, are tainted with moral feeling or emotion,—a frailty which probably explains why there has never been a British or American intellectual of the first rank. Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, Cromwell, all alike suffered grievously from good intentions. The British and American mind has long been honeycombed with moral impulse, at any rate since the Reformation; it is very much what the German mind was up to the middle of the nineteenth century. Intellect, as I conceive it, is seeing life sanely and seeing it whole, without much pity, without love; seeing life as separate from man, whose pains and delights are only phenomena; seeing love as a reaction to certain stimuli.

In this sense it can probably be said that no woman has ever been an intellectual. A few may have pretensions, as, for instance, "Vernon Lee," Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mrs. Wharton, perhaps Mrs. Hetty Green. I do not know, for these women can be judged only by their works.

The greatest women in history—Catherine of Russia, Joan of Arc, Sappho, Queen Elizabeth—appear to have been swayed largely by their passions, physical or religious. I do not suppose that this will always be the case. For reasons which I shall indicate further on in this article, I believe that woman's intellect will tend toward approximation with that of man. But meanwhile it would be futile not to recognise that there exist to-day between man and woman some sharp intellectual divergences.

One of the sharpest lies in woman's logical faculty. This may be due to her education (which is seldom mathematical or scientific); it may proceed from a habit of mind; it may be the result of a secular withdrawal from responsibilities other than domestic. Whatever the cause, it must be acknowledged that, with certain trained exceptions, woman has not of logic the same conception as man. I have devoted particular care to this issue, and have collected a number of cases where the feminine conception of logic clashes with that of man. Here are a few transcribed from my note-book:—

Case 33

My remark: "Most people practice a religion because they are too cowardly to face the idea of annihilation."

Case 33: "I don't see that they are any more cowardly than you. It doesn't matter whether you have a faith or not, it will be all the same in the end."

The reader will observe that Case 33 evades the original proposition; in her reply she ignores the set question, namely, *why* people practise a religion.

Case 17

Votes for Women, of January 22, 1915, prints a parallel, presumably drawn by a woman, between two police-court cases. In the first a man, charged with having struck his wife, is discharged because his wife intercedes for him. In the second a woman, charged with theft, is sent to prison in spite of her husband's plea. The writer appears to think

that these cases are parallel; the difference of treatment of the two offenders offends her logic. From a masculine point of view two points differentiate the cases:—

In the first case the person who may be sent to prison is the bread-winner; in the second case it is the housekeeper, which is inconvenient but less serious.

In the first case the person who intercedes, the wife, is the one who has suffered; in the second case the person who intercedes, the husband, has not suffered injury. The person who has suffered injury is the one who lost the goods.

Case 51

This case is peculiar as it consists in frequent confusion of words. The woman here instanced referred to a very ugly man as looking Semitic. She was corrected and asked whether she did not mean simian, that is, like a monkey. She said, "Yes," but that Semitic meant looking like a monkey. When confronted with the dictionary she was compelled to acknowledge that the two words were not the same, but persisted in calling the man Semitic, and seriously explained this by asserting that Jews look like monkeys.

Case 51, in another conversation, referred to a man who had left the Church of England for the Church of Rome as a "pervert." She was asked whether she did not mean "convert."

She said, "No, because to become a Roman Catholic is the act of a pervert."

As I thought that this might come from religious ~~animus~~ Prejudice, I asked whether a Roman Catholic who entered a Protestant church was also a pervert.

Case 51 replied, "Yes."

Case 51 therefore assumes that any change from an original state is abnormal. The application to the charge of bad logic consists in this further test:—

I asked Case 51 whether a man originally brought up in Conservative views would be a pervert if he became a Liberal.

Case 51 replied, "No."

On another occasion Case 51 referred to exaggerated praise showered upon a popular hero, and said that the newspapers were "belittling" him.

I pointed out that they were doing the very contrary; that indeed they were exaggerating his prowess.

Confronted with the dictionary, and the meaning of "belittle," which is "to cheapen with intent," she insisted that "belittling" was the correct word because "the result of this exaggerated praise was to make the man smaller in her own mind."*

Case 63

In the course of a discussion on the war, in which Case 63 has given vent to moral and religious views, she remarks, "Thou shalt not kill."

I: "Then do you accept war?"

Case 63: "War ought to be done away with."

I (attempting to get a straight answer): "Do you accept war?"

Case 63: "One must defend one's self."

Upon this follows a long argument in which I attempt to prove to Case 63 that one defends, not one's self but the nation. When in difficulties, she repeats, "One must defend one's self."

She refuses to face the fact that if nobody offered any resistance nobody would be killed; she completely confuses the defense of self against a burglar with that of a nation against an invader. Finally she assumes that the defense of one's country is legitimate, and yet insists on maintaining with the Bible that one may not kill!

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*The notes as to Case 51 have not an absolute bearing upon logic in general, but the reasons put forth in her defense by Case 51 are indicative of a certain kind of logic which is not masculine. I must add that Case 51 is a woman of very good education, with many general interests.—THE AUTHOR.

Case 33

Case 33: "Why didn't America interfere with regard to German atrocities in Belgium?"

I: "Why should she?"

Case 33: "America did protest when her trade was menaced."

I: "Yes. America wanted to protect her interests, but does it follow that she should protest against atrocities which do not menace her interests?"

Case 33: "*But her interests are menaced.* Look at the trade complications; they've all come out of that."

Case 33 has confused trade interests with moral duty; she has confused two issues: atrocities against neutrals and destruction of American property. When I tell her this she states that there is a connection: that if America had protested against atrocities the war would have proceeded on better lines because the Germans would have been frightened.

I: "How would this have affected the trade question?"

Case 33 does not explain but draws me into a morass of moral indignation because America protested against trade interference and not against atrocities. She finally says America had no right to do the one without the other, which logically is chaos. She also demands to be told what was the use of America's signing the Geneva Convention and the Hague Convention. She ignores the fact that these conventions do not bind anybody to fight in their defense but merely to observe their provisions. I would add that Case 33 is a well-educated woman, independent in views, and with a bias toward social questions.

Naturally, where there is a question of love, feminine logic reaches the zenith of topsy-turvydom. Here is a dialogue which took place in my presence.

Case 8

Case 8, who was about to be married, attacked a man who had had a pronounced flirtation with her because he suddenly announced that he was engaged.

Case 8: "How can you be so mean?"

The man: "But I don't understand. You're going to e married. What objection can you have to my getting ngaged?"

Case 8: "It's quite different."

Nothing could move Case 8 from that point of view.*

I do not contend that bad logic is the monopoly of voman, for man is also disposed to believe what he chooses n matters such as politics, wars, and so forth, and then o try to prove it. Englishmen as well as Englishwomen nd victory in the capture of a German trench, insignifiance in the loss of a British trench; man, as well as voman, is quite capable of saying that it always rains vhen the Republicans are in power, should he happen to e a Democrat; man also is capable of tracing to a dinner vith twelve guests the breaking of a leg, while forgetting he scores of occasions on which he dined in a restaurant vith twelve other people and suffered no harm. Man is apable of every unreasonable deduction, but he is more nclined to justify himself by close reasoning. In matters f argument man is like the Italian brigand who robs the riar, then confesses and asks him for absolution; woman s the burglar unrepentant. This may be due to woman s a rule having few guiding principles or intellectual riteria. She often holds so many moral principles that ntellectual argument with her irritates the crisper male nind. But she finds it difficult to retain a grasp upon a entral idea, to clear away the side issues which obscure it. She can seldom carry an idea to its logical conclusion, passing from term to term; somewhere there is a solution f continuity. For this reason arguments with women, vhich have begun with the latest musical play, easily pass n, from its alleged artistic merit, to its costumes, their cantiness, their undesirable scantiness, the need for inpection, inspectors of theatres, and, little by little, other nspectors, until one gets to mining inspectors and possibly

* Probably owing to woman's having for centuries been aught to regard the vain aspirations of the male as her erquisites.—THE AUTHOR.

to mining in general. The reader will observe that thes ideas are fairly well linked. All that happens is that th woman, tiring of the central argument, has pursued eac side issue as it offered itself. This comes from a lack c concentration which indisposes a woman to penetrat deeply into a subject; she is not used to concentratio she does not like it. It might lead her to disagreeab discoveries.

It is for this reason—because she needs to defend purel emotional positions against man, who uses intellectu weapons—that woman is so much more easily than ma attracted by new religions and new philosophies,—b Christian Science, by Higher Thought, by Theosophy, b Eucken, by Bergson. Those religions are no longer spi itual; they have an intellectual basis; they are not ide religions like Christianity and Mohammedanism and th like, which frankly ask you to make an act of faith; wha they do is to attempt to seduce the alleged soul throug the intellect. That is exactly what the aspiring woma demands: emotional satisfaction and intellectual conce sion. Particularly in America, one discovers her intelle tual fog in the continual use of such words as mental, el mental, cosmic, universality, social harmony, essenti cosmos, and other similar ornaments of the modern log machy.

Case 16

Case 16 told me that my mind did not "functionalis properly. And gave me as an authority for the stateme Aristotle, before whom, of course, I bow.

A singular and suggestive fact is that woman general displays pitiless logic when she is dealing with things th she knows well. An expert housekeeper is the type, ar there are no lapses in her argument with a tradesman. is a platitude to mention the business capacity of t Frenchwoman, and many women are expert in the inves ment of money, in the administration of detail, in hospit management, in the rotation of servants' holidays (whic in large households, is most complex). It would appe

that woman is unconcentrated and inconsequent only where she has not been properly educated, and this has a profound bearing on her future development. There is a growing class, of which Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Havelock Ellis, the Countess of Warwick, Miss Jane Addams, are typical, who have bent their minds upon intellectual problems; women like Miss Emma Goldman; like Miss Mary McArthur, whose grasp of industrial questions is as good as any man's. They differ profoundly from the average feminine literary artist, who is almost invariably unable to write of anything except love. I can think of only one modern exception, Miss Amber Reeves; among her seniors, Mrs. Humphry Ward is the most notable exception, but not quite notable enough.

This tendency is, I believe, entirely due to woman's having always been divorced from business and politics, to her having been until recently encouraged to delight in small material possessions, while discouraged from focusing on anything non-material except religion, and from considering general ideas. Particularly as regards general ideas woman has lived in a bad atmosphere. The French king who said to his queen, "Madam, we have taken you to give us children and not to give us advice," was blowing a chill breath upon the tender shoot of woman's intelligence. Neither he nor other men wished women to conceive general ideas: women became incapable of conceiving or understanding them. Thence sprang generalization, the tendency in woman to make sweeping statements, such as "All men are deceivers," or "Men can do what they like in the world," or "Men cannot feel as women do." It is not that they dislike general questions, but that they have been thrust back from general questions, so that they cannot hold them. Here is a case:—

Case 2

With the object of entertaining an elderly lady, who is an invalid, I explain, *in response to her own request,* the case that Germany makes for having declared war. She asks one or two questions, and then suddenly interrupts

me to ask what I have been doing with myself lately i the evenings.

This is a case of interest in the particular as opposed t the general. It is an instance of what I want to show,— that woman drifts toward the particular because she ha been driven away from the general. To concentrate to long upon the general is to her merely fatiguing. Doubt less because of this, many middle-aged women become ex ceedingly dull to men. So long as they are young all i well, for few men care what folly issues from rosy lips But once the lips are no longer rosy, then man fails t find the companion he needs, because companionship, a differentiated from love, can rest only on mental sympathy Middle-aged man is often dull, too; while the middle-age woman may concern herself over-much with the indiges tion of her pet dog, the middle-aged man is often undul moved by his own indigestion. But, broadly speaking, a greater percentage of middle-aged and elderly men tha of such women are interested in political and philosophica questions.

These men are often dull for another reason: they ar more conventional. The reader may differ from me, bu I believe that woman is much less conventional than man She does all the conventional things and attacks othe women savagely for breaches of convention. But yo will generally find that where a man may with impunit break a convention he will not do so, while, if secrecy i guaranteed, a woman will please herself first and repen only if necessary. It follows that a man is conventiona because he respects convention; woman conventional be cause she is afraid of what may happen if she does no obey convention. I submit that this shows a greater de gree of conventionality in man. The typical Englishma of the world, wrecked on a desert island, would get int his evening clothes as long as his shirts lasted; I do no think his wife, alone in such circumstances, would wea a low-cut dress to take her meal of cocoanuts, even if he frock did up in front.

It is this unconventionality that precipitates woman int the so-called new movements in art or philosophy. Sh

reacts against what is, seeking a new freedom; even if she is only seeking a new excitement, a new colour, a new mood, unconsciously she seeks a more liberal atmosphere, while man is nearly always contented with the atmosphere that is. When he rebels, his tendency is to destroy the old sanctuary, hers to build a new sanctuary. That is a form of idealism,—not a very high idealism, for woman seldom strains toward the impossible. In literature I cannot call to mind that woman has ever conceived a Utopia such as those imagined by Bellamy, Samuel Butler, William Morris, and H. G. Wells. The only woman who voiced ideas of this kind was Mary Wollestonecraft, and her views were hardly utopian. Nothings, such as Utopias, have been always too airy for woman. The heroes in the novels she has written, until recently and with one or two exceptions,—such as some of the heroes of George Eliot,—are either stagey or sweet. Mr. Rochester is stagey, Grandcourt is stagey, while the hero of "Under Two Flags" is merely Turkish Delight.

III

A quality which singularly contrasts with woman's vague idealism is the accuracy she displays in business. This is due to her being fundamentally inaccurate. It is not the accurate people who are always accurate; it is the inaccurate people on their guard.* Woman's interest in the particular predisposes her to the exact, for accuracy may be defined as a continuous interest in the particular. I suspect that it indicates a probability that by education, and especially encouragement, woman may develop a far higher degree of concentration than she has hitherto done. In her way stands a fatal facility, that of grasping ideas before they are half-expressed. It is a quality of imagination, natural rather than induced. Any schoolteacher will confirm the statement that in a mixed class, aged 11 to 12,

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*I have observed for two years the steady growth in the accuracy of the work of Case 33, due to her having concentrated upon her instinctive inaccuracy.—THE AUTHOR.

the essays of the girls are better than those of the boys. This is not so in a mixed university. I suspect that this latter is quite as much due to the academic judgment, which does not recognise imagination, as to the fact that in the later years of their lives the energies of girls are diverted from intellectual concentration (and also expression), toward the artistic and the social. This untrained concentration produces a certain superficialty and an impetuousness which harmonise with the intrusion of side issues,—to which I have referred,—and with the burgeoning of side issues on the general idea.

Nowhere is this better shown than in the postscript habit. Men do not, as a rule, use postscripts, and it is significant that artists and persons inclined toward the arts are much more given to postscripts than other kinds of men. One might almost say that women correspond by postscript; some of them put the subject of the letter in the postscript, as the scorpion keeps his poison in his tail. I have before me letters from Case 58, with two postscripts, and one extraordinary letter from Case 11, with four postscripts and a sentence written outside the envelope. This is the apogee of superficiality. The writers have run on, seduced by irrelevance, and have not been able to stop to consider in all its bearings the subject of the letter. Each postscript represents a development or qualification, which must indicate the waste by bad education of what may be a very good mind.

I would say in passing that we should not attach undue importance to woman's physical disabilities. It is true that woman is more conscious of her body than is man. So long as he is fed, sufficiently busy, in good general health, he is normal. But woman is far more often in an unbalanced physical condition. There is a great deal to be said for the Hindu philosophical point of view, that the body needs to be just so satisfied as to become imperceptible to the consciousness, as opposed to the point of view of the Christian ascetics, who unfortunately carried their ideas so far that they ended by thinking more of their hair shirt than of Him for whose sake they wore it. In

his sense woman is intellectually handicapped because ıer body obtrudes itself upon her. It is a subject of ›rooding and agitation. I suspect that this is largely emediable, for I am not convinced that it is woman's ›eculiar physical conditions that occasionally warp her ntellect; it is equally possible that a warped intellect produces unsatisfactory physical conditions. Therefore, if, ıs I firmly believe that we can, we develop this intellect, ›rofound changes may with time appear in these physical :onditions.

IV

The further qualification of woman's intellect is in her moral attitude. I would ask the reader to divest himself of the idea that "moral" refers only to matters of sex. Morality is the rule of conduct of each human being in his relations with other human beings, and this covers all relations. Because in some senses the morality of woman is not the morality of man, we are not entitled to say with Pope that

> Woman's at best a contradiction still.

She is a contradiction. Man is a contradiction, apparently of a different kind, and that is all. Thence spring misunderstandings and sometimes dislike, as between people of different nations. I do not want to labour the point, but I would suggest that in a very minor degree the apparent difference between man and woman may be parallelled by the apparent difference between the Italian and the Swede, who, within two generations, produce very similar American children. But man, who generalises quite as wildly as woman when he does not understand, is determined to emphasise the difference in every relation of life. For instance, it is commonly said that woman cannot keep her promise. This seems to me entirely untrue; given that as a rule woman's intellect is not sufficiently educated to enable her to find a good reason for breaking her promise, it is much more difficult for her to

do so. For we are all moral creatures, and if a man must steal the crown jewels he is happier if he can discover a high motive for so doing. Man has a definite advantage where a loophole has to be found, and I have known few women capable of standing up in argument against a trained lawyer who has acquired the usual dexterity in misrepresentation.

In love and marriage, particularly, woman will keep plighted troth more closely than man; there is no male equivalent of jilt, but the male does jilt on peculiar lines; while a woman who knows that her youth, her beauty are going must bring things to a head by jilting, the male is never in a hurry, for his attractions wane so very slowly. Why should he jilt the woman? make a stir? So he just goes on. In due course she tires and releases him, when he goes to another woman. That is jilting by inches, and as regards faithfulness a pledged woman is more difficult to win away than a pledged man. (To be just, it should be said that unfaithfulness is in the eyes of most men a small matter, in the eyes of most women a serious matter.) A pledged woman will remain faithful long after love has flown; the promise is a mystic bond; none but a tall flame can hide the ashes of the dead love. And so, when Shakespeare asserts,—

> Frailty, thy name is woman,

he is delivering one of the hasty judgments that abound in his solemn romanticism.

This applies in realms divorced from love,—in questions of money, such as debts or bets. Women do run up milliners' bills, but men boast of never paying their tailors. And if sometimes women do not discharge the lost bet, it is largely because a tradition of protection and patronage has laid down that women need not pay their debts. Besides, women usually pay their losses, while several men have not yet discharged their debts of honour to me. It is a matter of honesty, and I think the criminal returns for the United States would produce the same evidence as those for England and Wales. In 1913 there were

tried at Assizes for offences against property 1616 men and 122 women. The records of Quarter Sessions and of the courts of Summary Jurisdiction yield the same result, an enormous majority of male offenders,—though there be more women than men in England and Wales! And yet in the face of such official figures, of the evidence of every employer, man cherishes a belief in woman's dishonesty! One reason, no doubt, is that woman's emotional nature leads her when she is criminal to criminality of an aggravated kind. She then justifies Pope's misogynist lines:

> O woman, woman! When to ill thy mind
> Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend.

Most men, however, have abandoned the case against woman's dishonesty and confine themselves to describing her as a liar, forgetting that they generally dislike the truth when it comes from a woman's lips, and always when it reflects upon their own conduct. For centuries man has asked that woman should flatter, but also that she should tell the truth: such a confusion of demands leads the impartial mind to the conclusion that vanity cannot be a monopoly of the female. But it is quite true that woman does not always cherish truth so well as man. The desire for truth is intellectual, not emotional. Truth is a cold bedfellow, as might be expected of one who rose from a well. And among women cases of disinterested lying are not uncommon. Here is Case 16: An elderly woman talked at length about not having received insurance papers, and made a great disturbance. It later appeared that she had not insured. On another occasion she informed the household that her son-in-law had been cabled to from South Africa to come and visit his dying mother. It was proved that no cable had been sent.

I have a number of cases of this kind, but this is the most curious. I suspect that this sort of lying is traceable to a need for romance and drama in a colourless life. It springs from the wish to create a romantic atmosphere round one's self to increase one's personal importance. Because men hold out hands less greedy toward drama

and romance they are less afflicted, but they do not entirely escape, and we have all observed the new importance of the man whose brother has been photographed in a newspaper or, better still, killed in a railway accident. If he has been burned in a theatre the grief of his male relatives is subtly tinged with excited delight. Romance, the wage of lies, is woman's compensation for a dull life.

THE WOMEN OF TO-DAY

By Laura Marholm *

And the women of to-day? The women who are now in their prime; the women at the two great turning-points of woman's life,—the woman of thirty and the woman of forty years; the woman in whom, but a short time before, that great musical symphony of love was first intoned, and the woman of forty, in whom this music rises once more like a foaming cascade and then slowly sinks and ebbs and dies away?

To comprehend the woman of to-day in her typical and at the same time most perfect development, to grasp her in the most prominent phases of her existence, to read the secrets of her inner and concealed experience, to observe the pulsation of her blood and the vibrations of her soul, to watch the activity of her organs behind the rigorous corset of convention and training, to see how her personality gradually outgrows and bursts this corset, and how the individual demands break the thread of society's puppet-play, and the woman bursts forth from the lady, that were worth our pains! But where is this figure which daily goes about among us, which openly speaks a language for all ears, plainly, so that all may understand who are interested enough to listen? Where is the type which comprises all the thousand variations and offshoots, in one powerful, collective, comprehensible figure?

I do not here consider those women who have fallen from the fortifications of society's great citadel and live upon a lower plane,—the fallen, the erring, the led astray,

* From "The Psychology of Women," by Laura Marholm, translated by Georgia A. Ethison. Duffield & Co., New York, 1899.

or whatever one may term them; that mass of wantonness and duped simplicity does not concern us now. I refer to those women whose honour is without stain, whose reputation is untouched by slander; to those who are born "ladies" in the best sense of the word, with all the sensitive pride and certain distinction of the lady who has inherited generations of culture in bearing and action; to those women who have not only natural tact but natural intelligence in avoiding everything brusque, unpleasant or striking. If we could but read the inner history of these women we should reach the central truth concerning the woman of to-day, could environ her past and future, her height and depth, beholding her in all gradations, modifications and transitions.

But how read this hidden writing?—how open these concealed and locked chambers?

Woman leads a life of concealment. Her whole education is nothing but a concealment of the woman from herself. The mother hides from her little daughter the girl within the child; the school hides from the growing girl the woman within the maiden. Formerly maidenhood was considered a mystery; now it is a mystification. Formerly the girl growing to woman's estate knew everything which she could understand, and her own maidenhood set very clearly the limits of this understanding. In this day of benevolent humanity and saving education she must, of all things, know the least of that which she instinctively understands; the great human and educational problem of all girls' schools is the rearing of women to sexlessness. Even in the beginning of this century women accepted what was natural, without affectation; while nowadays the means of preserving maidenly innocence is to ignore everything in any way connected with sex. Throughout Europe the classics are castrated before they are admitted into girls' schools, and even the Word of God is served up to the blooming, blossoming maiden in carefully "expurgated" editions.

Thus the lady grows up in our society. And under these influences two types are formed.

One is the outgrowth of a morbid curiosity, artificially

developed by this stupid concealment and repression, which in the children of our great cities usually becomes quite early an inflamed desire. The representative of this type flutters covetously from man to man, unable to settle to rest beside any one of them; finds nothing but disappointment in the final satisfaction of her wants, undervalues her husband, converts marriage into a torture, and —strange as it may seem—in spite of her eternal circling about it, rarely comprehends the physical basis of the relation between man and woman or enjoys spontaneously the relation itself. This is the type which the French characterize by the untranslatable and irreplaceable word, une détraquée.*

The maiden of the other type carries in her blood an over-sensitive chastity-barometer. There is a very large group of women,—and I have observed that they are usually the finest minds and noblest souls,—who instinctively guard, with fear and trembling, their inviolability; nothing is to them so distressing, so debasing, as to feel a stain upon themselves stained by everything imaginable; by the glance of a man to whom they are utterly indifferent; by a thought which flashes through their brains upon some ordinary suggestion, and whose trace they seek scrupulously to wash away from their souls as they wash a contaminating hand-pressure with soap and water from their hands. In many cases this super-sensitiveness is nothing but unrestrained maidenliness; the woman jealously reserves her entire capital, for the great bliss of an individualized, self-abandoning love for the one man destined for her. These are generally women who have an instinctive pride in their worth, and an instinctive delicacy in the deeper phases of love; women of rich, beautiful blood which longs to gather itself for loving germination of healthy children. These are the natures which play for high stakes. For such a woman is not for the many among men, but for the few; and it is a question whether she meet one of these few, and, having met, whether he will notice her.

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* Disordered, unbalanced.

It does not often happen that he does notice her. The most frequent masculine types of the present are the barbarian and the decadent. The barbarian,—the un-complex, great, strong, healthy, good fellow, with the heart of a child and the nerves of a buffalo, takes note of nothing —it is his peculiar characteristic—and therefore generally tumbles into his love affairs. If he is fortunate he marries a mop, rusticates with her, and begets many children who also rusticate; but if he is unfortunate he gets caught in one of the many outstretched devil-fish arms of the détraquée.

The détraquée is altogether "the great attraction" for the man of to-day. In the race for the man she has only one rival,—the correct and formal beauty, with the pure line and expressionlessness of a Greek statue and the temperament of a prize cow. This rival, however, is pleasing only to the barbarian; the decadent can make nothing of her. To call his jaded manhood into activity, impressions more direct and exciting are needed than the large passive beauty can bestow.

The détraquée supplies all this. Her wanton curiosity, her constant longing, inflame the decadent and appeal directly to his sensuality; but her cowardice and disinclination to satisfaction drive her ever from attack to flight, and no sooner has she retreated than she stretches forth her antennae and gropes for him again. To see man burning—that is what she lives upon; if she cannot have this atmosphere about her she becomes sallow, hollow-cheeked and hysteric. And the more localized the sensuality of the man, the more does this kind of charm work upon him. The détraquée is never beautiful, seldom pretty, but "she has something about her"; we call her "piquante" and we meet her in all assemblies and in all classes of society. Give her but the little finger and she takes, at once and often very gracefully the whole hand; that is generally the whole secret of her catching the barbarian; the physiological explanation lies, nevertheless, in his localized sensuality. For the undifferentiated man still loves as our forefathers did, and reacts promptly upon the coarser and more direct excitements; while the de-

cadent (according to the law that the most recently acquired characteristic is the first to disappear) responds no longer with his whole being, brain, soul and nervous system in an indissoluble union; for in him the highest developments of evolution are already sinking in paralysis, and he has need of importunate stimuli to stir his sluggish blood and rouse the feeling of desire.

Largely in this, I think, lies the explanation of the great unhappiness in love and marriage at the present time. Man as well as woman is in a stage of transition and has not yet attained an harmonious unity. From the old race of men, which I might call of the barbarian type, a line of inefficient and powerless differentiations detach themselves as decadents. When our attention is once called to this matter, we perceive that there is nothing more frequent, in our very modern life, than the union of these two types in one person,—the barbarian-decadent; the man who in his perceptive faculties has still the barbarian's lack of delicacy, but who, so far as women are concerned, reacts only upon decadent stimuli. We meet him in private and in public, and in modern literature he is typical.

The man of this unfortunate mixed type, who is not content with himself and therefore at one time reproaches woman and at another the social conditions, is so frequent among our great and small "great men" that the fortunate, fully developed individual seems not to come under consideration at all. The larger part of the literature of the day dealing with sexual problems, the struggle between the sexes, the dissatisfaction with women, the mysterious, sphinx-like characteristics of woman, has—with a very few exceptions—attained to no greater depth than the level from which the decadent, be he poet-barbarian or barbarian-poet draws his bilious pessimism, and to which he himself is held fast by his personal limitations.

Between the barbarian and the decadent, the two types which comprise the majority of the men of the present, the woman (or type of woman) whom I have described earlier must take her way,—the woman who has reached

the highest development yet attained by woman, a dangerous distinction by which she becomes in twofold degree isolated,—first from the mass of her sex, from whom, nevertheless, she cannot withdraw herself, and secondly, from the mass of men among whom she is destined to love and by whom her fate is decided. The woman of this type will be recognized even upon superficial observation, by her intelligence. She has not, like the détraquée, a sharp glance and quick judgment for trivialities only, nor the attentive artfulness with which the latter knows how to gain for herself position and unmeasured influence; she has real breadth of mind, a wisdom without cunning, an ardent but not moody temperament, the straightforwardness of pride and the sovereignty of self-reliance. These qualities, however, are as stones upon her path.

There is something of weight which distinguishes this type of woman, giving her the effect of being drawn in great lines, in a contrast to the smallness and triviality of every day. The lazy casuality and stupid emptiness of average life become unpleasantly evident when she appears; but casuality and emptiness are the very elements of life to the decadent, and therefore he cannot get on with this type of woman. Yet he has a perpetual yearning for her; he seeks for her continually, as it is his instinct ever to seek the meeting point of the old and new refinement, when he has found her he cannot endure to remain beside her for any length of time; he feels too keenly his own barrenness in the presence of this woman so earnest and full of concentration, and he slips away from her, angry and reproachful. Her nature also refuses to blend with that of the decadent, as if it feared to be hindered thereby in its long journey of development and to be brought to a sudden standstill.

But the barbarian, to whom this species of woman feels more strongly attracted, as to a vigorous ancestral type hardly ever returns her interest. Whether it is for the reason that his masculine superiority suffers through her greater mental activity, or because of the great distance between these two unlike yet equally strong beings on the path of evolution, I do not know; in either case

the mental dissatisfaction with such women outweighs for him their sexual charm and forbids that sympathy which is love. Finally, because these mental processes are so completely beneath the threshold of consciousness, they are the more liable to all sorts of checks and hindrances; the more uncertain of herself the woman is the less she is comprehended by others.

And uncertain of herself she is, and little comprehended; for this type of woman is signally a type of the future, a differentiation in its early beginnings. We see her among those strange women who are now everywhere calling loudly for "Woman's Rights"; we find her among the ladies of the educational craze in the higher circles, and in the rush of women who assail the universities; we find her as the grande amoureuse and as cérébrale,—that increasingly numerous class, so little observed or defined.

If to the two classes which these French expressions mark (our beloved German is quite too plain for such subtleties) we add the class of the détraquée, we have some of the essential lines for the psychology of modern woman.

The grande amoureuse is not a differentiation of to-day. Representing a high intensification of woman-nature, she has always, from the day of Occidental culture, detached herself from time to time from the mass. She is a product of culture. She not only embodies the growing ardor of womanly devotion, but represents in the highest degree refined nature, culture which has become nature; she is in a certain sense the woman-genius—yes, she is perhaps the only woman-genius there is. In her, all passive womanly qualities,—desire to love, devotion to man, reflective intelligence, faithfulness, solicitude, loyalty,—have, as it were, stepped from their home in the spinal cord and formed a closer communion with the brain; and her whole being is so aglow with energy that we can almost see the red blood, the essence of life itself, gleaming in her, as when we hold a woman's hand before the light.

The grande amoureuse has still another central characteristic, she has an excellent mind. She is the flower of

feminine intelligence and moral refinement of her time; she appears as the embodiment of the highest feminine intellect. A third characteristic is the warm, full, nourishing passion which she wraps about man, fostering but not scorching, like the warmth in which the mother carries the child in her womb. There is, in the love of the grande amoureuse, in contrast to the parched thirst of the détraquée, always something of the anxious trembling of the mother for her child. It is a love without the haughtiness or the satiety of possession; a love without repletion, a love of unlimited surrender of intellectual devotion, and of psychic enthusiasm fully as much as of physical enjoyment; a love in which the physical is transformed without loss into vibrations of the soul; finally, a love of long duration, of joyful self-surrender to one man, without intervals of emptiness and lassitude.

That which plainly distinguishes the love of the grande amoureuse from that of the détraquée is the absence of hysteria. The grande amoureuse is the organism which bears with devotion, whereas the détraquée is the unwillingly bearing organism. The former demands content, and nourishes to greatness that which she receives from her husband and children; the latter absorbs her husband but accepts him neither spiritually nor mentally as her content.

We have still a third type, which stands in the vanguard of the phalanx of women in many places to-day. It is harder to define this type than the other two, for it is very variable, marked and yet indefinite, pronounced, yet incomprehensible; on the one hand verging towards masculinity and on the other towards the unripeness of a clever, precocious child. It has qualities which partake of the essential characteristics of the grande amoureuse, but these very qualities develop into sexlessness. This type is the cérébrale.

What the cérébrale has in common with the grande amoureuse is the constant, regular, mental activity, by which she is distinguished as well from the détraquée as from the remaining, average feminine types.

Of these women I cherish the belief that they were

constituted for grande amoureuses, but under the pressure of their surroundings and by the restraint of their natural impulses, they turn into cérébrales. The grounds in their own natures for this change were, firstly, a very feminine characteristic,—sharp observation; secondly, a very common feminine defect,—lack of poetical feeling.

The words which I have used—which I must use, as the only ones available to express something which is not yet clearly formulated in our minds—have certainly a double meaning. The French usually apply them exclusively to the outward manifestations of love. La grande amoureuse suggests not, as in olden times, boundless devotion, what Siendhal calls the "love passion"—l'amour passion—but the instability of love. La cérébrale is for them the woman who loves with her head and not with her heart, the woman whose sexual sensibility needs mental consent, who must have reasons for loving. In the word détraquée, they understand those who show a perverted instinct the minute, hidden beginning of perversion. This interpretation of these words is somewhat local,—Parisian; something is breathed into them by use, by the disposition of the French people, which they lose as soon as they are transplanted to other soils. I must take them in their broader meaning when I attempt to catch and hold fast the main types of modern differentiation, as a basis for further research. In order to do this I must first divest them of the secondary signification which the Parisian esprit has given them.

The cérébrale is a very frequent type among "intellectual" women. She is the clever, cool, irreproachable wife, with an atmosphere of distinction, purity and fresh cleanliness about her. She is the young girl with the intellectual expression and frank, open, friendly features. She is the widow who after the death of her husband, grows younger, brighter, more graceful, looks happier and yet does not take a step beyond the limits of widowhood. She is the ripe maiden with the mute glance which does not reciprocate, and lips which speak good, sensible, unprejudiced things. As mother, she is the lady who is completely engrossed with educational cares for her chil-

dren, and who takes her husband into consideration chiefly as the father of her children and the holder of a position.

It is the cérébrale whom we meet in the good, clever woman, the woman of noble uprightness and directness, of calm assurance; with a glance which man fears and which rules him; with the keen judgment and intuitive insight into character at which intelligent men are prone to wonder, and upon which they are still more prone to rely;—this is the cérébrale. Or is it the grande amoureuse?

Perhaps it is also the grande amoureuse—the grande amoureuse who has never loved.

There passes through our time a wave of indignant astonishment that women no longer love. The modern woman cannot love, it is said. What is meant by this is that she cannot forget herself, cannot lose consciousness of herself, cannot surrender herself in an ecstasy, cannot subjugate herself. Woman no longer loves they say; she thinks and she judges; she is always giving reasons; she has become critical.

Alas, it is true! Woman thinks with the apparatus which has been given her. She thinks with the spinal cord, criticises with her nerves, and judges by sexual perception. These are three reliable and well-adjusted weighing scales. But since the woman who becomes cérébrale has enjoyed a thorough and well-assimilated education, she is able to give expression to the results of her weighing in the terminology of science and learning. For one does not find the cérébrale, like the détraquée, in all classes; she is always the flower of culture; she has always a means of communication between spinal marrow and brain.

Or it may be that the brain function of woman receives its impulse from the spinal column.

The woman who loves thinks with the brain of the man she loves. I do not know whether this was so formerly, but it is so now.

The cérébrale is the woman who tries, as well as she can, to think with her own brain. Although she is a

woman, although she has intact her instincts and sexual nature, she still tries to think with her own brain.

Why does she do this?

Because she has no man with whose brain she can think.

Or she deems herself above the man whom she has.

The more heterogeneous and unsettled a civilisation is, the more difficult becomes the realisation of love, for woman. Every civilisation inculcates a definite ideal of feeling and action.

We have sought for nearly a hundred years to develop in our women a false womanliness, not only outwardly but inwardly, physically and psychically.

In consequence, love has become less and less a blind instinct to which woman yields without conditions or exactions. For the cultivated woman of to-day, love is no longer a compelling force. By her "culture" she is thoroughly saturated with all sorts of men's ideas, and has thereby imbibed something of masculine judgment and criticism of men. She has in addition her own instruments of instinct, and with these she quickly perceives which man among men stands upon the level where for her man and love become possible.

Our present relations are such that a woman is able to feel herself free "from something" only—never free to do or feel anything; and which of our men, even among the most advanced and refined, would allow a woman the disclosure of her whole inner being without feeling an unpleasant embarrassment? The woman who does so disclose herself seems strange to him, because he has in his nerves the memory of all the rules laid down in literature, art and life, for the behaviour of the real, true and acceptable woman.

It is man who makes of woman what he wills. For man is woman's security. It is because he does not want her, that the grande amoureuse is so rare. These quiet women with the worship of man in their hearts, who now represent the grandes amoureuses, are stunted,—like the white palm-leaves grown in artificial darkness for the

Roman Easter,—because neither men nor women are free and the great, proud joy which is red and warm like the blood shining in the veins against the light, is unknown to this generation of overmuch reading and commercial struggle.

The cérébrale is the woman who has already an individualized sexual instinct; who does not yield herself without exactions, who eventually—if she does not find what she requires—does not give herself at all. It is difficult to make the differentiation clear except by a living example, and it happens that while I was writing this, such an one came to my knowledge.

She was the most perfect illustration of the cérébrale one can imagine, the embodiment of bright, intellectual, cultured womanhood. Her upbringing was like that of thousands of the gifted and—according to the ideas of the day—carefully educated young girls of the higher circles. Her father was a well-known professor; her brothers were also professors. She attended an excellent young ladies' school, and afterwards took a special course preparatory to teaching—the usual method nowadays of assuring the future of the gifted, impecunious daughters of the higher circles. Then began that strange, uneasy time of waiting, a waiting without aim or content, which comes to every young maiden. She attends balls which disappoint her, goes into company which bores her, takes part in family intercourse which leaves her weary. Everywhere she expects to find something and everywhere she finds nothing. She is grown up, and awaits the surging waves of life; they are far, far away, there where she is not; here where she is, they are not. She has read in books of poetry and pages of history so much about the great happiness which comes upon the young woman like a thief in the night, and she waits for this thief with feverish eyes and suppressed breath; but he does not come. After a time her glance becomes dull, her breath weaker, and the just-awakened woman falls asleep again.

One young man, and another perhaps, out of her circle of acquaintances pays court to her. Good heavens! she has known this one ever since the time when he wore

kilts; she has sat behind the door while the other was being tutored, and heard how he could not get into his head the simplest sort of things, in which she could easily have prompted him. Something stirs in her, though, when these youths come,—she does not know what; for a time she is quite enlivened; but then it seems so foolish, and presently she sees them try elsewhere, without caring. She sews and embroiders, walks and keeps house, is a good daughter and well-bred young lady, but the emptiness grows upon her as if she were in a room without air, it seems as if she must die; and now and then she starts up in anxious doubt whether she still lives, whether it may not all be a delusion and she not really there. The make-believe of life—modern toilets, mother's kitchen, father's wine-cellar, the addresses of a couple of drawing-room lions, the transparent attentions of a provident, dry, self-made "good" man—she feels a contempt for it all!

Meanwhile comes the first turning point of a woman's life,—the twentieth year. She stops and reflects. Her first youth is past, has slipped away like a summer night's dream, with scarcely a pausing-place for memory. She looks forward;—nothing different! Then something comes over the young girl; she feels that she must pull herself up out of herself, that she must do something in order to seem real to herself. That by which a woman becomes real to herself is the great awakening act of consummated love; but of this a well-bred and maidenly girl knows nothing. And that which the young girl would like to draw up out of herself, and cannot grasp, sinks deeper and deeper, glides away and disappears; the sweet, vague expectation vanishes; the first disillusionment has come. And now the young woman seats herself to write.

They all write,—these intelligent young women—either openly or in secret. They write in order to feign to themselves a contentment; whereas the man who writes does so in order to unburden himself of a contentment, real or fancied. The young woman who writes and the young man who writes are alike dissatisfied; but the

woman who writes in order to have something, the young man in order to be relieved of something. Gradually the scribbling woman grows to interpret her lack as a virtue. She was desirous of love; now she is desirous of knowledge. She begins to read; she gains for herself an outward content since she cannot gain an inward one, and the longing of the woman in her begins to grow silent and die away.

She breathes a little more freely now. Under certain circumstances,—such as a dislike to be dependent upon her parents, or the complaints of those parents that the expense of her education has been for nothing,—she allows her writings to be published. The first money gained thus without the humiliation of a genuine feminine profession, gives her an illusion of freedom. She believes that she is on the way to become mistress of herself; she unconsciously feels herself a misunderstood and unappreciated woman, and mistakenly tries to explain it on the grounds of her intellectual superiority. She writes on, and her voice rings louder; she attracts notice and her self-esteem increases.

This is the psychological process by which a whole series of women have become authors in the last quarter of a century.

The woman writer affords excellent material for the psychological study of woman; she cannot help betraying that process of becoming woman—or non-woman, whichever it may be—always concealed by other women and difficult to discover.

And of what do the majority of books written by women treat? They treat of the position of the daughter in the family; of woman's demand for life, which in maiden fashion, unclear and vague and cautious, is generally formulated as the demand of the artist-nature for the exercise of her art; of the injustice of marriage in which a young, fresh girl is mated with a man anything but fresh and active. They all treat of the substitute which John Stuart Mill (it took an Englishman to do that) offers the modern woman in place of the right to love; they treat of woman's right to freedom.

She of whom I speak, went this way also; it is the ommon and typical first phase.

After an interval she brought out something different,— ome little volumes of society portraits. They were vritten just as a clever, lively, knowing, disillusionized voman talks; their charm and merit lay in their being poken. This talent for picturesque, witty characteristic peech, with an acute perception for the telling detail, is nuch more common in gifted women than in gifted men. A large part of good description is always gossip; there- ore women and the so-called "good story-teller" excel in his art,—the latter having usually a very mediocre ntellect.

She was now really remarked. She had waited thirty vears; she had married; but the great event of her life had not yet occurred. She had experienced outwardly all that a gentlewoman can; she had lived in the best and most fashionable society and the best and most fash- onable society had appeared to her insipid, absurd and barbarous. Especially the men of this society appeared so to her; the better the society, the earlier the men became bald, worn out and prosy. She had seen mar- riages made and broken, and love come and go; it always appeared to her only a short ecstasy and a long indifference and she herself had grown ever more cérébrale.

As she advanced in the thirties she was seized by a dull wrath—the true reformer's wrath. Everything was rotten, and foulest of all were men. This kind of rancorous indignation, the causes of which are obscure, is usually accompanied by sexual coldness; she withdrew from married life. From this time she became ever more cérébrale, ever more judicial, and her style ever colder. Yet she would not have differed very greatly in disposition from our mothers if the "emancipation movement" had not come her way.

The colour and tone of her books became like the hues and character of her clothing, constantly grayer and more stiff in the neck. Her wit turned sharp; her humour acid; the moral sermon took the upper hand. She disdained

working by womanly methods—it became her ambition to advance intellectually by the strength of her argument, and physically by the strength of her elbows. She cultivated intellectual friendships, she debated with professional men questions of political economy and social science, and fought for her views with emphasis and self-confidence. The warm tones and rounded lines in her "works" disappeared; they became prosy as a professor's lecture.

Up to this time the process was such as thousands of women undergo in somewhat less marked form, and which we unscientifically enough are accustomed to consider as fitting and proper, and only the natural cooling-down of riper years. Again a time went by.

She traveled a great deal and began to take an interest in her dress; soon a rumor flew about that she had fallen in love. People designated as the man who had wrought this transformation an athlete, with the latest rules for physical development; and the women who had hitherto admired her as a paragon now advertised and commented upon this new phase. Nothing came of the romance however, save the romantic suggestion of the possibility of love between this highly gifted woman, mentally and morally developed, this independent author, and a strong-bodied young man of intellectual insignificance. It proved impossible. The cérébrale found the minus greater than the plus; the disappointment greater than the gain.

But now came the reaction; the repressed nature refused to be longer bound. She became attached to a lean, sober, matter-of-fact man in modest circumstances, who had the two necessary qualities—his own longing and its response to her feeling. His youth gave her the deceptive idea of warmth, his complaisance transfigured him to a man worthy of admiration mentally and morally. She saw him not as he was—she saw him as her perpetually baffled demand for life depicted him; she raised him above herself and set herself under him, as she would have borne herself long ago in her youth towards the really superior man. She showed herself proudly with him everywhere, as if she had won the first prize among men; she could

not exhibit her happiness sufficiently. And the child which she bore him—although in the twelfth hour—was beautiful, healthy and strong, as if from parents in their first bloom. The grande amoureuse had evolved out of the cérébrale, and her one service as woman was not drawn from two stunted lives, but was the fruit of her original capital—a blooming child of love.

THE WORLD'S WORST FAILURE *

By Rebecca West

The Frenchwoman who was dining at the central table struck a note of the highest possible pitch of physical refinement. She was reflected an infinite number of times in the mirrors that made tunnels of light into the hotel dining-room's walls, and all these little images, even to the glimmer of shoulders furthest away in the recesses of the twilight, caught up this note and sustained it so that it filled the air like a high nasal tone on a violin. It appears to be a point of honour with Frenchwomen who devote themselves to elegance to start with as few good looks as possible, and she was no exception. The touch of Jewish blood that had crinkled her light brown hair and given aquiline intensity to her discreetly tinted face had lent her all the distinction she possessed. Yet she was an achievement as delicate, as deliberately selective of the soft and gracious things, as difficult a piece of craftsmanship, as a Conder fan. Her body was not the loosely articulated thing of arrested and involuntary movements that serves as the fleshly vehicle of most of us, but was very straight and still, with the grace of flowers arranged by a florist, within a dress so beautiful that one imagined it hard and permanent like a jewel, yet so supple of texture that one could have crushed it into a handful. It was the aim of her fragility to rouse such thoughts of violence.

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As she sat there she made a harmony out of prudent gestures of whose restraint she was without doubt inwardly conscious and proud; one could divine her thinking, "I hardly moved my hand an inch that time, yet I flatter myself the movement could not easily have been bettered." Her little shoes of soft leather, which had a bloom on them like a peach, stayed quite still under the table because they were already in the prettiest position imaginable. She did not move in her chair because the straight stem of her back grew from the foliage of her skirts with a grace that could not have been surpassed by any alteration. She had trained like an athlete for this elegance, and her feats deserved more than a moment's attention. It was strange that in spite of her tremendous and successful concentration upon her person she aroused no interest in her personality. One found in her that association of vividness of presence and absence of individuality which one finds in non-Europeans. When one meets the lithest and most beautiful of Hindus one speculates not about his personality but about the system of which he is manifestly a part and a product. And even so one forgot the soul that doubtless inhabited the Frenchwoman, that doubtless knew ardours and loneliness, in her fitness and conspicuousness as part of the system of the *chic*.

For a week she remained as uncommunicative as a picture. One night she intimated by gently levelling her appearance at me that she wanted to speak with me, and said in a low yet nasal and tremulous voice that Maidenhead was not *gai*. She wrinkled her nose at the unlit asphalt roads which led to neither casino nor café in a way that suggested that in a happier world she might have been a very agreeable little street-boy. I pointed out that on the river one can always row. But she did not row well and feared people would laugh at her attempts. I assured her that there were so many boats on the Thames that people would not look at her. She fell into an impatient silence which intimated that a state of things in which people did not look at her was too like death to be considered, and relapsed from humanity into

her elegance again. One perceived in her discomfort that there must be many sorts of pain of which no cognisance is taken in this world: the anguish of the chair on which nobody sits, the wine that is not drunk, the woman bred to please when there is no one at hand to be pleased.

It was at noon one day, gripped by the horror of neurasthenia, that she sent for me.

Her room was dark save for the twilight of many mirrors and the austere glitter which made her dressing-table look like the bench of a laboratory. She had got into bed, and pressed her face into the pillow while I rubbed the cold hands of which the nails were no longer pink. Yes, she had seen a doctor and he had given her medicine, but she did not like taking medicine. I turned to the glittering dressing-table, but found nothing there but a silver and crystal arsenal of those weapons with which the elegant wage wear upon the imperfections of the human appearance.—"They are very bright."—"This place is so *triste*. I spend hours polishing them."—I found the medicine at last, not yet released from its brown paper, amongst the seven bottles of hair-lotion. I gave her as stiff a dose as I dared, but for some time before she slept she receded into a drowsiness in which she was again possessed by horrible thoughts and looked out at me desperately. Once she put her hand to her chest as though she was going to tell me that she had weak lungs and said, "*Voyez-vous, je suis feminine, très feminine.*"

And when I came out of the dining-room that night she was waiting for me in the hall, panoplied again in her elegance. In a white frock of great art her body was stiff like a gardenia; on her long hands there were rosy nails again, and her mouth was braced to smallness and a pout. She thanked me for my attentions of the morning, and drawing close to me, poured out little weak, desolated sentences that were more touching because she preserved her air of invincible self-possession and worldliness. "You are kind, please come into my room, I will tell you the story of my life." But instead she showed me her hats and dresses, and it seemed to do the poor soul

as much good. And then she mounted on a chair, showing high white satin boots tied round the knee with silver ribbons, and brought down piles of photographs from the top of the wardrobe. She seemed to have spent much of the ten months which had elapsed since she fled before the Prussians from her country villa in posing to London photographers. Then she grew flushed and dimpled at hearing that I had been to Biarritz, and tossed out of her memory, like a girl rummaging for pretty dresses in a forgotten chest, the triumphant toilettes with which she had ravished and infuriated the *beau monde* of those parts.

One saw, as she rolled up and down the room in imitation of a stout Russian princess under the influence of passion, that a very jolly and human grotesque had been wasted when she became a part of what was, it appeared before I left the room, an even more ancient and relentless system than the *chic*. For as I said goodnight my eyes fell on a couple of large photographs on the mantelpiece which represented two very similar little bearded Frenchmen. And the Frenchwoman, following my eyes, clutched at my arm. "*Figurez-vous,* my husband is killed in the war, and by the same post I hear my lover has lost all his money and can no longer marry me."

I gaped for a moment and then remembered the appetite of the Latin races for sententiousness: "Madame, it is the fate of all sensitive souls to discover that life would be simple if it were not for sex." "*Mademoiselle, vous êtes une vraie philosophe. . . .*" Indeed, it was sad to think that there was now no one to look at those photographs, those white satin boots.

The next night I found her coiled in a red plush armchair in the hotel drawing-room, so preoccupied by her misery that her elegance sat absurdly on her like a smart hat worn on one side, attending only deafishly to a sallow girl from Chicago. And suddenly she began to talk about love. It was not that she was ill-bred and without reticence, but she was wandering in the windy corridors that lead to madness and the cloak of reserve had been blown from her. "When I love," she was telling us soon, "*c'est*

une catastrophe. . . ." She gave us various illustrations of her conduct when the worse for passion, culminating in an anecdote about a trunk impetuously abandoned on the platform at Lyons. "I can think of nothing but the beloved. Yes, it is a complete interruption of my life." It was obvious that for long she had lived entirely that her life might be interrupted. "Women are like that," she said with a certain pride.

The American dissented. It was her opinion that a woman ought to preserve her general interests and take part in the world's work, though she admitted it was necessary that we should retain the fragility which makes us worshipful. "We must still strike," she said thoughtfully, "the feminine note." In the brooding look on her sharp face there was the calculating coquetry which explains the failure of women in industry and the professions. She and her kind took up work not because they loved the work but in order that they might offer an appearance of strength which some man would find virile satisfaction in breaking down to weakness, an appearance of independence which some man would be proud to see exchanged for dependence upon him. And their half-hearted work made women workers cheap and ill-esteemed.

Both these women were keeping themselves apart from the high purposes of life for an emotion that, schemed and planned for, was no better than the made excitement of drunkenness. One ought to pass into love reluctantly for life's sake, as one goes up into the mountains because he is very sick and to live longer on the plain means death. And once there, braced by the new air, he turns to work. If it should befall that he has to leave the country of love he goes forth brave with eternal health, a soundness that no later sickness can corrupt. It is impossible that he should appear as a frustrated schemer or a broken bankrupt.

It was midnight, and they had been talking about love for hours. Fatigue had given me a delirium, so that when I looked across the room our images in the great cheval mirror seemed fantastic pictures of our souls. The Frenchwoman, her pinched little face grievous above her

cloth-of-silver gown, her pink painted nails unnatural on her limp hands, appeared as a starved child bedizened for some bad purpose; and perhaps that was all she pitifully was. The Chicago girl held her head like a queen but pursed her mouth peevishly and anxiously, like a characterless schoolmistress trying to enforce discipline; and indeed there was nothing more dignified in this woman who lived and worked that she might be worshipful, and yet, because she did nothing disinterestedly, made nothing within herself that a man could worship.

And I—I was a black-browed thing scowling down on the inkstain that I saw reflected across the bodice of my evening dress. I was immeasurably distressed by this by-product of the literary life. It was a new evening dress, it was becoming, it was expensive. Already I was upsetting the balance of my nerves by silent rage; I knew I would wake up in the night and magnify it with an excited mind till it stained the world; that in the end I would probably write some article I did not in the least want to write in order to pay for a new one. In fact I would commit the same sin that I loathed in these two women. I would waste on personal ends vitality that I should have conserved for my work. And I was sinning for the same reason, for what could make me drape myself in irrelevant and costly folds of petunia satin, and what could make me forfeit my mental serenity at their defacement, if it were not for some deep and overlaid but sturdy instinct for elegance? I perceived suddenly that in every woman there is just such an instinct which urges her, just so far as it is not resisted by her intelligence and education, towards an existence such as that of the Frenchwoman, who now, comically desolate as a mateless monkey, was murmuring, *"Une femme doit plaire—c'est son bonheur."* That is why woman is the world's worst failure.

SCARLET BERRIES

I have tried to tell how the elegant woman is but the shadow of a man that vanishes into nothingness when

the candle of his interest in her is blown out. I have told how women infected with elegance hand down the bad tradition in our schools and teach girls to live not for life's sake but to be desired. I have told how elegance makes women dangerous as producers, because they stand tittering together when they should be joined in labour's fierce fight to wrest industry from the hands of men maddened by ownership, and not less dangerous as consumers because they demand luxuries that confuse the economic arrangements of the earth and keep them from the concentration upon life which is the necessary prelude to genius. I have told how elegance softens women's will so that they cannot brace themselves to the hard decisions which are the gates to a glorious life or death. To every woman who desires her sex to be more than a perishable article hawked to uneager buyers at a penny plain and two-pence pretty, who would have her sex engage in humanity's conspiracy to thrust order on the dark disordered universe, elegance is the enemy.

The half of the world that despises women thinks of this preoccupation with elegance as a pastime which keeps them quiet and does not overstrain the mechanism of their intelligence. And the other half, that believes women to be capable of all honour, has been divided by the circumstances of the feminist movement into two parties which on different grounds deny the existence of the problem. There is the grimmer type of feminist acidulated by controversy like milk soured by jolting, who scowls at the suggestion that anything upheld by a large number of women can possibly be wrong, and remarks tartly that men have been known to take thought over the crease in their trousers. On the same line of argument one might defend foot-binding; and if the assumption that everything about women is perfect were correct we would have no need for their further emancipation. There is the other type of feminist whom controversy has made not grim but evasive, and who, instead of admitting the justice of the anti-suffragist's claim that free women will cease to be pretty toys for men and pointing out how bad it is to be or have a pretty toy,

tries to confute it by a decorative existence. Thus it was that Miss Christabel Pankhurst belied her physical courage and her administrative ability by smiling fluffily at audiences over Annunciation lilies; and thus it was that Mrs. Philip Snowden, a woman as shrewd as a horse-dealer, would appear before a working-class audience in the Potteries to plead the cause of free and responsible womanhood in a shining satin robe and a prodigious hat of ostrich feathers that were higher than anything else in the Five Towns except the factory chimneys and her own heels. It was this acceptance of emphatic garnishings of the self as part of the campaign that brought the suffrage movement to the egotism and dashing autocracy of which it died; and that so many intelligent women fell before it is an indication of how lightly the world takes elegance. What more is elegance, it asks, than the modern manifestation of the eternal instinct of the female to attract the male? Didn't the cave woman twine scarlet berries in her hair as she sat by the fire and waited for her mate?

The instinct of the female to attract the male is life's first essential, now, as it was in the beginning; but that does not sanctify all the botched work the instinct does when it works through imperfect instruments. Half our legislation is directed towards checking and confining to legitimate channels the developments of instincts the free play of which was absolutely necessary to humanity at its birth. The desire of the strong man to set weaker men to work and to fight according to his wiser will was a sword in the hand of life so long as man was wresting a habitation from wild nature. But when that desire leads men of our time to send children into the mines of Silesia or the mills of South Carolina or the sweated home industries of England, then it becomes a sword in the side of life. Similarly the rightness of the cave woman when she twined scarlet berries in her hair does not imply the rightness of the London lady who spends five guineas on a petticoat or a hundred guineas on an evening cloak. Indeed the cave woman must start in her long sleep when the lady passes over her dust, as at

some delicate white beast of prey that tracks the children descended from her body, that leaps upward at the torch of life she lit. For in her time she too had the capacity for dreaming of the future that shines in the brain of humanity like a jewel in the head of a toad. At night she lay awake while her mate slept, watched the firelight playing on the walls, listened to the howling of the wolves. "When all the wolves are dead," she used to think, "how good life will become! My man and I will walk where we will in the forest, and we will be great friends, and very tender and wise with each other. And what children we shall rear, when I know all the magic herbs that cure their sickness and they need never die of famine!" With such dreams she smiled and slept.

Well, all the wolves are dead. But women do not yet walk freely with men in the forest. Most men bid them not gad about looking for wisdom and tenderness but stay by the camp-fire twining scarlet berries in their hair; and most women obey. And children still die from famine and sickness, for the world seeks more busily for more scarlet berries than for food and healing herbs. But, bitterest of all to the dead cave woman, though the world has concentrated so extravagantly upon the adornments she invented, it has forgotten the meaning that set her whole body glowing as her fingers twined them in her hair. Those berries were the badge of courage of the heart and of the body; they were an invitation to love and motherhood. These things have had no deadlier foe than elegance.

For love is a journey into a new country; and like any other journey its length depends entirely on what the country has to show. There should be woods with silent undergrowth, where comfort lives; bright rivers of vitality; clean cities built on foundations of fine tradition and splendid with the towers of learning and religion; green fields where simple thought and senses play like young cattle, and mountains so high that as one climbs one breathes quickening air not known to ordinary men—so high that by day the earth lies clear beneath like an open map, and by night the stars are just beyond arms'

length above. In such a country a man can live forever.

With an elegant woman love is little more than a visit to Trouville: there is a bright little place and a bright little restaurant and a bright little casino—a tiny pocket of public brightness in the blackness of an unexplored, uncomprehended world. Of such a visit a man wearies and goes on, suffering a depreciation of his value not only as a lover but as a human being, because the transference of love blunts the nerves, and the beloved admits another man to her inadequate love and starts upon a cycle of humiliations. At best they commit the sin against the Holy Ghost, which is the sin of being contented with little things, and cling to this frail perch above the perilous universe, when it is the plain duty of every human being to build himself a surer stronghold. Even so they are not safe, for the limits of the earth's productivity may at any moment turn their relationship into a wrangle. "Beware," said Mohammed to his followers, "of marrying a toadstool woman, a woman that sits and sits, and spends all thy substance on jewels and perfumes and rich stuffs . . ."

Nor do the arms of the elegant woman carry her lover's child more safely than his soul, for she is altogether at odds with life and will not bear burdens at its will. It is the physical aim of life to be fragile, to be so little that a man could pick one up in his arms; and like the lap-dog, the lap-woman can only be produced by interfering with the way of nature. In that age of elegance, the reign of Marie Antoinette, the waists of women were like the stalks of flowers; as women are not flowers but human beings of a solidity suited to the adventures of humanity, this appearance was contrived by means of cruel gripping stays. That this period of crippled bodies was also the period of weakly babies carelessly handed handed over to peasant foster-mothers is the sign of a universal truth. Wherever women concentrate upon sex they fail at it. If we look to the East, where decorated women sit apart and seal up their souls to all but love, we think how fertile a land it should be that is watered by such a reservoir of grace. And true it is that children

are there brought proudly into the world; for it is something to do in the scented dulness of the harem, and a baby is a sweet toy to play with. But their pride will not lift these women to the sterner task of keeping them in the world. So the babies slip, wailing, back; pushed out of life by bad feeding, by fever ill-tended, by infection cheerfully conveyed in ignorance, by sanitation never protested against.

We look from that so carelessly accepted motherhood to the too carelessly rejected motherhood of the luxurious West, and we see that feminists can submit to the test of their theory against which in the earlier days of the movement they used to rebel. Those of us who believe that women should play their part in the intellectual and industrial process of the world can admit that the condition of the child is a test of the rightness of the position of woman; indeed we are anxious that it should be taken so. We know that the woman the windows of whose soul are blocked by mirrors cannot look out at the world and love it so that she desires to maintain it by her body; and the Western birth-rate and the Eastern infant-mortality rate prove our case. We can show that she fulfils no function save, by her costliness, her public exquisiteness, her incapacity for revolt, to satisfy the sense of propriety; and that—grievously cries out the poor social system, so rotted by poverty and prostitution—should not glut itself with human beings. This is the chief cause of joyousness in the feminist movement. The freedom that feminists desire will not be a wrenching away to personal freedom from the immemorial duties of women: it will be an added strength of function, another sinew that shall make the arm of humanity, as it brings down the hammer of its will on the world, mould it more beautifully than it had ever dared to think.

THE CHANGING STATUS OF WOMEN

By Havelock Ellis *

It was in the eighteenth century, the seed-time of modern ideas, that our great-grandfathers became conscious of a discordant break in the traditional conceptions of women's status. The vague cries of Justice, Freedom, Equality, which were then hurled about the world, were here and there energetically applied to women notably in France by Condorcet and a new movement began to grow self-conscious and coherent. Mary Wollstonecraft, after Aphra Behn the first really noteworthy Englishwoman of letters, gave voice to this movement in England.

The famous and little-read *Vindication of the Rights of Women,* careless and fragmentary as it is, and by no means so startling to us as to her contemporaries, shows Mary Wollstonecraft as a woman of genuine insight, who saw the questions of woman's social condition in their essential bearings. Her intuitions need little modification, even though a century of progress has intervened. The modern advocates of woman's suffrage have little to add to her brief statement. She is far, indeed, from the monstrous notion of Miss Cobbe, that woman's suffrage is the "crown and completion" of all progress so far as women's movements are concerned. She looks upon it rather as one of the reasonable conditions of progress. It is pleasant to turn from the eccentric energy of so many of the advocates of women's causes to-day, all engaged in crying up their own particular nostrum, to the

* From "The Task of Social Hygiene." Havelock Ellis. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, 1913.

genial, many-sided wisdom of Mary Wollstonecraft, touching all subjects with equal frankness and delicacy.

The most brilliant and successful exponent of the new revolutionary ideas—making Corinne and her prototype seem dim and ineffectual—was undoubtedly George Sand. The badly-dressed woman who earned her living by scribbling novels, and said to M. du Camp, as she sat before him in silence rolling her cigarette, "Je ne dis rien parceque je suis bete," has exercised a profound influence throughout Europe, an influence which, in the Slavonic countries especially, has helped to give impetus to the revolution we are now considering. And this not so much from any definite doctrines that underlie her work—for George Sand's views on such matters varied as much as her political views—as from her whole temper and attitude. Her large and rich nature, as sometimes happens in genius of a high order, was twofold; on the one hand, she possessed a solid serenity, a quiet sense of power, the qualities of a *bonne bourgeoise* which found expression in her imperturbable calm, her gentle look and low voice. And with this was associated a massive, almost Rabelaisian temperament (one may catch glimpses of it in her correspondence), a sane exuberant earthliness which delighted in every manifestation of the actual world. On the other hand, she bore within her a volcanic element of revolt, an immense disgust of law and custom. Throughout her life George Sand developed her strong and splendid individuality, not perhaps as harmoniously, but as courageously and as sincerely as even Goethe.

Robert Owen, who, like Saint-Simon in France, gave so extraordinary an impulse to all efforts at social reorganization, and who planted the seed of many modern movements, could not fail to extend his influence to the region of sex. A disciple of his, William Thompson, who still holds a distinguished position in the history of the economic doctrines of Socialism, wrote, under the inspiration of a woman (a Mrs. Wheeler), and published in 1825, an *Appeal to One Half of the Human Race, Women, against the Pretensions of the Other Half, Men, to retain them in Political and thence in Civil and Domestic*

Slavery. It is a thorough and logical, almost eloquent, demand for the absolute social equality of the sexes. Forty years later, Mill, also inspired by a woman, published his *Subjection of Women.* However partial and inadequate it may seem to us, this was at that day a notable book. Mill's clear vision and feminine sensibilities gave freshness to his observations regarding the condition and capacity of women, while his reputation imparted gravity and resonance to his utterances. Since then the signs in literature of the breaking up of the status of women have become far too numerous to be chronicled even in a volume. It is enough to have mentioned here some typical initiatory names. Now, the movement may be seen at work anywhere, from Norway to Italy, from Russia to California. The status which women are now entering places them, not, as in the old communism, in large measure practically above men, nor, as in the subsequent period, both practically and theoretically in subordination to men. It places them side by side, with like rights and like duties in relation to society.

Condorcet, Mary Wollstonecraft, George Sand, Owen, Mill—these were feathers on the stream. They indicated the forces that had their source at the centre of social life. That historical movement which produced mother-law probably owed its rise, as well as its fall, to demands of subsistence and property—that is, to economic causes. The decay of the subsequent family system, in which the whole power is concentrated in the male head, is being produced by similar causes. The early communism, and the modes of action and sentiment which it had produced, still practically persisted long after the new system had arisen. In the patriarchal family the woman still had a recognized sphere of work and a recognized right to subsistence. It was not, indeed, until the sudden development of the industrial system, and the purely individualistic economics with which it was associated, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, that women in England were forced to realise that their household industries were gone, and that they must join in that game of competition in which the field and the rules had alike

been chosen with reference to men alone. The commercial and industrial system, and the general diffusion of education that has accompanied it, and which also has its roots in economic causes, has been the chief motive force in revolutionizing the status of women; and the epoch of unrestricted competition on masculine lines has been a necessary period of transition.

At the present time two great tendencies are visible in our social organization. On the one hand, the threads of social life are growing closer, and organization, as regards the simple and common means of subsistence, is increasing. On the other hand, as regards the things that most closely concern the individual person, the sphere of freedom is being perpetually enlarged. Instead of every man digging a well for his own use and at his own free pleasure, perhaps in a graveyard or a cess-pool, we consent to the distribution of water by a central executive. We have carried social methods so far that, instead of producing our own bread and butter, we prefer to go to a common bakery and dairy. The same centralizing methods are extending to all those things of which all have equal need. On the other hand we exercise a very considerable freedom of individual thought. We claim a larger and larger freedom of individual speech and criticism. We worship any god we choose, after any fashion we choose. The same individual freedom is beginning to invade the sexual relationships. It is extending to all those things in regard to which civilised men have become so variously differentiated that they have no equal common needs. These two tendencies, so far from being antagonistic, cannot even be carried out under modern conditions of life except together. It is only by social co-operation in regard to what is commonly called the physical side of life that it becomes possible for the individual to develop his own peculiar nature. The society of the future is a reasonable anarchy founded on a broad basis of Collectivism.

It is not our object here to point out how widely these tendencies affect men, but it is worth while to indicate some of their bearings on the condition of women. While

genuine productive industries have been taken out of the hands of women who work under the old conditions, an increasingly burdensome weight of unnecessary duties has been laid upon them. Under the old communistic system, when a large number of families lived together in one great house, the women combined to perform their household duties, the cooking being done at a common fire. They had grown up together from childhood, and combination could be effected without friction. It is the result of the later system that the woman has to perform all the necessary household duties in the most wasteful manner, with least division of labour; while she has, in addition, to perform a great amount of unnecessary work, in obedience to traditional or conventional habits, which make it impossible even to perform the simple act of dusting the rooms of a small house in less than perhaps an hour and a half. She has probably also to accomplish, if she happens to belong to the middle or upper classes, and idle round of so-called "social duties." She tries to escape, when she can afford it, by adopting the apparently simple expedient of paying other people to perform these necessary household duties, but this expedient fails; the "social duties" increase in the same ratio as the servants increase and the task of overseeing these latter itself proves formidable. It is quite impossible for any person under these conditions to lead a reasonable and wholesome human life. A healthy life is more difficult to attain for the woman of the ordinary household than for the worker in a mine, for he at least, when the work of his set is over, has two-thirds of the twenty-four hours to himself. The woman is bound by a thousand Lilliputian threads from which there seems no escape. She often makes frantic efforts to escape, but the combined strength of the threads generally proves too strong. There can be no doubt that the present household system is doomed; the higher standard of intelligence demanded from women, the growth of interest in the problems of domestic economy, the movement for association of labour, the revolt against the survivals of barbaric complication in living—all these, which are symp-

toms of a great economic revolution, indicate the approach of a new period.

The education of women is an essential part of the great movement we are considering. Women will shortly be voters, and women, at all events in England, are in a majority. We have to educate our mistresses as we once had to educate our masters. And the word "education" is here used by no means in the narrow sense. A woman may be acquainted with Greek and higher mathematics, and be as uneducated in the wider relationships of life as a man in the like case. How much women suffer from this lack of education may be seen to-day even among those who are counted as leaders.

There are extravagances in every period of transition. Undoubtedly a potent factor in bringing about a saner attitude will be the education of boys and girls together. The lack of early fellowship fosters an unnatural divergence of aims and ideals, and a consequent lack of sympathy. It makes possible those abundant foolish generalizations by men concerning "women," by women concerning "men." St. Augustine, at an early period of his ardent career, conceived with certain friends the notion of forming a community having goods in common; the scheme was almost affected when it was discovered that "those little wives, which some already had and others would shortly have," objected and so it fell through. Perhaps the *mulierculae* were right. It is simply a rather remote instance of a fundamental divergence amply illustrated before our eyes. If men and women are to understand each other, to enter into each other's natures with mutual sympathy, and to become capable of genuine comradeship, the foundation must be laid in youth. Another wholesome reform, promoted by co-education, is the physical education of women. In the case of boys special attention has generally been given to physical education, and the lack of it is one among several artificial causes of that chronic ill-health which so often handicaps women. Women must have the same education as men, Miss Faithfull shrewdly observes, because that is sure to be the best. The present education

of boys cannot, however, be counted a model, and the gradual introduction of co-education will produce many wholesome reforms. If the intimate association of the sexes destroys what remnant may linger of the unhealthy ideal of chivalry—according to which a woman was treated as a cross between an angel and an idiot—that is matter for rejoicing. Wherever men and women stand in each other's presence the sexual instinct will always ensure an adequate ideal halo.

The chief question that we have to ask when we consider the changing status of women is: How will it affect the reproduction of the race? Hunger and love are the two great motor impulses, the ultimate source, probably, of all other impulses. Hunger—that is to say, what we call "economic causes," has, because it is the more widespread and constant, though not necessarily the more imperious instinct, including, as we have seen, the rise and fall of that phase of human evolution dominated by mother-law. Yet love has in the form of sexual selection, even before we reach the vertebrates, moulded races to the ideal of the female; and reproduction is always the chief end of nutrition which hunger waits on, the supreme aim of life everywhere.

If we place on the one side man, as we know him during the historical period, and on the other, nearly every highly organized member of the animal family, there appears, speaking roughly and generally, a distinct difference in the relation which these two motor impulses bear to each other. Among animals generally, economics are comparatively so simple that it is possible to satisfy the nutritive instinct without putting any hard pressure on the spontaneous play of the reproductive instinct. And nearly everywhere it is the female who has the chief voice in the establishment of sexual relationships. The males compete for the favour of the female by the fascination of their odour, or brilliant colour, or song, or grace, or strength, as revealed in what are usually mock-combats. The female is, in these respects, comparatively unaccomplished and comparatively passive. With her rests the final decision, and only after long hesitation,

influenced, it seems, by a vaguely felt ideal resulting from her contemplation of rivals, she calls the male of her choice. A dim instinct seems to warn her of the pains and cares of maternity, so that only the largest promises of pleasure can induce her to undertake the function of reproduction. In civilised man, on the other hand, as we know him, the situation is to some extent reversed; it is the woman who, by the display of her attractions, competes for the favour of the man. The final invitation does not come, as among animals generally, from the female; the decision rests with the man. It would be a mistake to suppose that this change reveals the evolution of a superior method; although it has developed the beauty of women, it has clearly had its origin in economic causes. The demands of nutrition have overridden those of reproduction; sexual selection has, to a large extent, given place to natural selection, a process clearly not for the advantage of the race. The changing status of women, in bestowing economic independence, will certainly tend to restore to sexual selection its due weight in human development.

In so doing it will certainly tend also to destroy prostitution, which is simply one of the forms in which the merging of sexual selection in natural selection has shown itself. Wherever sexual selection has free play unhampered by economic considerations, prostitution is impossible. The dominant type of marriage is, like prostitution, founded on economic considerations; the woman often marries chiefly to earn her living; here too, we may certainly expect profound modifications. We have long sought to preserve our social balance by placing an unreasonable license in the one scale, an equally unreasonable abstinence in the other; the economic independence of women, tending to render both extremes unnecessary, can alone place the sexual relationships on a sound and free basis.

The State regulation of marriage has undoubtedly played a large and important part in the evolution of society. At the present time the advantages of this artificial control no longer appear so obvious (even when

the evidence of the law courts is put aside); they will vanish altogether when women have attained complete economic independence. With the disappearance of the artificial barriers in the way of friendship between the sexes and of the economic motive to sexual relationships—perhaps the two chief forces which now tend to produce promiscuous sexual intercourse, whether dignified or not with the name of marriage—men and women will be free to engage, unhampered, in the search, so complicated in a highly civilised condition of society, for a fitting mate.

It is probable that this inevitable change will be brought about partly by the voluntary action of individuals, and in greater measure by the gradual and awkward method of shifting and ever freer divorce laws. The slow disintegration of State-regulated marriage from the latter cause may be observed now throughout the United States, where there is, on the whole, a developing tendency to frequency and facility of divorce. It is clear, however, that on this line marriage will not cease to be a concern to the State, and it may be as well to point out at once the important distinction between State-regulated and State-registered marriage. Sexual relationships, so long as they do not result in the production of children, are matters in which the community has, as a community, little or no concern, but as soon as a sexual relationship results in the pregnancy of the woman the community is at once interested. At this point it is clearly the duty of the State to register the relationship.

It is necessary to remember that the kind of equality of the sexes towards which this change of status is leading, is social equality—that is, equality of freedom. It is not an intellectual equality, still less is it likeness. Men and women can only be alike mentally when they are alike in physical configuration and physiological function. Even complete economic equality is not attainable. Among animals which live in herds under the guidance of a leader, this leader is nearly always a male; there are few exceptions. In woman, the long period of pregnancy and lactation, and the prolonged helplessness of her child, render her for a considerable period of her life economically

dependent. On whom shall she be dependent? This is a question of considerable moment. According to the old conception of the family, all the members were slaves producing for the benefit of the owner, and it was natural that the wife should be supported by the husband when she is producing slaves for his service. But this conception is, as we have seen, no longer possible. It is clearly unfair also to compel the mother to depend on her own previous exertions. The reproduction of the race is a social function, and we are compelled to conclude that it is the duty of the community, as a community, to provide for the child-bearer when in the exercise of her social function she is unable to provide for herself. The woman engaged in producing a new member, who may be a source of incalculable profit or danger to the whole community, cannot fail to be a source of the liveliest solicitude to everyone in the community, and it was a sane and beautiful instinct that found expression of old in the permission accorded to a pregnant woman to enter gardens and orchards, and freely help herself. Whether this instinct will ever again be embodied in a new form and the reproduction of the race be recognized as truly a social function is a question which even yet lacks actuality. The care of the child-bearer and her child will at present continue to be a matter for individual arrangement. That it will be arranged much better than at present we may reasonably hope. On the one hand, the reckless multiplication of children will probably be checked; on the other hand, a large body of women will no longer be shut out from maternity. That the State should undertake the regulation of the birth-rate we can scarcely either desire or anticipate. Undoubtedly the community has an abstract right to limit the number of its members. It may be pointed out, however, that under rational conditions of life the process would probably be self-regulating; in the human races, and also among animals generally, fertility diminishes as the organism becomes highly developed. And, without falling back on any natural law, it may be said that the extravagant procreation of children, leading to suffering both to parents and offspring, carried on under existing social

conditions, is largely the result of ignorance, largely of religious or other superstition. A more developed social state would not be possible at all unless the social instincts were strong enough to check the reckless multiplication of offspring. Richardson and others appear to advocate the special cultivation of a class of non-childbearing women. Certainly no woman who freely chose should be debarred from belonging to such a class. But reproduction is the end and aim of all life everywhere, and in order to live a humanly complete life every healthy woman should have, not sexual relationships only, but the exercise at least once in her life of the supreme function of maternity, and the possession of those experiences which only maternity can give. That unquestionably is the claim of natural and reasonable living in the social state towards which we are moving.

To deal with the social organization of the future would be to pass beyond the limits that I have here set myself, and to touch on matters of which it is impossible to speak with certainty. The new culture of women, in the light and the open air, will doubtless solve many matters which now are dark to us. Morgan supposed that it was in some measure the failure of the Greeks and Romans to develop their womanhood which brought the speedy downfall of classic civilisation. The women of the future will help to renew art and science as well as life. They will do more even than this, for the destiny of the race rests with women. "I have sometimes thought," Whitman wrote in his Democratic Vistas, "that the sole avenue and means to a reconstructed society depended primarily on a new birth elevation, expansion, invigoration of women." That intuition is not without a sound basis, and if a great historical movement called for justification here would be enough.

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